Warren sc.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH L.L.D.

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BRITISH CLASSICAL ESSAYS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

VOL. XXIII.

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1803.

ADVENTURER.

N° 1——41.

——*Tentanda via est; quâ me quoque possim*
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

VIRG.

On vent'rous wing in quest of praise I go,
And leave the gazing multitude below.

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HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

PREFACE.

TO

THE ADVENTURER.

THIS elegant and instructive paper was projected by Dr. JOHN HAWKESWORTH soon after the RAMBLER was concluded, and in conjunction with Dr. JOHNSON, who, having experienced the inconveniences of solitary authorship in an undertaking of this kind, laid down a regular plan, and allotted distinct departments to certain writers. Of this plan we have some information from a letter written by Dr. JOHNSON to Mr. afterwards Dr. JOSEPH WARTON. "We have considered," says Dr. J. "that a paper should consist of pieces of imagination, pictures of life, and disquisitions of literature. The part which depends on the imagination is very well supplied, as you will find when you read the paper; for descriptions of life, there is now a treaty almost made with an author and an authoress: and the province of criticism and literature they are very desirous to assign to the commentator on

Virgil*." This letter is dated March 8, 1753, and about a month afterwards Mr. WARTON accepted the province of criticism and literature, for which he was certainly eminently qualified. The "part which depends on imagination" was supplied by HAWKESWORTH, BATHURST, and JOHNSON himself. Who the author and authoress about to be engaged for descriptions of life, were, does not appear, but the negociation did not take place, as the whole paper, except six or seven numbers, was written by Drs. HAWKESWORTH, BATHURST, JOHNSON, and WARTON. In respect to style, BATHURST stands alone†; his province was humour, and he was not given to studious decorations. HAWKESWORTH was a professed and most successful imitator of Dr. JOHNSON: Mr. WARTON, not without some intervals of humour, kept to his province of literature and criticism, but with occasional efforts in the solemn manner of JOHNSON, as will be specified hereafter.

The first number was published on Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1752, in the folio size, and quantity of the RAMBLER, and at the same price. At the bottom of the last page is the following notice: "Printed for J. PAYNE, at Pope's Head, in Paternoster-Row, where letters to the ADVENTURER are received. These Numbers will be formed into regular volumes, to each of which will be printed a Title, a Table of Contents, and

* BOSWELL's Life of JOHNSON.

† It will appear afterwards that what is here advanced respecting BATHURST may admit of doubt.

a Translation of the Mottos and Quotations." —The title is ornamented with an oval head of POPE, by B. R. which in few copies has escaped the merciless hands of the collectors. The days of publication were Tuesday and Saturday, and a period was put to the work in No. 140, Saturday, March 9, 1754, when by signing his name, Dr. HAWKESWORTH (to use Sir JOHN HAWKINS' phrase) "*almost* in *terms*, declared himself the Editor."

The first paper written by Dr. HAWKESWORTH is chiefly a play on the name ADVENTURER, which was probably his own choice. When republished, he omitted a very long and not very perspicuous passage in the original, supplying its place by these words only: "He who, at the approach of evil betrays his trust, or deserts his post, is branded with cowardice; a name, perhaps more reproachful than any other that does not imply much greater turpitude; he, who patiently," &c.

Dr. HAWKESWORTH was a man of considerable fame in his day, yet his friends have unaccountably neglected to preserve any memorials of his life. The following meagre account from the Biographical Dictionary, is all we have upon record.

" JOHN HAWKESWORTH, an English writer of a very soft and pleasing cast, was born about the year 1719, though his epitaph, as we find it in the Gentleman's Magazine for August 1781, makes him to have been born in 1715. He was brought up to a mechanical profession, that of a watchmaker, as is supposed. He was of the sect of

Presbyterians, and a member of the celebrated Tom Bradbury's meeting, from which he was expelled for some irregularities. He afterwards devoted himself to literature, and became an author of considerable eminence. In the early part of life, his circumstances were rather confined. He resided some time at Bromley, in Kent, where his wife kept a boarding-school. He afterwards became known to a lady, who had great property and interest in the East-India Company; and through her means was chosen a director of that body. As an author, his ADVENTURER is his capital work; the merits of which, if we mistake not, procured him the degree of L.L.D. from HERRING, Archbishop of Canterbury. When the design of compiling a narrative of the discoveries in the South Seas was on foot, he was recommended as a proper person to be employed on the occasion; but, in truth, he was not a proper person, nor did the performance answer expectation. Works of taste and elegance, where imagination and the passions were to be affected, were his province; not works of dry, cold, accurate narrative. However, he executed his task, and is said to have received for it the enormous sum of 6,000l. He died in 1773: some say, of high living: others, of chagrin, from the ill reception of his "Narrative;" for he was a man of the keenest sensibility, and obnoxious to all the evils of such irritable natures." Then follows a copy of the inscription on his monument.

On the authority of Sir JOHN HAWKINS, it appears he was not brought up to a mechanical profession. He was in his youth a hired clerk

to one HARWOOD, an attorney in Grocers' Alley, in the Poultry. His first literary attempts were of the poetical kind, and published in the Gentleman's Magazine, with which he had a regular connexion*. In 1746, he wrote in that publication, under the name of *Greville*, the Devil Painter, a Tale; the Chaise Percee, from the French; Epistle to the King of Prussia; Lines to the Rev. Mr. Layng (who was at this time a writer in the Magazine) and to the celebrated Warburton: On a series of theological inquiries: A Thought from Marcus Antoninus; The Smart. In 1747 he contributed, The Accident; Ants' Philosophy; Death of Arachne; Chamont and Honorius; Origin of Doubt; Life, an Ode; Lines to Hope; Winter, an Ode; The Experiment, a Tale. In 1748, The Midsummer Wish: Solitude; The Two Doves, a Fable; Autumn: In 1749, Poverty Insulted; Region allotted to Old Maids; the Nymph at her Toilet; God is Love; Cloe's Soliloquy. Some of these are signed *H. Greville*. Whether he wrote any prose compositions is doubtful. Mr. DUNCOMBE, on whose authority the above list is given, says nothing of prose.

In 1752-3-4, he was concerned with Drs. JOHNSON, BATHURST, and WARTON, in the ADVENTURER, and from the merit of his papers acquired much reputation and many friends. At this time, his wife kept a school for the education of young ladies, and his ambition was to

* Having succeeded Dr. JOHNSON in the office of Compiler of the Parliamentary Debates, about the year 1744.

demonstrate by his writings how well qualified he was to superintend a seminary of that kind, and instil the purest principles of religion and morals, together with an useful knowledge of the inferior duties and relations of private life. But an incident happened after the publication of the ADVENTURER which gave a new turn to his ambition. Archbishop HERRING, who had read his essays with much delight, and had satisfied himself that the character of the author would fully justify the honour intended, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Lambeth degrees, however useful, are not esteemed proofs of the highest merit; yet our author was so elated by this honour, as to imagine that it opened a way for the profession of a Civilian, and having prepared himself by study, made an effort to be admitted a pleader in the Ecclesiastical Courts, but met with such opposition as obliged him to desist*. After this disappointment, however, he had the wisdom to apply himself to the concerns of his school, which was much encouraged, and became a source of considerable emolument. It is now painful to record that this *degree*, and the consequence he began to acquire in the world, alienated him from some of the most valuable of his early friends. Although he had until this time, lived in habits of intimacy with Dr. JOHNSON, he appears to have withdrawn from him, and it is singular, that in all Mr. BOSWELL's narrative, there is not one instance of a meeting between JOHNSON and HAWKESWORTH. This

* HAWKINS.

seems in some degree to confirm Sir JOHN HAWKINS' account, which states that "his success wrought no good effects upon his mind and conduct:" Dr. JOHNSON made the same remark, and with a keen resentment of his behaviour, and Sir JOHN thinks "he might use the same language to HAWKESWORTH himself, and also reproach him with the acceptance of an academical honour to which he could have no pretensions, and which JOHNSON, conceiving to be irregular, as many yet do, held in great contempt; thus much is certain, that soon after the attainment of it, the intimacy between them ceased*." Dr. JOHNSON, indeed, was scrupulously delicate on this point. He had a high veneration for an academical degree, and he had earned his own long before he appended its title to his name. He loved praise and even flattery; but would accept neither from those who had not a right to bestow it, or did not know how to bestow it gracefully.

In 1756, at GARRICK's desire, Dr. HAWKESWORTH altered the comedy of "Amphytrion, or the Two Sosia's," from Dryden, with Moliere's Dialogue, Prologue between Mercury and Night, introduced into the first scene, and the addition of some new musick†.

In 1760 he wrote "Zimri, an Oratorio," which was set to music by Mr. STANLEY; it has been justly objected to this piece, that although it is borrowed from the sacred writings, and historical fact authorizes the catastrophe, yet the circum-

* HAWKINS, p. 312. † Biog. Dram.

stances of a father, *(Zuran)* and he a prince, a chief of a powerful people, urging his daughter to prostitution, the daughter glorying in that prostitution, not from affection to her lover, but for the destruction of a nation at variance with her own, together with the conclusion of the whole infamous bargain in the transfixion of them both in the very act of transport, seems to have somewhat too gross to suit a drama intended to serve the purposes of religion, and destined to be represented in a time of mortification, penance, and abstinence from every human, or at least corporeal desire*. Yet, on a reference to the publications of the time, this oratorio appears to have been approved by the critics and by the audiences. About the same time our author altered for the Drury-Lane Theatre, Southern's Tragedy of "Oroonoko," by some omissions and some additions, but the latter, in the opinion of the critics, not enough to supply the place of the former.

In 1761 he appeared to more advantage as the author of a dramatic fairy tale, "Edgar and Emmeline," acted at Drury-Lane Theatre with great and deserved success. It is the work of a delicate fancy, and was rendered yet more pleasing by the addition of musical interludes. It is still sometimes permitted to relieve the audience from the grossness of modern farce.

Dr. Hawkesworth had gained much popularity from the Eastern stories introduced in the Adventurer, and this year gave to the

* Biog. Dram.

public, in two volumes, his fine tale of "Almoran and Hamet," which, notwithstanding some inconsistencies and improbabilities of fable, is entitled to very high praise for its moral tendency, and was long a favourite with the public. It must not be compared indeed to Rasselas, which appeared about the same time, yet to young readers it was, perhaps, more acceptable.

In 1765 he published DEAN SWIFT's works, with explanatory notes, and a life written upon a plan long before laid down by Dr. JOHNSON, and here it is worthy of remark, that whatever coolness may have at one time subsisted between them, all traces of animosity had been effaced from the mind of Dr. JOHNSON, when he characterised HAWKESWORTH as a man "capable of dignifying his narration with so much elegance of language and force of sentiment."—To this edition, the critics of the day discovered many objections, which have, however, been since removed by more accurate information respecting SWIFT, and by the indefatigable researches of his late Editor, a man who cannot be praised too highly for having enlarged the resources of literary history.

In 1766, Dr. HAWKESWORTH was the Editor of three additional volumes of SWIFT's Letters, with notes and illustrations. In this publication he discovers an uncommon warmth against infidel publications, and speaks of BOLINGBROKE and his Editor MALLET with the utmost detestation: that in this he was sincere, will appear from the following proof.

We have already mentioned that in 1744, he

succeeded Dr. JOHNSON as the writer or compiler of the Parliamentary debates in the Gentleman's Magazine; in this *office*, if it may be so termed, he continued until the year 1760, when the plan of the Magazine was enlarged by a Review of New Publications. Mr. OWEN RUFFHEAD was the first who filled this department, and continued to do so about two years, according to Sir JOHN HAWKINS, when he was succeeded by Dr. HAWKESWORTH, but there must have been an intermediate Reviewer, if Sir John be correct in the time when Mr. RUFFHEAD ceased to write, as Dr. HAWKESWORTH's first appearance as a critic is ascertained upon undoubted authority, to have been April, 1765. In the month of October of this year, there appeared in the Magazine, an abstract of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, by a correspondent. Dr. HAWKESWORTH's friends, to whom it appears his connexion with the Magazine was no secret, were alarmed to see an elaborate account of so impious a work, and one of them wrote to him on the subject. An extract from his answer, now before me, will perhaps fill up a chasm in his personal as well as literary history.

"I am always sorry when I hear anonymous performances, not expressly owned, imputed to particular persons; that which a man never owned either privately or in public, I think he should not be accountable for. I speak feelingly on this subject, for though Mr. DUNCOMBE assured you that the Magazine was solely under my direction, I must beg leave to assure you that

it is *not*, nor *ever was*, there being in almost every number some things that I never see, and some things that I do not approve. There is in the last number an account of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, a work of which I never would give any account, because I would not draw the attention of the public to it. It is true that the extracts exhibited in this article do not contain any thing contrary to religion or good morals, but it is certain that these extracts will carry the book into many hands that otherwise it would never have reached, and the book abounds with principles which a man ought to be hanged for publishing, though he believed them to be true, upon the same principle that all states hang rebels and traitors, though the offenders think rebellion and treason their duty to God.

"I beg, Sir, that you would do me the justice to say this whenever opportunity offers, especially with respect to the political part of the Magazine, for I never wrote a political pamphlet or paper, or ever directly or indirectly assisted in the writing of either in my life *"

In 1768, he published a translation of "Telemachus" in 4to, which is still considered as the standard. He was thought to have transfused the spirit and genius of the author with great success.

He continued to review new books in the Magazine, but without any publications from his

* This letter is dated "Bromley, Kent, Nov 8, 1765," and was addressed to the late Mr. BRIDGDEN, Paternoster-Row, son-in-law to CLARISSA RICHARDSON.

own pen, that can now be traced, until the year 1772, when he was invited to write an account of the late voyages to the South Seas, a fatal undertaking, and which in its consequences, deprived him of peace of mind and life itself. When these navigators returned home, the desire of the public to be acquainted with the new scenes and new objects which were now brought to light, was ardently excited, and different attempts were made to satisfy the general curiosity. There soon appeared a publication, entitled, "A Journal of a Voyage round the world." This was the production of some person who had been upon the expedition; and, although his account was dry and imperfect, it served in a certain degree, to relieve the eagerness of inquiry. The journal of SYDNEY PARKINSON, draughtsman to Sir JOSEPH BANKS, to whom it belonged by ample purchase, was likewise printed, from a copy surreptitiously obtained; but an injunction from the Court of Chancery for some time prevented its appearance. This work, though dishonestly given to the world, was recommended by its plates. But it was Dr. HAWKESWORTH'S * account of Lieutenant COOK'S voyage which completely gratified the public curiosity, as it was written by authority, was drawn up from the journal of the lieutenant, and the papers of Sir

* Dr. HAWKESWORTH owed his appointment to write this work to the recommendation of GARRICK, in a conversation with the late Earl SANDWICH, at that time First Lord of the Admiralty. HAWKESWORTH was profuse in his acknowledgments to GARRICK, but forgot them in a manner which deprived him of GARRICK'S friendship.

JOSEPH BANKS; and, besides the merit of the competition, derived an extraordinary advantage from the number and excellence of its charts and engravings, which were furnished at the expence of government. The large price given by the bookseller for this work, and the avidity with which it was read, displayed, in the strongest light, the anxiety of the nation to be fully informed in every thing that belonged to the late navigation and discoveries*.

This account, chiefly from the mild pen of Captain COOK's biographer, is too favourable: The public was not satisfied with this work. The literary journals indeed examined it with candour, and rather with favour, but men of science were disappointed, and the friends of religion and morals were shocked. No infidel could have obtruded opinions more adverse to the religious creed of the nation, than what Dr. HAWKESWORTH advanced in his preface. He denied a special providence: he supposed that providence might act in some general way in producing events, but contended that one event ought not to be distinguished, or accounted an extraordinary interposition more than another. He asks, "If the deliverance of the Endeavour was an extraordinary interposition, why did not Providence interpose to prevent the ship from striking at all, rather than to prevent her from being beaten to pieces after she had struck?"—a question which betrays the insolence as well as the darkness of impiety; and was considered as much fitter for

* Biog. Brit. art. Cook.

the mouth of a professed scoffer than that of a man whose regard for revealed religion approached, in the opinion of some, to intemperate zeal. In his "Almoran and Hamet," his notions of providence are confused and perplexed, but in this he has fairly settled beyond the regions of belief in revealed religion, and has struck off one of its principal duties, and one of its most consoling hopes, the duty and efficacy of prayer, of which he was not, however, insensible when he wrote N° 28 of this work.

An innumerable host of enemies now appeared in the newspapers and magazines; some pointed out blunders in matters of science, and some exercised their wit in poetical translations and epigrams; these might hurt his feelings as an author; but the greater part, who arraigned his impious sentiments and indecent narratives, probably rendered his sufferings as a man more acute. Against their charges he stood defenceless; and no defence indeed could be attempted with a reasonable expectation of success. But what, we are told, completed his chagrin, was the notice frequently given in an infamous magazine published at that time, that "All the *amorous* passages and descriptions in Dr. HAWK——TH's Collection of Voyages (should be) selected and illustrated with *a suitable plate.*" And this, in defiance of public decency, was actually done, and he whose fame had been raised on his labours in the cause of piety and morals, was thus dragged into a partnership in the most detestable depravity that the human mind can invent.

That such a reception given to a work of which he thought he might be proud, and from which he drew so great an emolument*, should have irritated his mind, as has been reported, can excite little surprize. No respect for the services he had rendered to religion or virtue could obliterate the memory of his declension; and, it certainly aggravated the pain his friends felt, when they considered that whatever was objectionable in this work, had come from his pen without provocation and without necessity, either from the nature of the undertaking, or the expectation of the public. He was indeed so sensible that his opinions would shock the feelings of his readers, that he thought it necessary to apologize for them, in a very respectful manner, and with a kind of hesitation from which I would wish to conclude, that his notions were rather accidentally perplexed by a habit which he had acquired of reasoning upon inscrutable mysteries, than wilfully erroneous. The same confusion of ideas appears in a preceding part of the preface where he endeavours to apologize for the destruction of "poor naked savages by our fire-arms," in the course of these voyages. In avoiding the cant of humanity, we should take care not to forsake the principle.

Soon after the publication of this ill-fated book, he was chosen a director of the Eaſt-India Company, at the general election April 1773, an honour which no mere man of literature ever before enjoyed, and for which literature alone seems

* He received 6,000l. for this work.

an imperfect qualification. The affairs of the company were at this time in a confused state, and the public mind greatly agitated by the frequent debates both in Parliament and at the India House. Dr. HAWKESWORTH (who in the list is styled JOHN HAWKESWORTH, Esq.) probably attended the meetings, but took no active share; his health was indeed now declining, and he expired at the house of his friend, Dr. GRANT, of Lime-street, Nov. 17, 1773.

Immediately on his death, his friends began to rouse from the apathy with which they had beheld the many attacks on his fame and character, and determined to put a stop to any farther hostilities, by a threat which was sent to the editors and printers of various periodical publications, in the following words.

For Mr. H. BALDWIN, No. 108, Fleet-Street*.

" Sir,

" Your serious attention is desired to the fol lowing lines:

" While life and vigour last, a man is the sole judge of an affront offered to his person or character. Amidst the various attacks levelled at DOCTOR HAWKESWORTH in the past year from the public prints, he felt no emotion but contempt: he is now past all human emotion.

" But there remain, Sir, SOME who loved and honoured him, who respect his memory too much

* This copy is taken from the St. James's Chronicle.

to suffer any INSULT to be offered it with IMPUNITY.

"They wish you to be upon your guard: for *assure yourself*, if any thing obnoxious, in little or in much, creeps into the world through the St. James's Chronicle, *you* will be esteemed *personally* answerable.

"And to come nearer *home* at once, the dictator of these lines will take notice of it in a way *very summary*, and PERSONALLY, very disagreeable to YOURSELF.

"You will please to consider the consequences of *your* conduct; he will not scruple to risk whatever may spring from *his own*."

What effect this singular epistle had upon other printers, I know not, but Mr. BALDWIN does not appear to have been intimidated, as a few days afterwards he admitted a short letter, in which it is asserted, and the assertion has been often repeated since, that Dr. HAWKESWORTH "died a Deist." Of this, however, no proof can be discovered, and whatever might have been his inducement to write the preface to his voyages, there is pleasure in hoping, that "that view which predominated in his life, afforded him comfort when he came to die*."

Of his personal character, the following appears to be a friendly sketch: "Nature had endowed him with an uncommonly fine under-

* ADVENTURER, concluding paragraph of the last paper, which has been inscribed on his tomb, at Bromley, in Kent, where he was interred.

standing, which had been improved not only by long study, but by converse with mankind. His fertile mind teemed with ideas, which he delivered in so clear, and yet concise a manner, that no one could be at a loss perfectly to comprehend his meaning, or ever tired by hearing him speak; especially as his diction was so unaffectedly pure, and his language so simply elegant, that the learned and unlearned attended with equal pleasure to that unstudied flow of eloquence, which, without seeming to look for them, always adapted those words which were most suitable to the subject, as well as most pleasing to his hearers. It has been objected to him, that he suffered his passions to hold too strong a dominion over him; and it must be confessed, a too keen sensibility seemed to him, as indeed it ever is to all who possess it, a pleasing but unfortunate gift. Alive to every tender sentiment of friendship, his heart dilated with joy whenever heaven put it in his power to be beneficial to those he loved; but this feeling disposition was the means of leading him into such frequent, though transient gusts of passion, as were too much for his delicate constitution to bear, without feeling the effects of them. Yet with all these quick sensations, he was incapable of lasting resentment, or revenge: and had he never found an enemy till he had done an injury, he would, we may venture to pronounce, have left the world without having known one *."

Dr. HAWKESWORTH's share of the ADVEN-

* Annual Register, 1775.

TURER amounts exactly to a half, or seventy papers. Of these some are to be distinguished for depth of reflection, some for ingenuity of narrative, and some for a kind of humour, rather placid, if not solemn. In his style, it is needless to say, he approached the nearest to Dr. JOHNSON of any writer of his time. Mr. BOSWELL informs us, that he had "the provoking effrontery" to say he was not sensible of this: he probably meant that he was not sensible he *affected* or *laboured* to imitate Dr. JOHNSON. That the resemblance is strong he could not be more ignorant than the rest of the world. Yet if his papers are examined carefully with an eye to this resemblance, it will be found that it is more close in the beginning of his essays, and in the concluding paragraphs than in the body.

Of all his papers, those have been most admired which consist of eastern tales, or domestic narratives, as the story of *Melissa*, *Opsinous*, &c. His *Amurath* is perhaps the most instructive tale of the kind in any language, and has been reprinted in a variety of forms in books adapted for the use of children. The stories of *Opsinous*, of *Charlotte* and *Maria*, of *Eugenio*, of *Abulus*, of *Desdemona*, and of *Flavilla*, are told with impressive elegance, and discover an accurate knowledge of the human heart, and an uncommon felicity in displaying the workings of the passions. That of *Agamus* cannot be read without exciting a powerful interest. It is to be feared it turns upon an incident more common than is generally suspected among those who extend their licen-

tious indulgences to a late period of life. Every where, indeed, his practical morality is to be preferred to his philosophy of ethics; the latter is perplexed, and leads to erroneous conclusions.

In treating the most common topic, Dr. HAWKESWORTH'S illustrations are peculiarly striking. Few men could have deduced the necessity of subjecting the imagination to the dominion of reason, from two incidents so apparently trifling as those in No. 96; and it must surely be an evidence of great powers of thinking, and great knowledge of the human heart, when a writer can elicit general instruction from scenes that seem restricted to the individuals who bore a part in them, as in No. 106, 110, 112, &c.

The incidents of which his stories consist were probably some of them true, some borrowed, and some feigned. The masquerade scene in the history of *Desdemona* is evidently borrowed from Mrs. HEYWOOD'S FEMALE SPECTATOR, Vol. i. a book which must then have been in common use. No. 52, "the Distresses of an Author invited to read his play," without losing much of its claim to originality, may yet be compared with "The Scholar's Complaint of his own bashfulness," in No. 157 of the RAMBLER. The falling of the screen in HAWKESWORTH'S story was no fiction. It happened to GAY when he was invited to read his tragedy, *The Captives*, before the PRINCESS of WALES. When the hour came, he saw the Princess and her ladies all in expectation, and advancing with reverence, too great for any other attention, stumbled at a stool,

and falling forwards, threw down a weighty japan screen. The Princess started, the ladies screamed, and poor GAY, after all the disturbance, was still to read his play*. This was a favourite paper with Dr. HAWKESWORTH, who, however, did not think more highly of it than it deserves. When it came to be reprinted in 12mo. he made many additions, particularly the whole of the introductory paragraph. The original began with "that every man is happy, &c. Like Dr. JOHNSON, he revised all his papers with great care, and made alterations in the style and turn of the periods, although none of sufficient importance to be specified.

The stipulated price which all the authors of the ADVENTURER received, was two guineas each paper. This was probably advanced by the bookseller, who risked all expences, and was soon amply rewarded by a more quick sale than the RAMBLER had experienced. Besides this emolument, Dr. HAWKESWORTH, as we have seen, owed to this work his best fame and character, his degree from Archbishop HERRING, and a rank in the literary world which he had not hitherto reached.

The early coadjutor of Dr. HAWKESWORTH in the ADVENTURER, before either Dr. JOHNSON or Dr. WARTON had joined him, is said to have been Dr. RICHARD BATHURST, at that time one of the members of Dr. JOHNSON's Ivy-Lane Club, and highly esteemed by him. He was the son of a Colonel BATHURST, a West-

* JOHNSON's Life of GAY.

India planter, from whom Dr. JOHNSON received his black servant, Francis Barber.—Dr. BATHURST was a physician of considerable skill, but without much practice, and embracing an opportunity of employment abroad, fell a sacrifice to the climate, in the expedition against the Havannah. His death was thus tenderly lamented by Dr. JOHNSON in a letter to Mr. LANGTON:—"The Havannah is taken—a conquest too dearly obtained—for BATHURST died before it.

Vix Priamus tanti totaque Troja fuit."

One sentiment of Dr. BATHURST's is upon record, which, although expressed rather extravagantly, does honour to his humanity. He declared he was glad that his father had left his affairs in total ruin, because having no estate, he was not under the temptation of having slaves. Dr. JOHNSON used to repeat this with a warmth of approbation*.

Of his share in the ADVENTURER, Mr. BOSWELL has given an account rather confused. He first asserts that Dr. JOHNSON took "an active part in the composition of the ADVENTURER, in which he began to write April 10, marking his essays with the signature T. by which most of his papers in that collection are distinguished;" and then adds, "those, however, which have that signature, and also that of *Misargyrus*, were not written by him, but, as I suppose by Dr. BATHURST." Besides the contradictory assertions,

* LANGTON *apud* BOSWELL. Vol. iii. p. 275.

that Dr. JOHNSON *did* write with the signature T. and immediately after that he did *not*, there are these two mistakes in this account. Dr. JOHNSON began to write in the ADVENTURER, not on April 10, but March 3, and not only *most* but all his papers are marked with the signature T. unless in very incorrect editions, one of which, as will appear afterwards, both Mr. BOSWELL and Sir JOHN HAWKINS have made use of in their assignments of these papers to their respective authors.

Mr. BOSWELL proceeds to say, that "it cannot be known how much Dr. BATHURST actually contributed." We have, however, the express authority of Sir JOHN HAWKINS, that Dr. BATHURST wrote the papers signed A. and without depending implicitly upon this authority, we may safely assert, that if Dr. BATHURST did not write these papers, he did not write any part of the work, for all the other papers are appropriated upon undoubted authority to Drs. HAWKESWORTH, JOHNSON, and WARTON, with the exception of two or three, the authors of which were unknown to the editor or are pointed out in this edition.

Still Mr. BOSWELL is unwilling to give up the point that Dr. JOHNSON wrote *for* Dr. BATHURST under the signature T. although in the passages already quoted, he supposes that Dr. BATHURST wrote them himself. In Dr. JOHNSON's letter to Dr. WARTON, mentioned in the beginning of this preface, it is said, "I have no part in the paper beyond now and then a motto." This

Mr. BOSWELL thinks may seem inconsistent with his being the author of the papers marked T. and defends the expression in this manner: "But he had at this time, written only one number; and besides, even at any after period, he might have used the same expression, considering it as a point of honour not to own them; for Mrs. WILLIAMS told me that, 'as he had *given* those essays to Dr. BATHURST, who sold them at two guineas each, he never would own them, nay he used to say he did not *write* them; but the fact was that he *dictated* them, while BATHURST wrote.' I read to him Mrs. WILLIAMS's account; he smiled and said nothing."

Dr. JOHNSON, it is not improbable, smiled to see his friend puzzling himself with a difficulty which a plain question could in a moment have removed. But admitting the literal truth of Mrs. WILLIAM's narrative, what does it amount to but this, that Dr. JOHNSON was the author of the papers signed T. and by employing Dr. BATHURST as an amanuensis gave him the profits? Dr. BATHURST could have no more share in the *merit* of these papers than the servant who carried them to the printing-office. The papers in question were as certainly Dr. JOHNSON's, as his RAMBLER's; they are acknowledged as such by Dr. HAWKESWORTH, and the whole set are regularly marked with a T. while BATHURST's, or what we suppose at present to have been BATHURST's, were marked with an A. To these signatures Dr. HAWKESWORTH was particularly attentive, and in the original edition,

when by accident the A. was in one instance omitted, it was noticed as an *erratum* in the next number.

The papers marked A. amount to eight, all of the humorous cast. These formed the resource which Dr. HAWKESWORTH, in No. 140, says, "soon failed," probably by the author's going abroad, if indeed the author was BATHURST, but it must not be concealed that the writer of BONNEL THORNTON'S Life in the Biographical Dictionary, has assigned these papers to him, upon what authority does not appear. There seems no reason to impeach the veracity of Sir JOHN HAWKINS, and he had certainly an opportunity of knowing the history of this paper.

The contributions of the author of the RAMBLER come next to be considered, and concerning them there can be no dispute. He wrote twenty-nine papers, the general character of which is the same with that of his preceding work, but being more at leisure, he appears more easy and more lively in his selection of subjects. He did not begin to write for the ADVENTURER until No. 34, March 3, 1753. Much of the interval between the conclusion of the RAMBLER, and this date was consumed in regret for the loss of his wife, to whom, although his biographers have not represented her in a very amiable light, he was sincerely attached, and whose loss he never forgot either in conversation or prayer*. Having, however, recovered from the violence of this shock, he began to write for the ADVEN-

* JOHNSON'S Prayers and Meditations, *passim.*

TURER, with the story of Mysargyrus, which he continued in No. 41, 53, and 62, and which shews an intimate acquaintance with London life. No. 84, A Journey in a Stage Coach, will probably never be exceeded for delicate humour. The account of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON is one of those which he is said to have dictated, not to BATHURST, but to Dr. HAWKESWORTH. It is an elegant summary of CRICHTON's Life from MACKENZIE's "Writers of the Scotch nation," but of this wonderful man, a more authentic and impartial account, drawn up by the EARL of BUCHAN, and Dr. KIPPIS, has since appeared in the Biographia Britannica.

In No. 85, 95, 115, 137, and 138, we find him expatiating on his favourite topic, the concerns and interests of literature and literary men. In No. 120, he again indulges in reflections on "the bitterness of being," and indeed exhibits his whole system of human misery, concluding, however, as usual, with suitable consolation. It is singular that the succeeding paper by Dr. HAWKESWORTH contains the "Adventures of a Louse," which concludes its melancholy story, with "a hope to find some dwelling, where no comb shall ever enter, and no nails scratch; which neither pincers nor razor shall approach, where the remainder of life may be passed in perfect ſecurity and repose, amidst the smiles of society, and the profusion of plenty." And this hope "so extravagant and ridiculous, uttered with such solemnity of diction and manner," is followed by the writer's reflection, "that the life of MAN is not less exposed to evil, and that

all his expectations of security and happiness in temporal possessions, are equally chimerical and absurd." The junction of these papers was probably accidental, but the coincidence of "dolorous declamation" between the man and the louse has, in some degree, the mirthful air of a parody.

Dr. Johnson revised his Adventurers for a second edition, with the same attention he bestowed on the Rambler, but as he had now more leisure to write, his corrections and alterations are not so frequent, unless in the first three or four papers. Mr. Boswell has discovered from internal evidence, that No. 39, on sleep, was written by him, but a proof of that kind would not have been wanted, if he had consulted the original, or any of the early editions, in which the paper is marked with a T. Sir John Hawkins from neglecting this precaution, when he collected Dr. Johnson's works for an uniform edition in 1786-7, has omitted no less than five of his Adventurers, No. 39, 67, 74, 81, and 128.

The next assistant in the Adventurer was Dr. Joseph Warton, to whom, in the original plan, the province of criticism and literature was consigned.

This elegant scholar was born about the year 1722: his father, Thomas Warton, B. D. was Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, Poetry-Professor from the year 1718 to 1728, and Vicar of Basingstoke, in Hampshire, and Cobham in Surry. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Reverend Joseph Richard-

son, Rector of Dunfold, in Surry, by whom he had three children, Joseph, the object of this article; Thomas, the late poet and historian of English poetry, who died in 1790; and a daughter. He was the author of a volume of poems published by subscription in the year 1745, among which is the celebrated epigram on the king's sending a troop of horſe to Oxford, at the same time he gave a collection of books to the University of Cambridge. This has usually been attributed to Dr. Trapp. Mr. Warton died in August, 1745, and was characterized by his sons as a man of learning, probity and piety.

Mr. Joseph Warton was admitted a scholar into Winchester College, Aug. 2, 1736, and left it in Sept. 1740: he was admitted of Oriel College, Oxford, and determined his batchelor's degree in 1744, and was ordained, and immediately became his father's curate at Basingstoke, where he officiated till February 1746. He proceeded M. A. by diploma, June 23, 1759, and B. and D. D. January 15, 1768. At what time he was elected head master of Winchester College, is not exactly known, but he resigned it in 1793, ſoon after a kind of rebellion among the scholars, of the blame of which he appears to have had no share. Although long celebrated as a ſcholar, and living much among the patrons of the church, his promotions were neither numerous nor very valuable. He was Rector of Wickham, in Hampshire, a Prebendary of Winchester, and Rector of Upham, in Hampshire, which last he received from the Bishop of Winchester in the year 1790.

His earliest publication was "An Ode on reading West's Pindar, 1744," followed by other short poems, among which is the "Enthusiast, or Lover of Nature." In 1746,* he published odes on several subjects, in octavo. In 1756, without his name, appeared the "Essay on the writings and genius of Pope, vol. I. and in 1782 the second volume, of which the first two hundred pages were printed about twenty years before publication. Dr. JOHNSON accounted for this delay by supposing that the author was disappointed in not having been able to persuade the world to be of his opinion as to POPE. He praises it, however, as a book which teaches how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight.

In 1753, was published, "The Works of Virgil in English verse; the Eneid translated by the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT, the Eclogues and Georgics, by Mr. JOSEPH WARTON, &c." 4 vols. octavo; dedicated to Sir GEORGE, afterwards Lord LYTTELTON. Of Dr. WARTON's Georgics and Eclogues, it has been said that they convey the sense of the originals with greater exactness and perspicuity than any other translation we have; that the versification is easy and harmonious, and the style correct and pure: yet that, if read for themselves, they are inferior, as pleasing poems, to the similar performances of Dryden.

In the same year, while he superintended the

* This date appears to be wrong.

press during the printing of his Virgil, he was induced to engage in the ADVENTURER, by Dr. JOHNSON's persuasion. His last work, the labour of many years, an edition of the works of POPE, appeared in 1797, but the expectations of the literary world were in a great measure disappointed. It bore evident marks of haste, and the notes and illustrations were seldom new; the style was not without blemishes, and there was more of the garrulity of age than of the judicious compression of taste and genius. There was a time when, perhaps, this would have been less exceptionable, but literary history is now very generally diffused, and the public was disappointed to be told what it knew before. A more serious objection was also made to the *additions* which this editor thought proper to admit, some of which are totally inconsistent with a respect for public decency.

It is said, Dr. WARTON had made collections for a literary history of LEO X. and proposals were in circulation for a work of that kind.

His personal character was allowed by all who knew him to rank high: he was cheerful in company, and even convivial; his conversation replete with information on the history of literature, and with classical knowledge. As a teacher he was ever highly venerated by his scholars, many of whom rose to eminent distinction both in the church and state. He died at Wickham, in Hampshire, Feb. 23, 1800*.

* In the account of Dr. WARTON, in the Gentleman's Magazine, it is said he had only one son, who disappointed his hopes:

His contributions to the ADVENTURER amount to twenty-four papers. Of these a few are of the humourous cast, but the greater part consist of elegant criticism, not that of cold sagacity, but warm from the heart, and powerfully addressed to the finer feelings as well as to the judgment. His critical papers on *Lear* have never been exceeded for just taste and discrimination. His disposition lay in selecting and illustrating those beauties of ancient and modern poetry, which, like the beauties of nature, strike and please many who are yet incapable of describing or analysing them. No. 101, on the blemishes in the *Paradise Lost*, is an example of the delicacy and impartiality with which writings of established fame ought to be examined. His observations on the *Odyssey*, in Nos. 75, 80, and 83, are original and judicious, but it may be doubted whether they have detached many scholars from the accustomed preference given to the Iliad. If any objection may be made to Dr. WARTON's critical papers, it is that his Greek occurs too frequently in a work intended for domestic instruction. His style is always pure and perspicuous, but sometimes it may be discovered, with-

but he had two sons, one of whom, the Rev. JOHN WARTON, of Blandford, is now living, and to this gentleman I am indebted for a small part of a MS. diary written by his father, which has enabled me to correct the dates in this account. The son who died suddenly, was a very promising genius, and wrote, when at school, two poems, entitled "The Pyramids of Egypt, and *Rex Pluviorum Tamesis*;" the first in English, and the last in Latin, both which are highly creditable to his talents. It is easy to suppose that the loss of such a youth would disappoint his father's hopes.

out any other information, that "he kept company with Dr. Johnson." The beginning of No. 139, if found detached, might have been attributed to Dr. Johnson. It has all his manner, not merely the "contortions of the sybil," but somewhat of the "inspiration."

It only remains to be mentioned, that this author made many alterations and corrections in his papers, after the first publication; and two or three slight variations have been adopted into the present edition, from the manuscript on the margin of his own copy now in the possession of the writer of this article. On the blank leaf at the end, is the following authority in his handwriting, which may be added to the preceding, if any addition be wanted. "*The papers marked T. were written by Mr. S. Johnson.*"

The paper, No. 90, which shews more acquaintance with literary history and criticism than we usually find in young men, was written by Mr. Colman, afterwards the principal author of the Connoisseur. It was no trifling merit to have written such a paper at the early age of twenty.

The beautiful lines in No. 37, have been usually attributed to the pious Gilbert West, and Hawkesworth believed this, when he announced that they were communicated to him, "by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taste, literature, and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which most strongly inculcates compassion to inferior natures," which is the subject of the paper. Dr. Johnson sup-

poses that Mr. WEST gave it to HAWKESWORTH without naming the author*. It was afterwards discovered to have been the production of the Rev. RICHARD JAGO, a poet of no high rank, who has several other pieces in DODSLEY's collection, and whose works were published together by his friend Mr. HILTON.

The very interesting story of *Fidelia*, in Nos. 77-8-9, was written by Mrs. CHAPONE, a lady who has already been noticed as the writer of four billets in No. 10 of the RAMBLER. She was at this time Miss MULSO, the daughter of THOMAS MULSO, Esq. of an ancient family of Twywell, in the county of Northampton. These articles were her first literary productions. In 1773, she published her "Letters on the improvement of the Mind," addressed to a young lady, who, it appeared afterwards, was a favourite niece. This work fully established her fame, and has ever been ranked among the most useful books that can be recommended to young ladies. It is sufficient praise that, in its principles and tendency, it is diametrically opposite to those numerous publications lately addressed to ladies, the effect of which, if sense and decency do not avert the calamity, will be to prevent shame and contrition in those who have been deprived of virtue.

In 1775 appeared from the same pen, "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," containing observations on affection and simplicity; on conver-

* JOHNSON's Life of WEST.

sion, and on enthusiasm and indifference in religion: the story of *Fidelia* from the ADVENTURER; and some poetical pieces, mostly the production of her early years. This was followed in 1777 by "Letters to a new-married lady," which, like the rest of her works, abounds in good sense, knowledge of the world, and unaffected piety.

Her *Fidelia* cannot be too often read. It was not unseasonable when written; it acquires more importance now, when the principles it exposes are become more fashionable.

In 1760, she married Mr. CHAPONE, an attorney of Clements-Inn, who died in the following year, leaving one daughter, now living. This marriage is said to have been not very happy. Mrs. CHAPONE, however, was consoled by the friendship of a large circle of persons of worth, who held her talents and virtues in the highest esteem. During her latter years, her health declined, and the infirmities of age compelled her to retire from society which she had so long adorned. She died at Hadley, Dec. 25, 1801, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

Such are the few particulars we have been able to collect relative to the history of the ADVENTURER*. Its pleasing variety rendered it at once more popular than the RAMBLER. The sale in numbers was considerable, and four large

* Dr. JOHNSON asserted, that the Hon. HAMILTON BOYLE wrote in the ADVENTURER; probably one of the few papers which remain without assignment. BOSWELL's Journal, p. 240.

editions in volumes were published in less than nine years. The elegance, indeed, of the composition; the charms of the narrative part, and its evident tendency to promote piety and virtue, are recommendations which, it is hoped, can never lose their effect.

THE ADVENTURER.

N° 1. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1752.

Hâc arte Pollux, & vagus Hercules
Innixus, arces attigit igneas.

HOR.

Thus mounted to the tow'rs above,
The vagrant hero, son of Jove.

FRANCIS.

As every man in the exercise of his duty to himself and the community, struggles with difficulties which no man has always surmounted, and is exposed to dangers which are never wholly escaped; life has been considered as a warfare, and courage as a virtue more necessary than any other. It was soon found, that without the exercise of courage, without an effort of the mind by which immediate pleasure is rejected, pain despised, and life itself set at hazard, much cannot be contributed to the public good, nor such happiness procured to ourselves as is consistent with that of others.

But as pleasure can be exchanged only for pleasure, every art has been used to connect such gratifications with the exercise of courage, as com-

pensate for those which are given up: the pleasures of the imagination are substituted for those of the senses, and the hope of future enjoyments for the possession of present; and to decorate these pleasures and this hope, has wearied eloquence and exhausted learning. Courage has been dignified with the name of heroic virtue; and heroic virtue has deified the hero: his statue, hung round with ensigns of terror, frowned in the gloom of a wood or a temple; altars were raised before it, and the world was commanded to worship.

Thus the ideas of courage, and virtue, and honour, are so associated, that wherever we perceive courage, we infer virtue and ascribe honour; without considering, whether courage was exerted to produce happiness or misery, in the defence of freedom or support of tyranny.

But though courage and heroic virtue are still confounded, yet by courage nothing more is generally understood than a power of opposing danger with serenity and perseverance. To secure the honours which are bestowed upon courage by custom, it is indeed necessary that this danger should be voluntary: for a courageous resistance of dangers to which we are necessarily exposed by our station, is considered merely as the discharge of our duty, and brings only a negative reward, exemption from infamy.

He, who at the approach of evil betrays his trust or deserts his post is branded with cowardice; a name, perhaps, more reproachful than any other, that does not imply much greater turpitude: he who patiently suffers that which he cannot without guilt avoid, escapes infamy but does not obtain praise. It is the man who provokes danger in its recess, who quits a peaceful retreat, where he might have slumbered in ease and safety, for peril and

labour, to drive before a tempest or to watch in a camp; the man who descends from a precipice by a rope at midnight, to fire a city that is besieged; or who ventures forward into regions of perpetual cold and darkness, to discover new paths of navigation, and disclose new secrets of the deep; it is the Adventurer alone, on whom every eye is fixed with admiration, and whose praise is repeated by every voice.

But it must be confessed that this is only the praise of prejudice and of custom: reason as yet sees nothing either to commend or imitate: a more severe scrutiny must be made, before she can admit courage to belong to virtue, or entitle its possessor to the palm of honour.

If new worlds are sought merely to gratify avarice or ambition, for the treasures that ripen in the distant mine, or the homage of nations whom new arts of destruction may subdue; or if the precipice is descended merely for a pecuniary consideration; the Adventurer is, in the estimation of reason, as worthless and contemptible, as the robber who defies a gibbet for the hire of a strumpet, or the fool who lays out his whole property on a lottery ticket. Reason considers the motive, the means, and the end; and honours courage only, when it is employed to effect the purpose of virtue. Whoever exposes life for the good of others, and desires no superadded reward but fame, is pronounced a hero by the voice of reason; and to withhold the praise that he merits, would be an attempt equally injurious and impossible. How much then is it to be regretted, that several ages have elapsed, since all who had the will, had also the power, thus to secure at once the shout of the multitude, and the eulogy of the philosopher! The last who enjoyed this privilege were the heroes that the history of

certain dark ages distinguishes by the name of Knights Errant; beings who improved the opportunities of glory that were peculiar to their own times, in which giants were to be encountered, dragons destroyed, enchantments dissolved, and captive princesses set at liberty.

These heroes, however numerous, or wherever they dwelt, had nothing more to do, than, as soon as Aurora with her dewy fingers unlocked the rosy portals of the East, to mount the steed, grasp the lance, and ride forth attended by a faithful squire: a giant or a dragon immediately appeared; or a castle was perceived with a moat, a bridge, and a horn: the horn is sounded, a dwarf first appears, and then an enchanter; a combat ensues, and the enchanter is defeated: the knight enters the castle, reads a Talisman, dissolves the enchantment, receives the thanks of the princesses and encomium of the knights; then is conducted by the principal lady to the court of her father; is there the object of universal admiration, refuses a kingdom, and sets out again to acquire new glory by a series of new adventures.

But if the world has now no employment for the Knight Errant, the Adventurer may still do good for fame. Such is the hope, with which he quits the quiet of indolence and the safety of obscurity; for such ambition he has exchanged content, and such is his claim as a candidate for praise. It may, indeed, be objected, that he has no right to the reward; because, if it be admitted that he does good for fame, it cannot be pretended that it is at the risque of life: but honour has been always allowed to be of greater value than life. If, therefore, the Adventurer risques honour, he risques more than the Knight. The ignominy which falls on a disappointed candidate for public praise, would by those

very Knights have been deemed worse than death; and who is more truly a candidate for public praise than an author? But as the Knights were without fear of death, the Adventurer is without fear of disgrace or disappointment: he confides, like them, in the temper of his weapon, and the justice of his cause; he knows he has not far to go, before he will meet with some fortress that has been raised by sophistry for the asylum of error, some enchanter who lies in wait to ensnare innocence, or some dragon breathing out his poison in defence of infidelity: he has also the power of enchantment, which he will exercise in his turn; he will sometimes crowd the scene with ideal beings, sometimes recal the past, and sometimes anticipate the future; sometimes he will transport those who put themselves under his influence to regions which no traveller has yet visited, and will sometimes confine them with invisible bands till the charm is dissolved by a word, which will be placed the last in a paper which he shall give them.

Nor does he fear that this boast should draw upon him the imputation of arrogance or of vanity; for the Knight when he challenged an army, was not thought either arrogant or vain; and yet as every challenge is a boast, and implies a consciousness of superiority, the ostentation is certainly in proportion to the force that is defied; but this force is also the measure of danger, and danger is the measure of honour. It must also be remarked, that there is great difference between a boast of what we shall do, and of what we have done. A boast when we enter the lists, is a defiance of danger; it claims attention, and it raises expectation; but a boast when we return, is only an exultation in safety, and a demand of praise which is not thought to be due; for the praise that is thought

to be due is always paid. Let it be remembered, therefore, that if the Adventurer raises expectation, he proportionably increases his danger; and that he asks nothing which the Public shall desire to withhold.

N° 2. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1752.

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

HOR.

——To sink in shame, or swell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or deny'd.

FRANCIS.

THE multitudes that support life by corporal labour, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleness; and have no conception that weariness can be contracted in an elbow-chair, by now and then peeping into a book, and musing the rest of the day: the sedentary and studious, therefore, raise their envy or contempt, as they appear either to possess the conveniences of life by the mere bounty of fortune, or to suffer the want of them by refusing to work.

It is, however, certain, that to think is to labour; and that as the body is affected by the exercise of the mind, the fatigue of the study is not less than that of the field or the manufactory.

But the labour of the mind, though it is equally wearisome with that of the body, is not attended with the same advantages. Exercise gives health, vigour, and cheerfulness, sound sleep, and a keen appetite: the effects of sedentary thoughtfulness are

diseases that embitter and shorten life, interrupted rest, tasteless meals, perpetual languor, and causeless anxiety.

No natural inability to perform manual operations, has been observed to proceed from disinclination; the reluctance, if it cannot be removed, may be surmounted; and the artificer then proceeds in his work with as much dexterity and exactness as if no extraordinary effort had been made to begin it: but with respect to the productions of imagination and wit, a mere determination of the will is not sufficient; there must be a disposition of the mind which no human being can procure, or the work will have the appearance of a forced plant, in the production of which the industry of art has been substituted for the vigour of nature.

Nor does this disposition always ensure success, though the want of it never fails to render application ineffectual; for the writer who sits down in the morning fired with his subject and teeming with ideas, often finds at night, that what delighted his imagination offends his judgment, and that he has lost the day by indulging a pleasing dream, in which he joined together a multitude of splendid images without perceiving their incongruity.

Thus the wit is condemned to pass his hours, those hours which return no more, in attempting that which he cannot effect, or in collecting materials which he afterwards discovers to be unfit for use: but the mechanic and the husbandman know, that the work which they perform will always bear the same proportion to the time in which they are employed and the diligence which they exert.

Neither is the reward of intellectual equally certain with that of corporal labour; the artificer, for the manufacture which he finishes in a day, receives a certain sum; but the wit frequently gains no ad-

vantage from a performance at which he has toiled many months, either because the town is not disposed to judge of his merit, or because he has not suited the popular taste.

It has been often observed, that not the value of a man's income, but the proportion which it bears to his expences, justly denominates him rich or poor, and that it is not so much the manner in which he lives, as the habit of life he has contracted, which renders him happy or wretched. For this reason, the labour of the mind, even when it is adequately rewarded, does not procure means of happiness in the same proportion as that of the body. They that sing at the loom, or whistle after the plough, wish not for intellectual entertainment; if they have plenty of wholesome food, they do not repine at the inelegance of their table, nor are they less happy because they are not treated with ceremonious respect and served with silent celerity. The scholar is always considered as becoming a gentleman by his education; and the wit as conferring honour upon his company, however elevated by their rank or fortune: they are, therefore, frequently admitted to scenes of life very different from their own; they partake of pleasures which they cannot hope to purchase; and many superfluities become necessary, by the gratification of wants, which in a lower class they would never have known.

Thus, the peasant and the mechanic, when they have received the wages of the day, and procured their strong beer and supper, have scarce a wish unsatisfied; but the man of nice discernment and quick sensations, who has acquired a high relish of the elegancies and refinements of life, has seldom philosophy enough to be equally content with that which the reward of genius can purchase.

And yet there is scarce any character so much

the object of envy, as that of a successful writer. But those who only see him in company, or hear encomiums on his merit, form a very erroneous opinion of his happiness: they conceive him as perpetually enjoying the triumphs of intellectual superiority; as displaying the luxuriancy of his fancy, and the variety of his knowledge, to silent admiration; or listening in voluptuous indolence to the musick of praise. But they know not, that these lucid intervals are short and few; that much the greater part of his life is passed in solitude and anxiety; that his hours glide away unnoticed, and the day like the night is contracted to a moment by the intense application of the mind to its object; locked up from every eye, and lost even to himself, he is reminded that he lives only by the necessities of life: he then starts as from a dream, and regrets that the day has passed unenjoyed, without affording means of happiness to the morrow.

Will Hardman the smith had three sons, Tom, Ned and George. George, who was the youngest, he put apprentice to a taylor; the two elder were otherwise provided for: he had by some means the opportunity of sending them to school upon a foundation, and afterwards to the University. Will thought that this opportunity to give his boys good learning, was not to be missed: 'Learning,' he said, 'was a portion which the D-v-l could not wrong them of; and when he had done what he ought for them, they must do for themselves.'

As he had not the same power to procure them livings, when they had finished their studies, they came to London. They were both scholars; but Tom was a genius, and Ned was a dunce: Ned became usher in a school at the yearly salary of twenty pounds, and Tom soon distinguished himself as

an author: he wrote many pieces of great excellence; but his reward was sometimes withheld by caprice, and sometimes intercepted by envy. He passed his time in penury and labour; his mind was abstracted in the recollection of sentiment, and perplexed in the arrangement of his ideas and the choice of expression.

George in the mean time became a master in his trade, kept ten men constantly at work upon the board, drank his beer out of a silver tankard, and boasted that he might be as well to pass in a few years as many of those for whom he made laced clothes, and who thought themselves his betters. Ned wished earnestly that he could change stations with George: but Tom in the pride of his heart disdained them both; and declared that he would rather perish upon a bulk with cold and hunger, than steal through life in obscurity, and be forgotten when he was dead.

N° 3. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1752.

———*Scenis decora alta futuris.*

VIRG.

The splendid ornament of future scenes.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

As the business of Pantomimes is become a very serious concern, and the curiosity of mankind is perpetually thirsting after novelties, I have been at great pains to contrive an entertainment, in which

every thing shall be united that is either the delight or astonishment of the present age: I have not only ransacked the fairs of Bartholomew and Southwark, but picked up every uncommon animal, every amazing prodigy of nature, and every surprising performer, that has lately appeared within the bills of mortality. As soon as I am provided with a theatre spacious enough for my purpose, I intend to exhibit a most sublime Pantomime in the modern taste; but far more ostentatious in its feats of activity, its scenes, decorations, machinery, and monsters. A sketch of my design I shall lay before you; and you may possibly think it not inconsistent with the character of an Adventurer to recommend it to public notice.

I have chosen for the subject the Fable of Hercules, as his labours will furnish me with the most extraordinary events, and give me an opportunity of introducing many wonders of the monstrous creation. It is strange that this story, which so greatly recommends itself by its incredibility, should have hitherto escaped the search of those penetrating geniuses, who have rummaged not only the legends of antiquity, but the fictions of Fairy tales, and little history books for children, to supply them with materials for Perseus and Andromeda, Doctor Faustus, Queen Mab, &c. In imitation of these illustrious wits, I shall call my entertainment by the name of Harlequin Hercules.

In the original story, as a prelude to his future victories, we are told that Hercules strangled two serpents in the cradle: I shall therefore open with this circumstance; and have prepared a couple of pasteboard serpents of an enormous length, with internal springs and movements for their contortions, which I dare say will far exceed that most astonishing one in Orpheus and Euridice. Any of

the common-sized parti-coloured gentry, that have learnt to whimper and whine after being hatched in the egg in the Rape of Proserpine, may serve for this scene; but as the Man Hercules must be supposed to be of a preternatural bulk of body, the Modern Colussus has practised the tiptoe step and tripping air for the ensuing parts. Instead of a sword of lath, I shall arm him, in conformity to his character, with a huge cork club.

The first labour is the killing the Nemean Lion, who, in imitation of the fable, shall drop from an oiled-paper moon. We have been long accustomed to admire lions upon the stage; but I shall vastly improve upon this, by making our conqueror flea him upon the spot, and cloke himself with the skin: I have, therefore, got a tawny-coloured hide made of coarse serge, with the ears, mane, and tip of the tail, properly bushed out with brown worsted.

Next to this is the destruction of the Hydra, a terrible serpent with seven heads; and as two were said to sprout up again in the place of every one that was cut off, I design by the art of my machinery to exhibit a successive regeneration of double heads, till a hundred and more are prepared to be knocked off by one stroke of the aforesaid cork club.

I have a beautiful canvas wild boar of Erymanthus for the third labour, which, as Harlequin is to carry it off the stage upon his shoulders, has nothing in its belly but a wadding of tow, and a little boy who is to manage its motions, to let down the wire jaw, or gnash the wooden tusks; and though I could rather wish he were able to grunt and growl, yet as that is impossible, I have taught the urchin to squeak prodigiously like a pig.

The fourth labour, his catching the hind of Mænalus, whose feet were of brass and horns of gold,

I fear I must omit; because I cannot break any common buck to run slow enough. But he is next to drive away those enormous birds of Stymphalus's lake, which were of such prodigious bigness, that they intercepted the light with their wings, and took up whole men as their prey. I have got a flock of them formed of leather covered with ravens feathers: they are a little unwieldy, I must confess; but I have disposed my wires, so as to play them about tolerably well, and make them flap out the candles; and two of the largest are to gulp down the grenadier, stationed at each door of the stage, with their caps, muskets, bayonets, and all their accoutrements.

The sixth labour is an engagement with the Amazons; to represent whom, I have hired all the wonderful tall men and women, that have been lately exhibited in this town. The part of Hyppolita their queen is to be played by the Female Sampson, who, after the company has been amazed with the vast proofs of her strength, is to be fairly flung in a wrestling bout by our invincible Harlequin.

I shall then present you with a prospect of the Augean stable, where you will have an arrangement on each side of seven or eight cows hides stuft with straw, which the fancy's eye may as easily multiply into a thousand, as in a tragedy battle it has been used to do half a dozen scene-shifters into an army. Hercules's method of cleansing this stable is well known; I shall therefore let loose a whole river of pewter to glitter along the stage, far surpassing any little clinking cascade of tin that the Playhouse or Vauxhall can boast of.

As he is next to seize upon a bull breathing out fire and flames, I had prepared one accordingly, with the palate and nostrils properly loaded with wild-fire and other combustibles; but by the un-

skilfulness of the fellow inclosed in it, while he was rehearsing Bull's part, the head took fire, which spread to the carcase, and the fool narrowly escaped suffering the torment of Phalaris. This accident I have now guarded against, by having lined the roof and jaws with thin plates of painted iron.

To personate Geryon, who had three bodies, I have contrived to tie three men together back to back; one of them is the Famous Negro who swings about his arms in every direction; and these will make full as grotesque a figure as the man with a double mask. As Harlequin for his eighth labour is to deliver this triple-form monster to be devoured by his cannibal oxen, I shall here with the greatest propriety exhibit the Noted Ox with six legs and two bellies; and as Diomede must be served up in the same manner as a meal for his flesh-eating horses, this will furnish me with a good pretext for introducing the Beautiful Panther-Mare.

After these I shall transport you to the orchard of the Hesperides, where you will feast your sight with the green paper trees and gilt apples. I have bought up the old copper dragon of Wantley as a guard to this forbidden fruit; and when he is new burnished, and the tail somewhat lengthened, his aspect will be much more formidable than his brother dragon's in Harlequin Sorcerer.

But the full display of my art is reserved for the last labour, the descent through a trap-door into HELL. Though this is the most applauded scene in many of our favourite Pantomimes, I don't doubt but my HELL will out do whatever has been hitherto attempted of the kind, whether in its gloomy decoration, its horrors, its flames, or its devils. I have engaged the engineer of Cuper's Gardens to direct the fire-works; Ixion will be whirled round upon a wheel of blazing saltpetre; Tantalus

will catch at a refluent flood of burning rosin; and Sisyphus is to roll up a stone charged with crackers and squibs, which will bound back again with a thundering explosion: at a distance you will discover black streams arising from the river Styx, represented by a stream of melted pitch: the Noted Fire-eater also shall make his appearance, smoking out of red-hot tobacco-pipes, champing lighted brimstone, and swallowing his infernal mess of broth. Harlequin's errand hither being only to bring away Cerberus, I have instructed The most amazing new English Chien Savant to act the part of this three-headed dog, with the assistance of two artificial noddles fastened to his throat. The sagacity of this animal will surely delight much more than the pretty trick of his rival, the human hound, in another entertainment.

Thus I have brought my Hercules through his twelve capital enterprizes; though I purpose to touch upon some other of the Grecian hero's atchievements. I shall make him kill Cacus the three-headed robber, and shall carry him to Mount Caucasus to untie Promotheus, whose liver was continually preyed upon by a vulture. This last mentioned incident I cannot pass over, as I am resolved that my vulture shall vie in bulk, beauty and docility, with the so much applauded Stupendous Ostrich: and towards the end I doubt not but I shall be able to triumph over the Sorcerer's great gelding, by the exhibition of my Centaur Nessus, who is to carry off the Little woman that weighs no more than twenty three pounds, in the character of Deianira; a burthen great enough for the ostler who is to play the brute-half of my Centaur, as his back must be bent horizontally, in order to fix his head against the rump of the man-half.

The whole piece will conclude with Harlequin in

a bloody shirt, skipping, writhing, and rolling, and at length expiring, to the irregular motions of the fiddle-stick: though if any of the fire-offices will ensure the house, he shall mount the kindled pile, and be burned to ashes in the presence of the whole audience.

Intrigue is the soul of these dumb shews, as well as of the more senseless farces: Omphale, therefore, or Deianira must serve for my Colombine; and I can so far wrest the fable to my own purpose, as to suppose that these dangers were encountered by Harlequin for their sakes. Eristheus, the persecutor of Hercules, will be properly characterized by Pantaloon, and the servant whose business it is, as Homer says, "to shake the regions of the Gods with laughter," shall be the wonderful little Norfolkman, as in all books of chivalry you never read of a giant but you are told of a dwarf. The fellow with Stentorian lungs, who can break glasses and shatter window-panes with the loudness of his vociferation, has engaged in that one scene, where Hercules laments the loss of his Hylas, to make the whole house ring again with his bawling; and the wonderful man, who talks in his belly, and can fling his voice into any part of a room, has promised to answer him in the character of Echo.

I cannot conclude without informing you, that I have made an uncommon provision for the necessary embellishments of singing and dancing. Grim Pluto, you know, the black-peruked Monarch, must bellow in bass, and the attendant devils cut capers in flame-coloured stockings, as usual; but as Juno cherished an immortal hatred to our hero, she shall descend in a chariot drawn by peacocks, and thrill forth her rage; Deianira too shall vent her amorous sighs to soft airs: the Amazons with their

gilt-leather breast-plates and helmets, their tin pointed spears and looking-glass shields, shall give you the Pyrrhic dance to a preamble on the kettle-drums; and at Omphale's court, after Hercules has resigned his club, to celebrate her triumph, I shall introduce a grand dance of distaffs, in emulation of the Witches dance of broomsticks. Nothing of this kind shall be omitted, that may heighten either the grandeur or beauty of my entertainment: I shall therefore, I hope, find a place somewhere in this piece, as I cannot now have the Wire-dancer, to bring on my Dancing-bears.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A. LUN Tertius.

Nº 4. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1752.

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.

HOR.

Fictions to please should wear the face of truth.

ROSC.

No species of writing affords so general entertainment as the relation of events; but all relations of events do not entertain in the same degree.

It is always necessary, that facts should appear to be produced in a regular and connected series, that they should follow in a quick succession, and yet that they should be delivered with discriminating circumstances. If they have not a necessary and apparent connection, the ideas which they excite obliterate each other, and the mind is tantalized with an imperfect glimpse of innumerable objects that just appear and vanish; if they are

too minutely related, they become tiresome; and if divested of all their circumstances, insipid; for who that reads in a table of chronology or an index, that a city was swallowed up by an earthquake, or a kingdom depopulated by a pestilence, finds either his attention engaged, or his curiosity gratified?

Those narratives are most pleasing, which not only excite and gratify curiosity, but engage the passions.

History is a relation of the most natural and important events; history, therefore, gratifies curiosity, but it does not often excite either terror or pity; the mind feels not that tenderness for a falling state, which it feels for an injured beauty; nor is it so much alarmed at the migration of barbarians who mark their way with desolation, and fill the world with violence and rapine, as at the fury of a husband, who, deceived into jealousy by false appearances, stabs a faithful and affectionate wife kneeling at his feet, and pleading to be heard.

Voyages and Travels have nearly the same excellencies and the same defects: no passion is strongly excited except wonder; or if we feel any emotion at the danger of the traveller, it is transient and languid, because his character is not rendered sufficiently important; he is rarely discovered to have any excellencies but daring curiosity; he is never the object of admiration and seldom of esteem.

Biography would always engage the passions, if it could sufficiently gratify curiosity: but there have been few among the whole human species whose lives would furnish a single adventure; I mean such a complication of circumstances, as hold the mind in an anxious yet pleasing suspence, and gradually unfold in the production of some unforeseen and important event; much less such a series of facts, as will perpetually vary the scene, and gratify the fancy, with new views of life.

But Nature is now exhausted; all her wonders have been accumulated, every recess has been explored, deserts have been traversed, Alps climbed, and the secrets of the deep disclosed; time has been compelled to restore the empires and the heroes of antiquity; all have passed in review; yet fancy requires new gratifications, and curiosity is still unsatisfied.

The resources of Art yet remain: the simple beauties of nature, if they cannot be multiplied, may be compounded, and an infinite variety produced, in which by the union of different graces both may be heightened, and the coalition of different powers may produce a proportionate effect.

The Epic Poem at once gratifies curiosity and moves the passions; the events are various and important; but it is not the fate of a nation, but of the hero in which they terminate, and whatever concerns the hero engages the passions; the dignity of his character, his merit, and his importance, compel us to follow him with reverence and solicitude, to tremble when he is in danger, to weep when he suffers, and to burn when he is wronged; with these vicissitudes of passion every heart attends Ulysses in his wanderings, and Achilles to the field.

Upon this occasion the Old Romance may be considered as a kind of Epic, since it was intended to produce the same effect upon the mind nearly by the same means.

In both these species of writing truth is apparently violated: but though the events are not always produced by probable means, yet the pleasure arising from the story is not much lessened; for fancy is still captivated with variety, and passion has scarce leisure to reflect, that she is agitated with the fate of imaginary beings, and interested in events that never happened.

The Novel, though it bears a nearer resemblance to truth, has yet less power of entertainment; for it is confined within the narrower bounds of probability, the number of incidents is necessarily diminished, and if it deceives us more, it surprises us less. The distress is indeed frequently tender, but the narrative often stands still; the lovers compliment each other in tedious letters and set speeches; trivial circumstances are enumerated with a minute exactness, and the reader is wearied with languid descriptions and impertinent declamations.

But the most extravagant, and yet perhaps the most generally pleasing of all literary performances, are those in which supernatural events are every moment produced by Genii and Fairies: such are the Arabian nights entertainment, the Tales of the countess d'Anois, and many others of the same class. It may be thought strange, that the mind should with pleasure acquiesce in the open violation of the most known and obvious truths; and that relations which contradict all experience, and exhibit a series of events that are not only impossible but ridiculous, should be read by almost every taste and capacity with equal eagerness and delight. But it is not perhaps, the mere violation of truth or of probability that offends, but such a violation only as perpetually recurs. The mind is satisfied, if every event appears to have an adequate cause; and when the agency of Genii and Fairies is once admitted, no event which is deemed possible to such agents is rejected as incredible or absurd; the action of the story proceeds with regularity, the persons act upon rational principles, and such events take place as may naturally be expected from the interposition of superior intelligence and power: so that though there is not a natural, there is at least a kind of moral probabi-

lity preserved, and our first concession is abundantly rewarded by the new scenes to which we are admitted, and the unbounded prospect that is thrown open before us.

But though we attend with delight to the atchievements of a hero who is transported in a moment over half the globe upon a griffon, and see with admiration a palace or a city vanish upon his breaking a seal or extinguishing a lamp; yet if at his first interview with a mistress, for whose sake he had fought so many battles and passed so many regions, he should salute her with a box on the ear; or if immediately after he had vanquished a giant or a dragon, he should leap into a well or tie himself up to a tree, we should be disappointed and disgusted, the story would be condemned as improbable, unnatural, and absurd, our innate love of truth would be applauded, and we should expatiate on the folly of an attempt to please reasonable beings, by a detail of events which can never be believed, and the intervention of agents which could never have existed.

Dramatic Poetry, especially tragedy, seems to unite all that pleases in each of these species of writing, with a stronger resemblance of truth, and a closer imitation of nature: the characters are such as excite attention and solicitude; the action is important, its progress is intricate yet natural, and the catastrophe is sudden and striking; and as we are present to every transaction, the images are more strongly impressed, and the passions more forcibly moved.

From a dramatic poem to those short pieces, which may be contained in such a periodical paper as the Adventurer, is a bold transition. And yet such pieces, although formed upon a single incident, if that incident be sufficiently uncommon to

gratify curiosity, and sufficiently interesting to engage the passions, may afford an entertainment, which, if it is not lasting, is yet of the highest kind. Of such, therefore, this paper will frequently consist: but it should be remembered, that it is much more difficult and laborious, to invent a story, however simple and however short, than to recollect topics of instruction, or to remark the scenes of life as they are shifted before us.

N° 5. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1752.

Tunc et aves tutas movere per aëra pennas;
Et lepus impavidus mediis erravit in agris:
Nec sua credulitas piscem suspenderat hamo.
Cuncta sine insidiis, nullamque timentia fraudem,
Plenaque pacis erant.———

OVID.

Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And tim'rous hares on heaths securely rove:
Nor needed fish the guileful hook to fear;
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE before remarked, that it is the peculiar infelicity of those who live by intellectual labour, not to be always able equally to improve their time by application: there are seasons when the power of invention is suspended, and the mind sinks into a state of debility from which it can no more recover itself, than a person who sleeps can by a voluntary effort awake. I was sitting in my study a few nights ago in these perplexing circumstances, and after long rumination and many ineffectual attempts to start a hint which I might pur-

sue in my lucubration of this day, I determined to go to bed, hoping that the morning would remove every impediment to study, and restore the vigour of my mind.

I was no sooner asleep than I was relieved from my distress by means which, if I had been waking, would have increased it; and instead of impressing upon my mind a train of new ideas in a regular succession, would have filled it with astonishment and terror. For in dreams, whether they are produced by a power of the imagination to combine images which reason would separate, or whether the mind is passive and receives impressions from some invisible agent, the memory seems to lie wholly torpid, and the understanding to be employed only about such objects as are then presented, without comparing the present with the past. When we sleep, we often converse with a friend who is either absent or dead, without remembering that the grave or the ocean is between us. We float like a feather upon the wind, or we find ourselves this moment in England and the next in India, without reflecting that the laws of nature are suspended, or inquiring how the scene could have been so suddenly shifted before us. We are familiar with prodigies, we accommodate ourselves to every event however romantic: and we not only reason, but act upon principles which are in the highest degree absurd and extravagant.

In that state, therefore, in which no prodigy could render me unfit to receive instruction, I imagined myself to be still sitting in my study, pensive and dispirited, and that I suddenly heard a small shrill voice pronounce these words, "Take your pen; I will dictate an Adventurer." I turned to see from whom this voice proceeded, but I could discover nothing: believing, therefore, that my good

genius or some favouring muse was present, I immediately prepared to write, and the voice dictated the following narrative:

"I was the eldest son of a country gentleman who possessed a large estate, and when I was about nineteen years of age fell with my horse as I was hunting, my neck was dislocated by the fall, and for want of immediate assistance, I died before I could be carried home: but I found myself the next moment, with inexpressible grief and astonishment, under the shape of a mongrel puppy in the stable of an inn, that was kept by a man who had been butler to my father, and had married the cook.

'I was indeed, greatly caressed; but my master in order as he said to increase my beauty as well as my strength, soon disencumbered me of my ears and my tail. Besides the pain that I suffered in the operation, I experienced the disadvantages of this mutilation in a thousand instances: this however, was but a small part of the calamity which in this state I was appointed to suffer.

'My master had a son about four years old, who was yet a greater favourite than myself; and his passions having been always indulged as soon as they appeared, he was encouraged to gratify his resentment against any thing, whether animate or inanimate, that had offended him, by beating me; and when he did any mischief, for of other faults little notice was taken, the father, the mother, or the maid, were sure to chastise me in his stead.

'This treatment from persons whom I had been accustomed to regard with contempt, and command with insolence, was not long to be borne: early one morning, therefore, I departed. I continued my journey till the afternoon without stopping, though it rained hard: about four o'clock I passed through a village; and perceiving a heap of

shavings that were sheltered from the wet by the thatch of a house which some carpenters were repairing, I crept, as I thought unnoticed into the corner, and laid myself down upon them: but a man who was plaining a board, observing that I was a strange dog and of a mongrel breed, resolved to make himself and his companions merry at my expence: for this purpose, having made a hole about two inches diameter in a piece of deal, he suddenly catched me up, and putting the remainder of my tail through this diabolical engine, he made it fast by driving in a wedge, with a heavy mallet, which crushing the bone put me to inexpressible torment. The moment he set me down, the wretches who had been spectators of this waggery, burst into immoderate laughter at the awkward motions by which I expressed my misery, and my ridiculous attempt to run away from that which I could not but carry with me. They hooted after me till I was out of their sight: however, fear, pain, and confusion, still urging me forward with involuntary speed, I ran with such force, between two pales that were not far enough asunder to admit my clog, that I left it with the remainder of my tail behind me. I then found myself in a farm-yard; and fearing that I should be worried by the mastiff which I saw at a distance, I continued my flight; but some peasants who were at work in a neighbouring barn, perceiving that I ran without being pursued, that my eyes were inflamed, and that my mouth was covered with foam, imagined that I was mad, and knocked out my brains with a flail.

" Soon after I had quitted this maimed and persecuted carcase, I found myself under the wings of a bullfinch with three others that were just hatched. I now rejoiced in the hope of soaring be-

yond the reach of human barbarity, and becoming like my mother a denizen of the sky: but my mother, before I was perfectly fledged, was surprised in her nest by a school-boy, who grasped her so hard, to prevent her escape, that she soon after died: he then took the nest with all that it contained, which he deposited in a basket, where I presently lost my three companions in misfortune, by change of food and unskilful management, I survived; and soon after I could feed myself, I was taken by my tyrant's mother when she went to pay her rent, as a present to her landlord's daughter, a young lady who was extremely beautiful, and in the eighteenth year of her age.

'My captivity now began to lose its terrors; I no longer dreaded the rude gripe of a boisterous urchin, whose fondness was scarce less dangerous than his resentment; who, in the zeal of his attachment to a new plaything, might neglect me till I perished with hunger; or who might wring off my neck, because he had some other use for the halfpenny which should procure me food: the confinement of a cage became habitual; I was placed near a pleasant window; I was constantly fed by one of the finest hands in the world; and I imagined, that I could suffer no misery under the patronage of smiles and graces.

'Such was my situation, when a young lady from London made an afternoon's visit to my mistress: she took an opportunity to caress me among her other favourites, which were a parrot, a monkey, and a lap dog; she chirped, and holding out her finger to me, I hopped upon it; she stroked me, put my head to her cheek, and to show my sensibility of her favours I began to sing: as soon as my song was over, she turned to my mistress, and told her, that the dear little creature might

be made absolutely the sweetest bird in the world, only by putting out its eyes, and confining it in a less cage: to this horrid proposal my fair keeper agreed, upon being again assured that my song would be very greatly improved; and the next day performed herself the operation, as she had been directed, with the end of a hot knitting-needle. My condition was now more easily to be conceived than expressed: but I did not long suffer the mournful solitude of perpetual darkness; for a cat came one night into the room undiscovered, dragged me through the wires of the cage, and devoured me.

'I was not displeased to find myself once more at large; delivered from blindness and captivity, and still able to sport upon the breeze in the form of a Cockchafer. But I had scarce entered this new scene of existence, when a gentleman, in whose garden I was feasting on one of the leaves of a cherry-tree, caught me, and turning to his son, a boy who had just been put into his first breeches, Here, Tommy, says he, is a bird for you. The boy received me with a grin of horrid delight, and as he had been taught, immediately impaled me alive upon a corking-pin, to which a piece of thread was fastened, and I was doomed to make my young master sport, by fluttering about in the agonies of death; and when I was quite exhausted, and could no longer use my wings, he was bid to tread upon me, for that I was now good for nothing; a command with which he mercifully complied, and in a moment crushed me to atoms with his foot.

'From a Cockchafer I transmigrated into an Earth-worm, and found myself at the bottom of a farmer's dunghill. Under this change of circumstances I comforted myself by considering, that if I did not now mount upon the wind, and transport my-

self from place to place with a swiftness almost equal to thought, yet I was not likely either to please or to offend mankind, both of which were equally fatal; and I hoped to spend my life in peace, by escaping the notice of the most cruel of all creatures.

'But I did not long enjoy the comfort of these reflections. I was one morning disturbed by an unusual noise, and perceived the ground about me to shake. I immediately worked my way upward to discover the cause; and the moment I appeared above the surface, I was eagerly snatched up by a man who had stuck a dung-fork into the ground, and moved it backward and forward to produce the effect that had now happened. I was put into a broken pan with many other associates in misfortune, and soon after disposed of to one of those gentle swains who delight in angling. This person carried us the next morning to the brink of a river, where I presently saw him take out one of my companions, and, whistling a tune, pass a barbed hook through the whole length of his body, entering it at the head and bringing it out at the tail. The wretched animal writhed itself on the bloody hook, in torture which cannot be conceived by man, nor felt by any creature that is not vital in every part. In this condition he was suspended in the water as a bait for fish, till he was, together with the hook on which he hung, swallowed by an eel. While I was beholding this dreadful spectacle, I made many reflections on the great inequality between the pleasure of catching the prey, and the anguish inflicted on the bait. But these reflections were presently after lost, in the same agonies of which I had been a spectator.

'You will not have room in this paper to re-

late all that I suffered from the thoughtless barbarity of mankind, in a cock, a lobster, and a pig: let it suffice to say, that I suffered the same kind of death with those who are broken upon the wheel, I was roasted alive before a slow fire, and was scourged to death with small cords, to gratify the wanton appetite of luxury, or contribute to the merriment of a rabble.'

Thus far I had written as amanuensis to an invisible dictator; when my dream still continuing, I felt something tickle my wrist, and turning my eye from the paper to see what it was, I discovered a Flea, which I immediately caught and killed, by putting it into the candle. At the same instant the Flea vanished, and a young lady of exquisite beauty stood before me. 'Thoughtless wretch,' said she, 'thou hast again changed the state of my existence, and exposed me to still greater calamities than any that I have yet suffered. As a Flea I was thy monitor, and as a Flea I might have escaped thy cruelty if I had not intended thy instruction. But now to be concealed is impossible, and it is therefore impossible to be safe. The eyes of desire are upon me, and to betray me to infamy and guilt will be the toil of perseverance and the study of reason. But though man is still my enemy, though he assails me with more violence and persists with more obstinacy, I have yet less power of resistance; there is a rebel in my own bosom who will labour to give me up, whose influence is perpetual, and perpetual influence is not easily surmounted. Publish, however, what I have communicated; if any man shall be reclaimed from a criminal inattention to the felicity of inferior beings, and restrained from inflicting pain by considering the effect of his actions, I have not suffered in vain. But as I am now exposed not only to accidental and casual evils, as I am

not only in danger from the frolics of levity, but from the designs of cunning; to atone for the injury which thou hast done me, let the Adventurer warn the sex of every wile that is practised for their destruction; and deter men from the attempt, by displaying the aggravated guilt, and shameless disingenuity of assuming an appearance of the most ardent and tender affection, only to overwhelm with unutterable distress the beauty whom love has made credulous, and innocence keeps unacquainted with suspicion.'

While I listened to this address, my heart throbbed with impatience; and the effort that I made to reply, awaked me.

N° 6. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1752.

Nunc auctionem facere decretum est mihi:
Foras necessum est, quicquid habeo, vendere.
Adeste sultis, præda erit præsentium.
Logos ridiculos vendo. PLAUT.

I am obliged to part with my whole stock, and am resolved to sell it by auction: you that will buy make haste, here will be excellent pennyworths: my merchandize is jests and witticisms.

Last Sunday morning I was disturbed very early by an old crony, a brother of the quill, as he calls himself, who burst into my chamber, and running to my bed-side, 'Get up, my dear friend,' said he, pressing my hand with great eagerness; 'I have such news for you! Here's your clothes; make haste, let me beg of you.'

I had been used, at each return of the sabbath, to receive a visit from my old acquaintance about dinner time; but I could not imagine what had induced him to give me this morning salutation. However, I huddled on my clothes, and had scarce seated him by the fire-side in my study, when flinging down a paper very much blotted upon the table, 'There,' says he, 'there's a scheme for you, my old boy! I am made for ever—Read it—I am made for ever.'

I very well knew my friend's foible: he has learning, a great deal of vivacity, and some judgment; but he wants the necessary steadiness for serious application. He is continually in pursuit of new projects, but will not allow himself time to think of putting them in execution. He has contracted with every eminent bookseller in town for works of which he had only conceived the design, and scarce ever proceeded beyond the title-page and preface. He is a profeſsed writer; and of a genius so extensive, that all subjects are alike to him; but as he cannot submit to the drudgery of correctness, his performances are hurried over in so slovenly a manner, that they hardly procure him a bare subsistence. He is, therefore, perpetually exclaiming against the tyranny of the trade; and laments, that merit should be so much discouraged by the ignorance or envy of the town.

I had often experienced the fertility of his invention, in forming such projects as were easy in theory but impossible in the practice; I therefore expected nothing leſs than such another whimsical contrivance as his last, 'for making new boards out of shavings;' but how was I surprised, when I took up his paper, and saw at the top of it the following advertisement!

On the day of next

Will be sold by AUCTION,

A curious and valuable Collection of Manuscripts (warranted Originals) in Prose and Verse:

Being the entire Stock in Trade of

TIMOTHY SPINBRAIN, Author,

Leaving off Business.

As I could not help smiling at the conceit, my friend understood it as a mark of my approbation; and snatching the sheet out of my hand, 'Well,' says he, 'don't you think this will free me from the impertinence of duns, and the servility of suing to those unconscionable vultures the booksellers, for more copy-money? Why, man, I shall raise an estate by it, I have such an infinite number of tracts on political, polemical, philosophical, physiological, œconomical, religious, and miscellaneous subjects. My manuscripts, let me tell you, are of greater utility, and consequently more valuable than those in the Vatican or Bodleian libraries.' He then proceeded to descant on the particulars of this plan; not forgetting to enliven his discourse with many sprightly sallies against the retailers of the works of the learned, those blood-suckers, as he called them, of the literary commonwealth.

'Sir,' continued he, 'I intend to strike off an impression of twenty thousand copies of my catalogue, to be distributed among all the lovers of literature throughout the three kingdoms; and I shall take care to circulate a sufficient number among the Virtuosi in Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and elsewhere. I will just mention to you some of the chief articles that enrich my collection.

'In politics, I have an infallible scheme for ruining the French power, which, I suppose, will be bought up at any price, by commission from abroad, if our ministry have not spirit enough to outbid them. I have another for a coalition of parties, which will prevent all disputes at the next general election. I have another for discharging the national debt, which I contrived in gratitude for my being set at liberty by the last act of insolvency. I have several other pamphlets on the important topics of liberty, bribery, and corruption, written on both sides the question; and a most curious collection of speeches adapted to every kind of debate, which will be of admirable use to young members of parliament.

'In philosophy, I have several new systems in opposition to the present received opinions; I have a proof that the earth is an octagon; another that the sun is inhabited; and a third, that the moon may, for aught we can tell to the contrary, be made of a green cheese. I have a new theory of optics; demonstrating that darkness is caused by certain tenebrificous rays oppugning, obtunding, sheathing, and absorbing the rays of light. I have resolved the phenomena of electricity and magnetism; and have made many surprising improvements in all the arts and sciences. These I fear will be carried off by some German professor, who will thence claim the merit to himself, and the honour of the discovery will be attributed to his nation.

'Those who are fond of displaying their talents in religious disputes, will find in my auction, sufficient matter for their various altercations; whether they are Atheists, Deists, or distinguished by the modest appellation of Free-thinkers. There is scarce a sect among the many hundred, whom I have not defended or attacked: but it must not be concluded from thence, that I have been biassed

more towards one than another; as you know the faith of an author is out of the question, and he only writes pro or con, as the several opinions are more or less embraced or exploded in the world. I have got, indeed, some infallible arguments against the Pope's infallibility; and some probable conjectures, that there never was such a person as Mahomet; both which, I don't doubt, will be bought up by the emissaries of Rome and Constantinople.'

Here I interrupted my friend, by asking him, if he had not something likewise against the Patriarch of the Greek church; or a serious admonition against the growth of Hottentotism among us. He answered very calmly, 'I should see in the catalogue,' and proceeded.

'The emissaries of Constantinople—Well—My stock in the Belles Lettres is almost inexhaustible. I have a complete set of criticisms on all the ancient authors, and a large store of conjectural emendations on the old English classics: I have several new essays in modern wit and humour; and a long string of papers both serious and diverting, for periodical lucubrations: I have, I know not how many original entertaining novels, as well as elegant translations from the French; with a heap of single pamphlets on the most popular and interesting subjects. My poetry will consist of every article, whether tragedies, comedies, farces, masques, operas, sonnets, cantatas, songs, pastorals, satires, odes, elegies, or epithalamiums: and then, such a load of epigrams, anagrams, rebusses, riddles, acrostics, conundrums! which you know will fetch a high price from the witlings, and the proprietors of monthly magazines. To wind up the whole, there shall be several distinct lots of title-pages and mottos, and dedications, and prefaces, and plans for books,

'Thus, my dear friend, have I opened to you the main drift of my design; and I believe, at a moderate computation—let me see—ay, after I have cleared myself in the world, I shall be able to retire into the country, let me tell you, with a pretty fortune in my pocket. But before I begin my sale, if you can find any thing that will suit your Adventurer, as you are an old acquaintance, you shall have it at your own price.'

I thanked Mr. Spinbrain for his genteel offer, and heartily congratulated him on the prospect of his pretty fortune: but I could not help enquiring where all these immense stores of literature were lodged, as I never had observed any thing but loose scraps of paper scattered about his room, and one book of 'loci communes,' or 'hints' as he called them, placed upon the chimney-piece. 'Ha!' says he, 'that's true; I forgot to mention that: why, indeed, they are none of them quite finished as yet: but I have got the rough draughts of most somewhere: besides I have it all here,' pointing to his forehead. I advised him to set about it directly; and in the evening, when we parted, he resolved not to go to bed till he had perfected his scheme. Yesterday morning I received a note from him, acquainting me that he had laid aside all thoughts of his auction; because, as he imagined, the maid had inadvertently lighted his fire with the best of his materials.

The restlessness of my friend's chimerical genius will not, however, let him entirely give up the point: and though he has been disappointed in this mighty project, yet he informs me, he has hit up on a scheme equally advantageous, which shall monopolize the whole business of scribbling, and he offers to take me into partnership with him. 'Ah,' says he, 'we shall humble those fellows—

'We need not care a farthing for Mr. Bibliopola,' —His design is to open a New Literary Warehouse, or Universal Register Office for Wit and Learning. The particulars he has promised to communicate to me to-morrow: in the mean time he desires me to advance him a trifle, to buy paper for a poem on the late theatrical disputes.

A.

N° 7. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1752.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui—

VIRG.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

I RECEIVED, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whose name is known to many, but the "eventful history" of whose life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a single person living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited dishonour, or whose delicacy or virtue can suffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a series of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the most forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as misery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper distress, and the mind fortified against despair by instances of unexpected relief.

The father of Melissa was the younger son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there

were three sisters to be provided for, he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of sullen disdain, and after two years legal slavery made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself a soldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a compting-house. He found means effectually to elude the inquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project and obstruct his advancement.

He was sent with other recruits to London, and soon after quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chamber-maid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well

educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children; the youngest was a daughter who had just entered her seventeenth year; she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well shaped; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impossible for him, he said, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to continue illiterate and unpolished; she knew no entertainment higher than a game at romps with the servants; she became their confident, and trusted them in return, nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint from her new mother, who observed with a secret satisfaction that Miss had been used to hide herself from visitors, as neither knowing how to behave nor being fit to be seen, and chose rather to conceal her defects by excluding her from company, than to supply them by putting her to a boarding-school.

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweetheart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and without scruple, made one in a party at blindman's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished away by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be in-

different to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a common soldier, without revealing his birth or boasting of his expectations.

In this attempt he became very assiduous, and succeeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young mistress departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town, they were married.

The old gentleman, as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an inquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone: he mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage than the emotions of tenderness, and resenting her offence rather as the rebellion of a slave than the disobedience of a child. He did not however overtake them till the marriage had been consummated; of which when he was informed by the husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation, swearing never to forgive a fault, which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithstanding their union frequently doubled their distress, still continued fond of each other. The spirit of enterprize and the hope of presumption were not yet quelled in the young soldier; and he received orders to attend king William, when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independence and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate. His wife who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him.

When she came on shore, and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror is become familiar and compassion impossible, she was terrified: the discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion; and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and disgust: her maid, Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need.

In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy: but new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him brought back desperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the same condition, to a place of greater safety, at the distance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who were neither able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the next day he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and she

reached the hospital but just time enough to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour and she lived but to be delivered of Melissa, who was thus in the most helpless state left without father, mother, or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened that, among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of Melissa, there was a young woman, whose husband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconveniency, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast: but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pockets she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking-glass, about the value of a penny in Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an inquiry after his laundress produced. He commended the woman who had preserved the infant, and put her into the place of its mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom she also returned, and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon as he had settled his

immediate concerns, sent Melissa, under the care of her nurse to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preserved. He knew that those who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret, as severe, that conduct which before we approved as just: he, therefore, hoped that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable resentment which produced them, by cherishing a life, to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child she held in her arms was his granddaughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter and dismissed her with menaces and insult. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Melissa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant that his niece should want nothing which he could bestow: to bestow much, indeed, was not in his power, for his father having obstinately persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the 'squire: but as he

was a good œconomist and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

Melissa, who was compassionated for her mother's misfortunes, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place: but her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless, though her wants were increased, and wretched in proportion as she had known happiness: she looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction; a fit of crying had just afforded a momentary relief, when the 'squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house.

This gentleman had heard her story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preserved almost by miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress, and Miss received her with great tenderness and complacency: she wiped away her tears, and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and reverenced as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand just before he expired; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, enclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events

that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence.

N° 8. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1752.

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

VIRG.

Endure and conquer, live for better fate.

In this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite: the good 'squire seemed to consider her as his child, and Miss as her sister; she was taught dancing and music, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such sums as were necessary for trivial expences. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyment of to-day, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: Melissa was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendor which she enjoyed already, would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he

took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular marks of respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear; she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father or sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed; and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown overboard to appease it. She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover; and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration; but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he reverenced her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife; and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the execution of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in an agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem encreased by her virtue; he catched her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his

mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she was under either to herself or to her benefactor: ‘ Would not,’ said she, ‘ the presence of a wretch whom you had se-‘ duced from innocence and peace to remorse and ‘ guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you ‘ not always fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose ‘ fidelity no kindness could secure: who had bro-‘ ken all the bands that restrain the generous and ‘ the good; and who, by an act of the most flagi-‘ tious ingratitude had at once reached the pinna-‘ cle of guilt, to which others ascend by impercep-‘ tible gradations?’

These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire; he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardor: and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might most effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers: he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great earnestness; while she regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with an attention which her heart condemned: his father, in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engrossed by each other came near enough to hear that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in Melissa's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the

time in which his family had been used to remove into the country: he, therefore, gave orders, that every thing should be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning, a man and horse being dispatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprized at this sudden removal; but though the squire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not inquire the reason, nor indeed did they suspect it. Melissa packed up her things as usual: and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Melissa into the parlour; where in a few words, but with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent, an act of ingratitude which he said justified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken that a bank bill of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, should be the last: adding, that he expected she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply; nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Melissa a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress, with this aggravation, that ease and affluence were become habitual; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater danger; for few that have been used to slumber upon down, and wake to festivity, can resist the allurements of vice, who

still offers ease and plenty, when the alternatives are a flock bed and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour.

Melissa, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependence, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time remove her, without cause and without notice: she had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms; nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house; yet such was the dignity of her spirit, that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country seat, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately with it to the Post-office. The tears then burst out, which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder and pity had subsided, told her that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain work, to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist her in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue till some more eligible situation could be obtained. Melissa listened to this proposal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was suddenly relieved from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about

without money or employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the insults of the rabble: she was in haste to secure her good fortune, and felt some degree of pain lest she should lose it by the earlier application of another; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that Melissa should work for her board and lodging: for she would not consent to accept as a gift, that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While Melissa was a journeywoman to a person, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion; it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliner's wrapped up in a news-paper: the linen was put into the work-basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, Melissa at last catched it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving that it had been published a fortnight, was just going to put it into the fire, when by an accidental glance she saw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which her father, said to have left his friends, about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or the navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staples-Inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person Melissa applied with all the ardor of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation: she was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possessed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters; but that a mistress who had

lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had in the bitterness of her resentment published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different passions that were at once excited with uncommon violence in the breast of Melissa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection; and when she became more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right: her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual. After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain, whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person: as he had been often pointed out to her in public places by the squire, to whom her story was well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive: she soon obtained directions to his house, and being readily admitted to a conference, she told him with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant, in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate which it inclosed; that by the death of her father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was become entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to intrust the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost pecu-

liar to his profession, and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any: he congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected an event; and without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he said she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do, than to tell her story: 'And do not,' said he, 'doubt of success, for I will be ready to testify 'what I know of the affair, whenever I shall be 'called upon; and the woman who was present at 'your birth, and brought you over, still lives with 'me, and upon this occasion may do you signal 'service.'

Melissa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman, to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put into the possession of her estate. Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgements with a pleasure, which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the 'squire, whose kindness she still remembered, and whose resentment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country seat, from whence the family was not returned: she had lain at an inn within six miles of the place, and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, she could perceive the servants run to and

fro in a hurry, and the young lady and her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery: she remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those, from whose society she had so lately been driven with disdain and indignation.

She now increased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which would not however long detain him; he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hasted into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her; she alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself to his great astonishment, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect, 'You 'see, sir, an orphan who is under the greatest 'obligations to your bounty, but who has been 'equally injured by your suspicions. When I was 'a dependent upon your liberality, I would not 'assert my innocence, because I could not bear 'to be suspected of falsehood: but I assert it 'now I am the possessor of a paternal estate, be-'cause I cannot bear to be suspected of ingrati-'tude: that your son pressed me to marry him, is 'true; but it is also true that I refused him, be-'cause I would not disappoint your hopes, and im-'poverish your posterity.' The old gentleman's confusion was increased by the wonders that crowded upon him: he first made some attempts to apo-

logise for his suspicions with awkwardness and hesitation; then doubting the truth of appearances, he broke off abruptly and remained silent: then reproaching himself, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again desisted before he had finished the compliment. Melissa perceived his perplexity, and guessed the cause; she was, therefore, about to account more particularly for the sudden change of her circumstances, but Miss, whose maid had brought her intelligence from the servants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was Melissa, and that she was lately come to a great estate by the death of her uncle, could no longer restrain the impatience of her affection and joy; she rushed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a transport that can only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears. When this tender silence was past, the scruples of doubt were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented her to his son with an apology for his conduct to them both.

Melissa had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn, but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son, with whom she shared many years that happiness which is the reward of virtue. They had several children, but none survived them; and Melissa, upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.

N° 9. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1752.

---Εν προτεροις θηκη διδασκαλιην. VET. EPIGR.

He hung th' instructive symbol o'er his door.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHOULD be sorry to take off your attention from matters of greater moment; and to divert you from the speculation of faults, that present themselves directly before your eyes, by desiring you to contemplate the enormities that hang over your head. It has been customary, I know, with you writers of essays, to treat the subject of Signs in a very ludicrous manner: for my part, I cannot help thinking, that it deserves a more serious consideration. The attacks of your predecessors on the absurdities which tradesmen usually commit in these pendent advertisements, have been very slight, and consequently have produced no salutary effect: blunders have to this day been handed down from master to 'prentice, without any regard paid to their remonstrances; and it is left to the sturdy Adventurer, if he pleases, to combat these monstrous incongruities, and to regulate their Babel-like confusion.

I am at present but an humble journeyman sign-painter in Harp-alley: for though the ambition of my parents designed that I should emulate the immortal touches of a Raphael or a Titian, yet the want of taste among my countrymen, and their prejudice against every artist who is a native, have degraded me to the miserable necessity, as Shaftesbury says, " of illustrating prodigies in fairs, and

adorning heroic sign-posts." However, as I have studied to improve even this meanest exercise of the pencil, I intend to set up for myself; and under the favour of your countenance, to reduce the vague practice of Sign-painting to some standard of elegance and propriety.

It cannot be doubted, but that signs were intended originally to express the several occupations of their owners; and to bear some affinity, in their external designations, with the wares to be disposed of, or the business carried on within. Hence the Hand and Shears is justly appropriated to taylors; as the Hand and Pen is to writing-masters; though the very reverend and right worthy order of my neighbours, the Fleet-parsons, have assumed it to themselves as a mark of 'marriages performed without imposition.' The Wool-Pack plainly points out to us a Woollen-Draper; the Naked Boy elegantly reminds us of the necessity of clothing; and the Golden Fleece figuratively denotes the riches of our staple commodity: but are not the Hen and Chickens, and the Three Pigeons, the unquestionable right of the poulterer; and not to be usurped by the venders of silk or linen?

It would be endless to enumerate the gross blunders committed in this point, by almost every branch of trade. I shall therefore confine myself chiefly to the numerous fraternity of Publicans, whose extravagance in this affair calls aloud for reprehension and restraint. Their modest ancestors were contented with a plain Bough stuck up before their doors: whence arose the wise proverb, 'Good wine needs no bush:' but how have they since deviated from their ancient simplicity! They have ransacked earth, air, and seas; called down sun, moon, and stars, to their assistance, and exhibited all the monsters that ever teemed from fantastic imagination.

Their Hogs in Armour, their Blue Boars, Black Bears, Green Dragons, and Golden Lions, have already been sufficiently exposed by your brother essay writers:

> ——*Sus horridus, atraque Tigris,*
> *Squamosusque Draco, et fulvâ cervice Leæna.*
>
> VIRG.

> With foamy tusks to seem a bristly boar,
> Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
> Or hiss a dragon, or a tyger stare.
>
> DRYDEN.

It is no wonder that these gentlemen, who indulge themselves in such unwarrantable liberties, should have so little regard to the choice of Signs adapted to their Mystery. There can be no objection made to the Bunch of Grapes, the Rummer, or the Tuns: but would not any one inquire for a Hosier at the Leg, or for a Locksmith at the Cross Keys? And who would expect any thing but water to be sold at the Fountain? The Turk's Head may fairly intimate that a seraglio is kept within; the Rose may be strained to some propriety of meaning, as the business there transacted may be said to be done 'under the Rose:' but why must the Angel, the Lamb, and the Mitre, be the designations of the seats of drunkenness or prostitution?

Some regard should likewise be paid by tradesmen to their situation; or, in other words, to the propriety of the place: and in this too the Publicans are notoriously faulty. The King's Arms, and the Star and Garter, are aptly enough placed at the court end of the town, and in the neighbourhood of the Royal Palace; Shakspeare's Head takes his station by one Play-house, and Ben Johnson's by the other: Hell is a public-house adjoining to West-

minster-hall, as the Devil Tavern is to the Lawyers' quarters in the Temple: but what has the Crown to do by the 'Change, or the Gun, the Ship, or the Anchor, any where but at Tower-hill, at Wapping, or Deptford?

It was certainly from a noble spirit of doing honour to a superior desert, that our forefathers used to hang out the heads of those who were particularly eminent in their professions. Hence we see Galen and Paracelsus exalted before the shops of Chemists; and the great names of Tully, Dryden, Pope, &c. immortalised on the rubric posts of Booksellers, while their heads denominate the learned repositories of their works. But I know not whence it happened that Publicans have claimed a right to the physiognomies of kings and heroes, as I cannot find out, by the most painful researches, that there is any alliance between them. Lebec, as he was an excellent cook, is the fit representative of luxury; and Broughton, that renowned athletic champion, has an indisputable right to put up his own head, if he pleases: but what reason can there be, why the glorious Duke William should draw porter, or the brave Admiral Vernon retail flip? Why must Queen Anne keep a gin-shop, and King Charles inform us of a skettle-ground? Propriety of character, I think, requires, that these illustrious personages should be deposed from their lofty stations, and I would recommend hereafter that the Alderman's effigy should accompany his Intire Butt Beer, and that the comely face of that public-spirited patriot, 'who first reduced the price of punch, and raised its reputation PRO BONO PUBLICO,' should be set up wherever three-pen'orth of warm rum is to be sold.

I have been used to consider several signs, for the frequency of which it is difficult to give any

other reason, as so many hieroglyphics with a hidden meaning, satirizing the follies of the people, or conveying instruction to the passer by. I am afraid that the stale jest on our sober citizens gave rise to so many Horns in the public streets; and the number of Castles floating with the wind, was probably designed as a ridicule on those erected by soaring Projectors. Tumble-down Dick, in the borough of Southwark, is a fine moral on the instability of greatness and the consequences of ambition; but there is a most ill-natured sarcasm against the fair sex, exhibited on a sign in Broad St. Giles's, of a headless female figure, called the Good Woman:

Quale portentum, neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. HOR.

No beast of such portentous size
In warlike Daunia's forest lies,
Nor such the tawny lion reigns
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.
FRANCIS.

A discerning eye may also discover in many of our signs evident marks of the religion prevalent among us before the Reformation. Saint George, as the tutelary saint of this nation, may escape the censure of superstition: but St. Dunstan with his tongs ready to take hold of Satan's nose, and the legions of Angels, Nuns, Crosses, and Holy Lambs, certainly had their origin in the days of Popery.

Among the many Signs, which are appropriated to some particular business, and yet have not the least connection with it, I cannot, as yet, find any relation between Blue Balls and Pawnbrokers: nor could I conceive the intent of that long Pole jutting out at the entrance of a Barber's shop, till a

friend of mine, a learned etymologist and glossariographer assured me, that the use of this Pole took its rise from the corruption of an old English word. 'It is probable,' says he, 'that our primitive tonsors used to stick up a wooden block, or head, or Poll, as it was then called, before their shop-windows, to denote their occupation; and that afterwards, through a confounding of different things with a like pronunciation, they put up that particoloured staff, of an enormous length, which is now called a Pole, and appropriated only to Barbers.'

The same observations might be extended to other methods that tradesmen make use of to attract the public notice. Thus, the card manufacturers stamp upon their packs the figure perhaps of Harry the eighth, or the Great Mogul, though I cannot find in history, that either of these Monarchs played at cards: It would therefore be more in character to give us a picture of the Groom-Porter, or of that master of the science the celebrated Hoyle, who has composed an elaborate treatise on every fashionable game.

I could point out to you many more enormities; but lest I should exceed the limits of your paper, I shall at present conclude with assuring you, that I am

Your devoted humble servant,

A. PHILIP CARMINE.

N° 10. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1752.

Da, Pater, augustam menti conscendere sedem;
Da fontem lustrare boni; da, luce repertâ,
In Te conspicuos animi defigere visus!

BOETH.

Give me, O Father, to thy throne access,
Unshaken seat of endless happiness!
Give me, unveil'd, the source of good to see!
Give me thy light, and fix mine eyes on thee!

NOTHING has offended me more, than the manner in which subjects of eternal moment are often treated. To dispute on moral and theological topics is become a fashion; and it is usual with persons, of whom it is no reproach to say they are ignorant, because their opportunities of gaining knowledge have been few, to determine with the utmost confidence upon questions to which no human intellect is equal. In almost every tavern and every alehouse, illiterate petulance prates of fitness and virtue, of freedom and fate; and it is common to hear disputes concerning everlasting happiness and misery, the mysteries of religion and the attributes of GOD, intermingled with lewdness and blasphemy, or at least treated with wanton negligence and absurd merriment.

For lewdness and blasphemy, it is hoped, no apology will seriously be offered: and it is probable, that if the question in debate was, which of the disputants should be hanged on the morrow, it would be conducted with decency and gravity, as a matter of some importance: that risible good-

humour, and that noble freedom, of which they appear to be so fond, would be thought not well to agree with their subject; nor would either of the gentlemen be much delighted, if an argument intended to demonstrate that he would within a few hours be suspended on a gibbet, should be embellished with a witty allusion to a button and loop, or a jocular remark that it would effectually secure him from future accidents either by land or water: and yet the justice and mercy of Omnipotence, the life and death of the Soul, are treated with ridicule and sport; and it is contended, that with ridicule and sport they ought always to be treated.

But the effect, as well as the manner of these fashionable disputes, is always ill: they tend to establish what is called natural religion, upon the ruins of Christianity; and a man has no sooner stiled himself a moral philosopher, than he finds that his duty both to God and man is contracted into a very small compass, and may be practised with the greatest facility. Yet as this effect is not always apparent, the unwary are frequently deluded into fatal error; and imagine they are attaining the highest degree of moral excellence, while they are insensibly losing the principles upon which alone temptation can be resisted, and a steady perseverance in well-doing secured.

Among other favourite and unsuspected topics, is the Excellency of Virtue. Virtue is said necessarily to produce its own happiness, and to be constantly and adequately its own reward; as vice, on the contrary, never fails to produce misery, and inflict upon itself the punishment it deserves; propositions, of which every one is ready to affirm, that they may be admitted without scruple, and believed without danger. But, from hence it is inferred, that future rewards and punishments are

not necessary, either to furnish adequate motives to the practice of virtue, or to justify the ways of God. In consequence of their being not necessary, they become doubtful; the Deity is less and less the object of fear and hope; and as virtue is said to be that which produces ultimate good below, whatever is supposed to produce ultimate good below is said to be virtue: right and wrong are confounded, because remote consequences cannot perfectly be known; the principal barrier, by which appetite and passion are restrained, is broken down; the remonstrances of conscience are overborne by sophistry; and the acquired and habitual shame of vice is subdued by the perpetual efforts of vigorous resistance.

But the inference from which these dreadful consequences proceed, however plausible, is not just; nor does it appear from experience, that the premises are true.

That virtue alone is happiness below, is indeed a maxim in speculative morality, which all the treasures of learning have been lavished to support, and all the flowers of wit collected to recommend; it has been the favourite of some among the wisest and best of mankind in every generation: and is at once venerable for its age, and lovely in the bloom of a new youth. And yet if it be allowed, that they who languish in disease and indigence, who suffer pain, hunger, and nakedness, in obscurity and solitude, are less happy than those, who, with the same degree of virtue, enjoy health and ease, and plenty, who are distinguished by fame, and courted by society; it follows, that virtue alone is not efficient of happiness, because virtue cannot always bestow those things upon which happiness is confessed to depend.

It is indeed true, that virtue in prosperity enjoys

more than vice, and that in adversity she suffers less: If prosperity and adversity, therefore, were merely accidental to virtue and vice, it might be granted, that setting aside those things upon which moral conduct has no influence, as foreign to the question, every man is happy, either negatively or positively, in proportion as he is virtuous; though it were denied, that virtue alone could put into his possession all that is essential to human felicity.

But prosperity and adversity, affluence and want, are not independent upon moral conduct: external advantages are frequently obtained by vice, and forfeited by virtue; for, as an estate may be gained by secreting a will, or loading a die, an estate may also be lost by with-holding a vote, or rejecting a job.

Are external advantages then too light to turn the scale? Will an act of virtue, by which all are rejected, ensure more happiness than an act of vice, by which all are procured? Are the advantages, which an estate obtained by an act of vice bestows, overbalanced through life by regret and remorse? and the indigence and contumely that follow the loss of conveniences, which virtue has rejected, more than compensated by content and self-approbation?

That which is ill gotten, is not always ill used; nor is that which is well rejected, always remembered without regret. It is not to be supposed that he, who by an act of fraud gained the possession of a thousand pounds a year, which he spends in such a gratification of his appetites and passions as is consistent with health and reputation, in the reciprocation of civilities among his equals, and sometimes in acts of bounty and munificence, and who uses the power and influence which it gives him so as to conciliate affection

and procure respect; has less happiness below, than if by a stronger effort of virtue he had continued in a state of dependence and poverty, neglected and despised, destitute of any other means to exercise the social affections than mutual condolence with those who suffer the same calamity, and almost wishing, in the bitterness of his distress, that he had improved the opportunity which he had lost.

It may indeed be urged, that the happiness and infelicity of both these states, are still in exact proportion to virtue: that the affluence, which was acquired by a single act of vice, is enjoyed only by the exercise of virtue; and that the penury incurred by a single effort of virtue, is rendered afflictive only by impatience and discontent.

But whether this be granted or denied, it remains true that the happiness in both these states is not equal; and that in one the means to enjoy life were acquired by vice, which in the other were lost by virtue. And if it be possible, by a single act of vice, to increase happiness upon the whole of life; from what rational motives can the temptation to that act be resisted? From none, surely, but such as arise from the belief of a future state, in which virtue will be rewarded and vice punished; for to what can happiness be wisely sacrificed, but to greater happiness? and how can the ways of God be justified, if a man by the irreparable injury of his neighbour becomes happier upon the whole, than he would have been if he had observed the eternal rule, and done to another as he would that another should do to him?

Perhaps I may be told, that to talk of sacrificing happiness to greater happiness, as virtue, is absurd; and that he who is restrained from fraud or violence, merely by the fear of hell, is no more vir-

tuous than he who is restrained merely by the fear of a gibbet.

But supposing this to be true, yet with respect to society, mere external rectitude of conduct answers all the purposes of virtue; and if I travel without being robbed, it is of little consequence to me, whether the persons whom I meet on the road were restrained from attempting to invade my property by the fear of punishment, or the abhorrence of vice: so that the gibbet, if it does not produce virtue, is yet of such incontestible utility, that I believe those gentlemen would be very unwilling that it should be removed, who are, notwithstanding, so zealous to steel every breast against the fear of damnation; nor would they be content, however negligent of their souls, that their property should be no otherwise secured, than by the power of MORAL BEAUTY, and the prevalence of ideal enjoyments.

If it be asked, how moral agents became the subjects of accidental and adventitious happiness and misery; and why they were placed in a state in which it frequently happens, that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight; the answer of REVELATION is known, and it must be the task of those who reject it to give a better: It is enough for me to have proved that man is at present in such a state: I pretend not to trace the 'unsearchable ways of the ALMIGHTY,' nor attempt to 'penetrate the darkness that surrounds his throne:' but amidst this enlightened generation, in which such multitudes can account for apparent obliquities and defects in the natural and the moral world, I am content with an humble expectation of that time, in which 'every thing that is crooked shall be made strait, and every thing that is imperfect shall be done away.'

N° 11. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1752.

———*Ille potens sui*
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, vixi. HOR.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to day his own;
He, who secure within can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It is the fate of all who do not live in necessary or accidental obscurity, who neither pass undistinguished through the vale of poverty, nor hide themselves in the groves of solitude, to have a numerous acquaintance and few friends.

An acquaintance is a being who meets us with a smile and a salute, who tells us in the same breath that he is glad and sorry for the most trivial good and ill that befals us, and yet who turns from us without regret, who scarce wishes to see us again, who forsakes us in hopeless sickness or adversity, and when we die remembers us no more. A friend is he with whom our interest is united, upon whose participation all our pleasures depend; who sooths us in the fretfulness of disease, and cheers us in the gloom of a prison; to whom when we die even our remains are sacred, who follows them with tears to the grave, and preserves our image in his heart. A friend our calamities may grieve, and our wants

may impoverish, but neglect only can offend, and unkindness alienate. Is it not therefore astonishing, that a friend should ever be alienated or offended? and can there be a stronger instance of the folly and caprice of mankind, than their with-holding from those, upon whom their happiness is confessed to depend, that civility which they lavish upon others, without hope of any higher reward than a trivial and momentary gratification of their vanity, by an echo of their compliments and a return of their obeisance?

Of this caprice there are none who have more cause to complain than myself. That I am a person of some importance has never yet been disputed: I am allowed to have great power to please and to instruct; I always contribute to the felicity of those by whom I am well treated; and I must confess, that I am never abused without leaving marks of my resentment behind me.

I am generally regarded as a friend; and there are few who could think of parting with me for the last time, without the utmost regret, solicitude, and reluctance. I know, wherever I come, that I have been the object of desire and hope; and that the pleasure which I am expected to diffuse, has, like all others, been enjoyed by anticipation. By the young and gay, those who are entering the world, either as a scene of business or pleasure, I am frequently desired with such impatience, that although every moment brings on wrinkles and decrepitude with irresistible rapidity, they would be willing that the time of my absence should be annihilated, and the approach of wrinkles and decrepitude rendered yet more precipitate. There cannot surely be stronger evidence than this of my influence upon their happiness, or of their affection for me: and yet the transport with which I am at first received

quickly subsides; they appear to grow weary of my company, they would again shorten life to hasten the hour of my departure, and they reflect upon the length of my visit with regret.

To the aged I confess I am not able to procure equal advantages; and yet there are some of these who have been remarkable for their virtue, among whom I experience more constant reciprocations of friendship. I never heard that they expressed an impatient expectation of me when absent, nor do they receive me with rapture when I come; but while I stay they treat me with complacency and good-humour; and in proportion as their first address is less violent, the whole tenour of their conduct is more equal; they suffer me to leave them in an evening without importunity to prolong my visit, and think of my departure with indifference.

You will, perhaps, imagine, that I am distinguished by some strange singularity, of which the uncommon treatment that I receive is a consequence. As few can judge with impartiality of their own character, none are believed merely upon their own evidence, who affirm it to be good: I will therefore describe to you the manner in which I am received by persons of very different stations, capacities, and employments. The facts shall be exhibited without false colouring; I will neither suppress, soften, nor exaggerate any circumstance, by which the natural and genuine state of these facts may be discovered, and I know that your sagacity will do me justice.

In summer I rise very early, and the first person that I see is a peasant at his work, who generally regards me with a smile, though he seldom participates of my bounty. His labour is scarce ever suspended while I am with him; yet he always talks of me with complacency, and never treats me with

neglect or indecorum, except perhaps on a holiday, when he has been tippling; and this I can easily overlook, though he commonly receives a hint of his fault the next morning, that he may be the more upon his guard for the future.

But though in the country I have reason to be best satisfied with the behaviour of those whom I first see, yet in my early walks in town I am almost sure to be insulted. As soon as the wretch, who has passed the night at a tavern, or a gaming table, perceives me at a distance, he begins to mutter curses against me, though he knows they will be fulfilled upon himself, and is impatient till he can bar his door, and hide himself in bed.

I have one sister, and though her complexion is very dark, yet she is not without her charms: She is, I confess, said to look best by candle-light, in her jewels, and at a public place, where the splendour of her dress, and the multiplicity of other objects, prevent too minute an examination of her person. Some good judges have fancied, though perhaps a little whimsically, that there is something inexpressibly pleasing in her by moon-light, a kind of placid ease, a gentle languor, which softens her features, and gives new grace to her manner: they say too, that she is best disposed to be agreeable company in a walk, under the chequered shade of a grove, along the green banks of a river, or upon the sandy beach by the sea.

My sister's principles in many particulars differ from mine; but there has been always such a harmony between us, that she seldom smiles upon those who have suffered me to pass with a contemptuous negligence; much less does she use her influence, which is very great, to procure any advantage for those who drive me from their presence with outrage and abuse; and yet none are more

assiduous in their addresses, nor intrude longer upon her privacy, than those who are most implacably my enemies.

She is generally better received by the poor, than the rich; and indeed she seldom visits the indigent and the wretched, without bringing something for their relief; yet those who are most solicitous to engage her in parties of pleasure, and are seen longest in her company, are always suspected of some evil design.

You will, perhaps, think there is something enigmatical in all this; and lest you should not yet be able to discover my true character sufficiently to engage you in my interest, I will give you a short history of the incidents that have happened to me during the last eight hours.

It is now four o'clock in the afternoon: about seven I rose; soon after, as I was walking by the dial in Covent Garden, I was perceived by a man well dressed, who appeared to have been sleeping under one of the sheds, and whom a watchman had just told that I was approaching: after attempting to swear several oaths, and staggering a few paces, he scowled at me under his hat, and insulted me indirectly, by telling the watchman as well as he could, that he had sat in company with my sister till he became too drunk to find his way home, which nevertheless he had attempted; and that he hated the sight of me as he hated the devil: he then desired that a coach or a chair might be immediately called to carry him from my presence.

About nine I visited a young lady who could not see me, because she was but just returned from a rout. I went next to a student in the Temple, who received me with great joy; but told me, that he was going to dine with a gentleman, whose daughter he had long courted, and who at length,

by the interposition of friends, had been persuaded to consent to the match, though several others had offered a larger settlement. From this interview I had no desire to detain him; and about twelve I found a young prodigal, to whom I had afforded many opportunities of felicity, which he neglected to improve; and whom I had scarce ever left without having convinced him, that he was wasting life in the search of pleasure which he could never find: he looked upon me with a countenance full of suspicion, dread, and perplexity, and seemed to wish that I had delayed my visit, or been excluded by his servant; imagining, as I have since heard, that a bailiff was behind me. After dinner, I again met my friend the student: but he who had so lately received me with extasy, now leered at me with a sullen discontent, and if it had been in his power would have destroyed me, for no other reason than because the old gentleman whom he had visited had changed his mind.

You may, perhaps, be told, that I am myself inconstant and capricious, that I am never the same person eight and forty hours together, and that no man knows whether at my next visit I shall bring him good or evil: but identity of person might with equal truth be denied of the Adventurer, and of every other being upon earth: for all animal bodies are in a state of perpetual decay and renovation: so ridiculous a slander does not indeed deserve a serious reply: and I believe you are now ready to answer every other cavil of my enemies, by convincing the world that it is their own fault if I do not always leave them wiser and better than I find them; and whoever has through life continued to become gradually wiser and better, has obtained a source of divine felicity, a well of living water, which, like the widow's oil, shall increase as

it is poured out, and which, though it was supplied by time, eternity shall not exhaust.

I hope, Sir, your paper will be a means of procuring me better treatment; and that you will yourself be solicitous to secure the friendship of,

Your humble servant,

TO-DAY.

Nº 12. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1752.

Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis aut facere aut pati. HOR.

He whom the dread of want ensnares,
With baseness acts, with meanness bears.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

OF all the expedients that have been found out to alleviate the miseries of life, none is left to despair but complaint: and though complaint, without hope of relief, may be thought rather to increase than mitigate anguish, as it recollects every circumstance of distress, and imbitters the memory of past sufferings by the anticipation of future: yet, like weeping, it is an indulgence of that which it is pain to suppress, and sooths with the hope of pity the wretch who despairs of comfort. Of this number is he who now addresses you: yet the solace of complaint and the hope of pity, are not the only motives that have induced me to communicate the series of events, by which I have been led on in an insensible deviation from felicity, and at

last plunged in irremediable calamity: I wish that others may escape perdition; and am, therefore, solicitous to warn them of the path that leads to the precipice from which I have fallen.

I am the only child of a wealthy farmer, who, as he was himself illiterate, was the more zealous to make his son a scholar; imagining that there was in the knowledge of Greek and Latin, some secret charm of perpetual influence, which as I passed through life would smooth the way before me, establish the happiness of success, and supply new resources to disappointment. But not being able to deny himself the pleasure he found in having me about him, instead of sending me out to a boarding school, he offered the curate of the parish ten pounds a year and his board to become my tutor.

This gentleman, who was in years, and had lately buried his wife, accepted the employment, but refused the salary: the work of education, he said, would agreeably fill his intervals of leisure, and happily coincide with the duties of his function: but he observed that his curacy, which was thirty pounds a year, and had long subsisted him when he had a family, would make him wealthy now he was a single man; and therefore he insisted to pay for his board: to this my father, with whatever reluctance, was obliged to consent. At the age of six years I began to read my Accidence under my preceptor; and at fifteen had gone through the Latin and Greek Classics. But the languages were not all that I learned of this gentleman; besides other science of less importance, he taught me the theory of CHRISTIANITY by his precepts, and the practice by his example.

As his temper was calm and steady, the influence which he had acquired over me was unli-

mited: he was never capriciously severe; so that I regarded his displeasure not as an effect of his infirmity, but of my own fault: he discovered so much affection in the pleasure with which he commended, and in the tender concern with which he reproved me, that I loved him as a father; and his devotion, though rational and manly, was yet so habitual and fervent, that I reverenced him as a saint. I found even my passions controuled by an awe which his presence impressed; and by a constant attention to his doctrine and his life, I acquired such a sense of my connexion with the invisible world, and such a conviction of the consciousness of DEITY to all my thoughts, that every inordinate wish was secretly suppressed, and my conduct regulated by the most scrupulous circumspection.

My father thought he had now taken sufficient care of my education, and therefore began to expect that I should assist in overlooking his servants, and managing his farm, in which he intended I should succeed him: but my preceptor, whose principal view was not my temporal advantage, told him, that as a farmer, great part of my learning would be totally useless; and that the only way to make me serviceable to mankind, in proportion to the knowledge I had acquired, would be to send me to the university, that at a proper time I might take orders. But my father, besides that he was still unwilling to part with me, had probably many reasons against my entering the world in a cassock: such, however, was the deference which he paid to my tutor, that he had almost implicitly submitted to his determination, when a relation of my mother's, who was an attorney of great practice in the Temple, came to spend part of the long vacation at our house, in consequence

of invitations which had been often repeated during an absence of many years.

My father thought that an opportunity of consulting how to dispose of me, with a man so well acquainted with life, was not to be lost; and perhaps he secretly hoped, that my preceptor would give up his opinion as indefensible, if a person of the lawyer's experience should declare against it. My cousin was accordingly made umpire in the debate; and after he had heard the arguments on both sides, he declared against my becoming a farmer: he said, it would be an act of injustice to bury my parts and learning in the obscurity of rural life; because, if produced to the world, they would probably be rewarded with wealth and distinction. My preceptor imagined the question was now finally determined in his favour; and being obliged to visit one of his parishioners that was sick, he gave me a look of congratulation as he went out, and I perceived his cheek glow with a flush of triumph, and his eye sparkle with tears of delight.

But he had no sooner left the room, than my cousin gave the conversation another turn; he told my father, that though he had opposed his making me a farmer, he was not an advocate for my becoming a parson; for that to make a young fellow a parson, without being able to procure him a living, was to make him a beggar: he then made some witty reflections on the old gentleman who was just gone out; 'Nobody,' he said, 'could question his having been put to a bad trade, who considered his circumstances now he had followed it forty years.' And after some other sprightly sallies, which, though they made my father laugh, made me tremble; he clapped him upon the shoulder, 'If you have a mind, your boy shall make a

figure in life, old gentleman,' says he, 'put him clerk to me; my lord chancellor King was no better than the son of a country shopkeeper; and my master gave a person of much greater eminence many a half crown when he was an attorney's clerk in the next chambers to mine. What say you? shall I take him up with me or no?' My father, who had listened to this proposal with great eagerness, as soon as my cousin had done speaking, cried, 'A match;' and immediately gave him his hand, in token of his consent. Thus the bargain was struck, and my fate determined before my tutor came back.

It was in vain that he afterwards objected to the character of my new master, and expressed the most dreadful apprehensions at my becoming an attorney's clerk, and entering into the society of wretches who had been represented to him, and perhaps not unjustly, as the most profligate upon earth: they do not, indeed, become worse than others, merely as clerks; but as young persons, who with more money to spend in the gratification of appetite, are sooner than others abandoned to their own conduct: for though they are taken from under the protection of a parent, yet being scarce considered as in a state of servitude, they are not sufficiently restrained by the authority of a master. My father had conceived of my cousin as the best-natured man in the world; and probably was intoxicated with the romantic hope, of living to see me upon the Bench in Westminster-Hall, or of meeting me on the circuit, lolling in my own coach, and attended by a crowd of the inferior instruments of justice. He was not therefore to be moved either by expostulation or intreaty; and I set out with my cousin on horseback, to meet the stage at a town within a few miles, after having

taken leave of my father, with a tenderness that melted us both; and received from the hoary saint his last instructions and benediction, and at length the parting embrace, which was given with the silent ardour of unutterable wishes, and repeated with tears that could no longer be suppressed or concealed.

When we were seated in the coach, my cousin began to make himself merry with the regret and discontent that he perceived in my countenance at leaving a cowhouse, a hogstye, and two old grey-pates, who were contending whether I should be buried in a farm or a college. I, who had never heard either my father or my tutor treated with irreverence, could not conceal my displeasure and resentment: but he still continued to rally my country simplicity with many allusions which I did not then understand, but which greatly delighted the rest of the company. The fourth day brought us to our journey's end, and my master, as soon as we reached his chambers, shook me by the hand, and bid me welcome to the Temple.

He had been some years a widower, and his only child a daughter being still at a boarding-school, his family consisted only of a man and maid-servant and myself: for though he had two hired clerks, yet they lodged and boarded themselves. The horrid lewdness and profaneness of these fellows terrified and disgusted me; nor could I believe that my master's property and interest could be safely intrusted with men, who in every respect appeared to be so destitute of virtue and religion: I, therefore, thought it my duty to apprise him of his danger; and accordingly, one day when we were at dinner, I communicated my suspicion, and the reason upon which it was founded. The formal solemnity with which I introduced this con-

versation, and the air of importance which I gave to my discovery, threw him into a violent fit of laughter, which struck me dumb with confusion and astonishment. As soon as he recovered himself, he told me, that though his clerks might use some expressions that I had not been accustomed to hear, yet he believed them to be very honest; and that he placed more confidence in them, than he would in a formal prig, of whom he knew nothing but that he went every morning and evening to prayers, and said grace before and after meat; that as to swearing, they meant no harm; and as he did not doubt but that every young fellow liked a girl, it was better they should joke about it than be hypocritical and sly: not that he would be thought to suspect my integrity, or to blame me for practices, which he knew to be merely effects of the bigotry and superstition in which I had been educated, and not the disguises of cunning, or the subterfuges of guilt.

I was greatly mortified at my cousin's behaviour on this occasion, and wondered from what cause it could proceed, and why he should so lightly pass over those vices in others, from which he abstained himself; for I had never heard him swear: and as his expressions were not obscene, I imagined his conversation was chaste; in which, however, my ignorance deceived me, and it was not long before I had reason to change my opinion of his character.

N° 13. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1752.

——— *Sic omnia fatis*
In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri:
Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

VIRG.

Thus all below, whether by nature's curse,
Or fate's decree, degen'rate still to worse.
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

DRYDEN.

THERE came one morning to inquire for him at his chambers, a lady who had something in her manner which caught my attention and excited my curiosity: her clothes were fine, but the manner in which they were put on was rather flaunting than elegant; her address was not easy nor polite, but seemed to be a strange mixture of affected state and licentious familiarity: she looked in the glass while she was speaking to me, and without any confusion adjusted her tucker: she seemed rather pleased than disconcerted at being regarded with earnestness; and being told that my cousin was abroad, she asked some trifling questions, and then making a slight curtsey, took up the side of her hoop with a jerk that discovered at least half her leg, and hurried down stairs.

I could not help inquiring of the clerks, if they knew this lady; and was greatly confounded when they told me with an air of secrecy, that she was my cousin's mistress, whom he had kept almost two years in lodgings near Covent-garden. At first I suspected this information; but it was soon confirmed by so many circumstances, that I could no longer doubt of its truth.

As my principles were yet untainted, and the influence of my education was still strong, I regarded my cousin's sentiments as impious and detestable; and his example rather struck me with horror, than seduced me to imitation. I flattered myself with hopes of effecting his reformation, and took every opportunity to hint the wickedness of allowed incontinence; for which I was always rallied when he was disposed to be merry, and answered with the contemptuous sneer of self-sufficiency when he was sullen.

Near four years of my clerkship were now expired, and I had never yet entered the lists as a disputant with my cousin: for tho' I conceived myself to be much his superior in moral and theological learning, and though he often admitted me to familiar conversation, yet I still regarded the subordination of a servant to a master, as one of the duties of my station, and preserved it with such exactness, that I never exceeded a question or a hint when we were alone, and was always silent when he had company, tho' I frequently heard such positions advanced, as made me wonder that no tremendous token of the divine displeasure immediately followed: but coming one night from the tavern, warm with wine, and, as I imagined, flushed with polemic success, he insisted upon my taking one glass with him before he went to bed; and almost as soon as we were seated, he gave me a for-

mal challenge, by denying all DIVINE REVELATION, and defying me to prove it.

I now considered every distinction as thrown down, and stood forth as the champion of religion, with that elation of mind which the hero always feels at the approach of danger. I thought myself secure of victory; and rejoicing that he had now compelled me to do what I had often wished he would permit, I obliged him to declare that he would dispute upon equal terms, and we began the debate. But it was not long before I was astonished to find myself confounded by a man, whom I saw half drunk, and whose learning and abilities I despised when he was sober; for as I had but very lately discovered, that any of the principles of religion, from the immortality of the soul to the deepest mystery, had been so much as questioned, all his objections were new. I was assaulted where I had made no preparation for defence; and having not been so much accustomed to disputation, as to consider, that in the present weakness of human intellects, it is much easier to object than answer, and that in every disquisition difficulties are found which cannot be resolved, I was overborne by the sudden onset, and in the tumult of my search after answers to his cavils, forgot to press the positive arguments on which religion is established: he took advantage of my confusion, proclaimed his own triumph, and because I was depressed, treated me as vanquished.

As the event which had thus mortified my pride, was perpetually revolved in my mind, the same mistake still continued: I inquired for solutions instead of proofs, and found myself more and more entangled in the snares of sophistry. In some other conversations which my cousin was now eager to begin, new difficulties were started, the

labyrinth of doubt grew more intricate, and as the question was of infinite moment, my mind was brought into the most distressful anxiety. I ruminated incessantly on the subjects of our debate, sometimes chiding myself for my doubts, and sometimes applauding the courage and freedom of my inquiry.

While my mind was in this state, I heard by accident that there was a club at an alehouse in the neighbourhood, where such subjects were freely debated, to which every body was admitted without scruple or formality: to this club in an evil hour I resolved to go, that I might learn how knotty points were to be discussed, and truth distinguished from error.

Accordingly on the next club night I mingled with the multitude that was assembled in this school of folly and infidelity: I was at first disgusted at the gross ignorance of some, and shocked at the horrid blasphemy of others; but curiosity prevailed, and my sensibility by degrees wore off. I found that almost every speaker had a different opinion, which some of them supported by arguments, that to me, who was utterly unacquainted with disputation, appeared to hold opposite probabilities in exact equipoise; so that instead of being confirmed in any principle, I was divested of all; the perplexity of my mind was increased, and I contracted such a habit of questioning whatever offered itself to my imagination, that I almost doubted of my own existence.

In proportion as I was less assured in my principles, I was less circumspect in my conduct: but such was still the force of education, that any gross violence offered to that which I had held sacred, and every act which I had been used to regard as incurring the forfeiture of the DIVINE FA-

VOUR, stung me with remorse. I was indeed still restrained from flagitious immorality, by the power of habit: but this power grew weaker and weaker, and the natural propensity to ill gradually took place; as the motion that is communicated to a ball which is struck up into the air, becomes every moment less and less, till at length it recoils by its own weight.

Fear and hope, the great springs of human action, had now lost their principal objects, as I doubted whether the enjoyment of the present moment was not all that I could secure; my power to resist temptation diminished with my dependence upon the GRACE OF GOD, and regard to the sanction of his law; and I was first seduced by a prostitute, in my return from a declamation on the BEAUTY of virtue, and the strength of the MORAL SENSE.

I began now to give myself up entirely to sensuality, and the gratification of appetite terminated my prospects of felicity: that peace of mind, which is the sunshine of the soul, was exchanged for the gloom of doubt, and the storm of passion; and my confidence in GOD and hope of everlasting joy, for sudden terrors and vain wishes, the lothings of satiety, and the anguish of disappointment.

I was indeed impatient under this fluctuation of opinion, and therefore I applied to a gentleman who was a principal speaker at the club, and deemed a profound philosopher, to assist the labours of my own mind in the investigation of truth, and relieve me from distraction by removing my doubts: but this gentleman, instead of administering relief, lamented the prejudice of education, which he said hindered me from yielding without reserve to the force of truth, and might perhaps always keep my mind anxious, though my judgment should be con-

vinced. But as the most effectual remedy for this deplorable evil, he recommended to me the works of Chubb, Morgan, and many others, which I procured, and read with great eagerness; and though I was not at last a sound deist, yet I perceived with some pleasure that my stock of polemic knowledge was greatly increased; so that, instead of being an auditor, I commenced a speaker at the club; and though to stand up and babble to a croud in an alehouse, till silence is commanded by the stroke of a hammer, is as low an ambition as can taint the human mind, yet I was much elevated by my new distinction, and pleased with the deference that was paid to my judgment. I sometimes, indeed, reflected, that I was propagating opinions by which I had myself become vicious and wretched; but it immediately occurred, that though my conduct was changed, it could not be proved that my virtue was less; because many things, which I avoided as vicious upon my old principles, were innocent upon my new. I therefore went on in my career, and was perpetually racking my invention for new topics and illustration; and among other expedients, as well to advance my reputation, as to quiet my conscience, and deliver me from the torment of remorse, I thought of the following:

Having learned that all error is innocent, because it is involuntary, I concluded, that nothing more was necessary to quiet the mind than to prove that all vice was error. I therefore formed the following argument: 'No man becomes vicious, but from a 'belief that vice will confer happiness: he may, 'indeed, have been told the contrary: but implicit faith is not required of reasonable beings: 'therefore as every man ought to seek happiness, 'every man may lawfully make the experiment: 'if he is disappointed, it is plain that he did not

'intend that which has happened; so that every 'vice is an error; and therefore no vice will be 'punished.'

I communicated this ingenious contrivance to my friend the philosopher, who, instead of detecting the difference between ignorance and perverseness, or stating the limitations within which we are bound to seek our own happiness, applauded the acuteness of my penetration, and the force of my reasoning. I was impatient to display so novel and important a discovery to the club, and the attention that it drew upon me gratified my ambition to the utmost of my expectation. I had indeed some opponents; but they were so little skilled in argumentation, and so ignorant of the subject, that it only rendered my conquest more signal and important; for the chairman summed up the arguments on both sides with so exact and scrupulous an impartiality, that as I appeared not to have been confuted, those who could not discover the weakness of my antagonists, thought that to confute me was impossible; my sophistry was taken for demonstration, and the number of proselytes was incredible. The assembly consisted chiefly of clerks and apprentices, young persons who had received a religious, though not a liberal education; for those who were totally ignorant, or wholly abandoned, troubled not themselves with such disputations as were carried on at our club: and these unhappy boys, the impetuosity of whose passions was restrained chiefly by fear, as virtue had not yet become a habit, were glad to have the shackles struck off which they were told priestcraft had put on.

But however I might satisfy others, I was not yet satisfied myself; my torment returned, and new opiates became necessary: they were not indeed

easily to be found; but such was my good fortune, that an illiterate mechanic afforded me a most seasonable relief, 'by discussing the important question, and demonstrating that the soul was not nor could be immortal.' I was, indeed, disposed to believe, without the severest scrutiny, what I now began secretly to wish; for such was the state of my mind, that I was willing to give up the hope of everlasting happiness, to be delivered from the dread of perpetual misery; and as I thought of dying as a remote event, the apprehension of losing my existence with my life, did not much interrupt the pleasures of the bagnio and the tavern.

They were, however, interrupted by another cause; for I contracted a distemper, which alarmed and terrified me, in proportion as its progress was swift, and its consequences were dreadful. In this distress I applied to a young surgeon, who was a speaker at the club, and gained a genteel subsistence by keeping it in repair; he treated my complaint as a trifle; and to prevent any serious reflections in this interval of pain and solitude, he rallied the deplorable length of my countenance, and exhorted me to behave like a man.

My pride, rather than my fear, made me very solicitous to conceal this disorder from my cousin; but he soon discovered it rather with pleasure than anger, as it compleated his triumph, and afforded him a new subject of raillery and merriment. By the spiritual and corporeal assistance of my surgeon, I was at length restored to my health, with the same dissolute morals, and a resolution to pursue my pleasures with more caution; instead, therefore, of hiring a prostitute, I now endeavoured to seduce the virgin, and corrupt the wife.

N° 14. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1752.

Admonet, et magnâ testatur voce per umbras:
Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.

VIRG.

Ev'n yet his voice from hell's dread shades we hear—
"Beware, learn juſtice, and the Gods revere."

In these attempts, my new principles afforded me great assistance: for I found that those whom I could convert, I could easily debauch; and that to convert many, nothing more was necessary than to advance my principles, and allege something in defence of them, by which I appeared to be convinced myself; for not being able to dispute, they thought that the argument which had convinced me, would, if they could understand it, convince them: so that by yielding an implicit assent, they at once paid a compliment to their own judgments, and smoothed the way to the indulgence of appetite.

While I was thus gratifying every inordinate desire, and passing from one degree of guilt to another, my cousin determined to take his daughter, who was now in her nineteenth year, from school; and as he intended to make her mistress of his family, he quitted his chambers, and took a house.

This young lady I had frequently seen, and always admired; she was therefore no sooner come home, than I endeavoured to recommend myself by a thousand assiduities, and rejoiced in the many opportunities that were afforded me to entertain

her alone; and perceived that she was not displeased with my company, nor insensible to my complaisance.

My cousin, tho' he had seen the effects of his documents of infidelity in the corruption of my morals, yet could not forbear to sneer at religion in the presence of his daughter; a practice in which I now always concurred, as it facilitated the execution of a design that I had formed of rendering her subservient to my pleasures. I might indeed have married her, and perhaps my cousin secretly intended that I should: but I knew women too well to think that marriage would confine my wishes to a single object; and I was utterly averse to a state, in which the pleasure of variety must be sacrificed to domestic quiet, or domestic quiet to the pleasure of variety; for I neither imagined that I could long indulge myself in an unlawful familiarity with many women, before it would by some accident be discovered to my wife: nor that she would be so very courteous or philosophical, as to suffer this indulgence without expostulation and clamour; and besides, I had no liking to a brood of children, whose wants would soon become importunate, and whose claim to my industry and frugality would be universally acknowledged; though the offspring of a mistress might be abandoned to beggary, without breach of the law, or offence to society.

The young lady, on the contrary, as she perceived that my addresses exceeded common civilities, did not question but that my view was to obtain her for a wife; and I could discern that she often expected such a declaration, and seemed disappointed that I had not yet proposed an application to her father: but imagining, I suppose, that these circumstances were only delayed till the fittest opportunity, she did not scruple to admit all the free-

doms that were consistent with modesty; and I drew every day nearer to the accomplishment of my design, by insensible approaches without alarming her fear, or confirming her hopes.

I knew that only two things were necessary; her passions were to be inflamed, and the motives from which they were to be suppressed, removed. I was therefore perpetually insinuating, that nothing which was natural could be ill; I complained of the impositions and restraints of priestcraft and superstition: and, as if these hints were casual and accidental, I would immediately afterwards sing a tender song, repeat some seducing verses, or read a novel.

But henceforward, let never insulted beauty admit a second time into her presence the wretch who has once attempted to ridicule religion, and substitute other aids to human frailty, for that 'love of GOD which is better than life,' and that fear 'which is the beginning of wisdom:' for whoever makes such an attempt, intends to betray; the contrary conduct being without question the interest of every one whose intentions are good, because even those who profanely deny religion to be of DIVINE origin, do yet acknowledge that it is a political institution well calculated to strengthen the band of society, and to keep out the ravager, by intrenching innocence and arming virtue. To oppose these corrupters by argument rather than contempt, is to parly with a murderer, who may be excluded by shutting a door.

My cousin's daughter used frequently to dispute with me, and these disputes always favoured the execution of my project: tho,' least I should alarm her too much, I often affected to appear half in jest; and when I ventured to take any liberty, by which the bounds of modesty was somewhat invad-

ed, I suddenly desisted with an air of easy negligence; and as the attempt was not pursued, and nothing farther seemed to be intended than was done, it was regarded but as waggery, and punished only with a slap or a frown. Thus she became familiar with infidelity and indecency by degrees.

I once subtily engaged her in a debate, whether the gratification of natural appetites was in itself innocent; and whether, if so, the want of external ceremony could in any case render it criminal. I insisted that virtue and vice were not influenced by external ceremonies, nor founded upon human laws, which were arbitrary, temporary, and local: and that as a young lady's shutting herself up in a nunnery was still evil, though enjoined by such laws; so the transmitting her beauty to posterity was still good tho' under certain circumstances it had by such laws been forbidden. This she affected utterly to deny, and I proposed that the question should be referred to her papa, without informing him of our debate, and that it should be determined by his opinion; a proposal to which she readily agreed. I immediately adverted to other subjects, as if I had no interest in the issue of our debate; but I could perceive that it sunk deep into her mind, and that she continued more thoughtful than usual.

I did not however fail to introduce a suitable topic of discourse the next time my cousin was present, and having stated the question in general terms, he gave it in my favour, without suspecting that he was judge in his own cause; and the next time I was alone with his daughter, without mentioning his decision, I renewed my familiarity, I found her resistance less resolute, pursued my advantage, and completed her ruin.

Within a few months she perceived that she was with child; a circumstance that she communicated

to me with expressions of the most piercing distress: but instead of consenting to marry her, to which she had often urged me with all the little arts of persuasion that she could practise, I made light of the affair, chid her for being so much alarmed at so trivial an accident, and proposed a medicine which I told her would effectually prevent the discovery of our intercourse, by destroying the effect of it before it could appear. At this proposition she fainted, and when she recovered, opposed it with terror and regret, with tears, trembling and intreaty: but I continued inflexible, and at length either removed or over-ruled her scruples, by the same arguments that had first seduced her to guilt.

The long vacation was now commenced, and my clerkship was just expired: I therefore proposed to my cousin that we should all make a visit to my father, hoping that the fatigue of the journey would favour my purpose, by increasing the effect of the medicine, and accounting for an indisposition which it might be supposed to cause.

The plan being thus concerted, and my cousin's concurrence being obtained, it was immediately put in execution. I applied to my old friend the club surgeon, to whom I made no secret of such affairs, and he immediately furnished me with medicaments, which he assured me would answer my purpose; but either by a mistake in the preparation, or in the quantity, they produced a disorder, which, soon after the dear injured unhappy girl arrived at her journey's end, terminated in her death.

My confusion and remorse at this event are not to be expressed, but confusion and remorse were suddenly turned into astonishment and terror; for she was scarce dead before I was taken into custody, upon suspicion of murder. Her father had deposed,

that just before she died, she desired to speak to him in private; and that then, taking his hand, and intreating his forgiveness, she told him that she was with child by me, and that I had poisoned her, under pretence of preserving her reputation.

Whether she made this declaration, or only confessed the truth, and her father to revenge the injury had forged the rest, cannot now be known; but the coroner having been summoned, the body viewed, and found to have been pregnant, with many marks of a violent and uncommon disorder, a a verdict of wilful murder was brought in against me, and I was committed to the county gaol.

As the judges were then upon the circuit I was within less than a fortnight convicted and condemned by the zeal of the jury, whose passions had been so greatly inflamed by the enormity of the crime with which I had been charged, that they were rather willing that I should suffer being innocent, than that I should escape being guilty; but it appearing to the judge in the course of the trial that murder was not intended, he reprieved me before he left the town.

I might now have redeemed the time, and, awakened to a sense of my folly and my guilt, might have made some reparation to mankind for the injury which I had done to society; and endeavoured to re-kindle some spark of hope in my own breast, by repentance and devotion. But alas! in the first transports of my mind, upon so sudden and unexpected a calamity, the fear of death yielded to the fear of infamy, and I swallowed poison: the excess of my desperation hindered its immediate effect; for, as I took too much, great part of it was thrown up, and only such a quantity remained behind, as was sufficient to insure my destruction, and yet

leave me time to contemplate the horrors of the gulph into which I am sinking.

In this deplorable situation I have been visited by the surgeon who was the immediate instrument of my misfortune, and the philosopher who directed my studies: but these are friends who only rouse me to keener sensibility, and inflict upon me more exquisite torment. They reproach me with folly, and upbraid me with cowardice; they tell me too, that the fear of death has made me regret the errors of superstition; but what would I now give for those erroneous hopes, and that credulous simplicity, which, tho' I have been taught to despise them, would sustain me in the tremendous hour that approaches, and avert from my last agony the horrors of despair!

I have indeed a visitor of another kind, the good old man who first taught me to frame a prayer, and first animated me with the hope of heaven; but he can only lament with me that this hope will not return, and that I can pray with confidence no more: he cannot by a sudden miracle re-establish the principles which I have subverted. My mind is all doubt, and terror, and confusion; I know nothing but that I have rendered ineffectual the clemency of my JUDGE, that the approach of death is swift and inevitable, and that either the shades of everlasting night, or the gleams of unquenchable fire are at hand. My soul in vain shrinks backward: I grow giddy with the thought: the next moment is distraction! Farewell.

OPSINOUS.

Nº 15. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1752.

Inventum medicina meum est——— OVID.

Med'cine is mine. DRYDEN.

As no man more abhors the maxim, which affirms the lawfulness of doing evil to produce good, than myself, I shall spare no falsehood, because it has been rendered subservient to political purposes, nor concur in the deception of mankind, though for the service of the state.

When the public liberty has been thought in so much danger, as to make it necessary to expose life in its defence, we have been told that life is the inferior blessing; that death is more eligible than slavery; and that to hold the contrary opinion, is not only absurd, but infamous.

This, however, whether it is the rant of enthusiasm, or the insinuation of cunning, contradicts the voice of reason, and the general consent of mankind. The far greater part of the human species are confessed to live in a state of slavish subjection; and there is scarce any part of the globe where that which an Englishman calls liberty, is to be found: and yet it does not appear, that there is any place in which the attachment to life is dissolved, or that despotism and tyranny ever provoked suicide to depopulate their dominions. It may be said, that wretches who have never been

free, suffer patiently because they are strangers to enjoyment; but it must be remembered, that our heroes of liberty, whether Bucks or Bloods, or of whatever other denomination, when by some creditor of slavish principles they have been locked up in a prison, never yet petitioned to be hanged.

But tho' to every individual, life is of greater value than liberty; yet health and ease are of greater value than life: tho' jollity may sometimes be found in the cell of the prisoner, it never enters the chambers of the sick: over pain and sickness, the sweetness of music, the sprightliness of humour, and the delicacies of luxury have no power. Without health life is misery; and death, as it removes positive evil, is at least a negative good. Among the many advantages, therefore, which are confessed to be peculiar to Great Britain, the highest surely is the number of medicines that are dispensed in this metropolis; medicines which infallibly remove every disease by which the value of life is annihilated, and death rendered a blessing.

It has been observed by naturalists, that every climate produces plants peculiarly adapted to remove its peculiar diseases; and by moralists, that good and evil are universally distributed with an equal hand: my subject affords a remarkable instance of the truth of these observations: for without this extraordinary interposition of medical power, we should not only be the most loathsome, debilitated, and diseased of all mortals; but our country would soon become desolate, or, what is yet worse, a province to France.

Of this no doubt will remain, if it be considered, that the medicines, from which we are told almost every noble family in the kingdom has received benefit, are such as INVIGORATE, CLEANSE, and

BEAUTIFY; for if our nobility are impotent, loathsome, and hideous, in what condition are those who are exposed to the vicissitudes of wet and dry, and cold and heat, which in this climate are sudden and frequent? In what condition are those who sweat at the furnace, or delve in the mine, who draw in pestilential fumes at every breath, and admit an enemy to life at every pore? If a being whose perspicacity could discover effects yet slumbering in their causes, would perceive the future peers of this realm corked close in a vial, or rolled up in a pill; or if, while yet more distant, they would appear rising in the vapour of an alembic, or agitated in the vortex of a mortar; from whence must we expect those who should hereafter supply the fleet, the manufactory, or the field?

But the good that would flow in a thousand streams to the community from these fountains of health, and vigour, and beauty, is in some degree intercepted, by the envy or folly of persons who have at a great expence crowded the city with buildings called hospitals; in which those who have been long taught to mangle the dead, practise the same horrid arts upon the living; and where a cancer or a gangrene produce the amputation of a limb, though a cure for the cancer might have been purchased in Fleet-Street for a shilling, and a powder that instantly stops the progress of a gangrene, upon Tower-Hill for six-pence. In hospitals diseases are not cured, but rendered incurable: and though of this the public has been often advertised by Mr. Robert Ratsey, who gives advice to the poor in Billiter-Lane; yet hospitals are still filled, and new donations are made. Mr. Ratsey has indeed himself contributed to this evil; for he promises to cure even those who have been thus rendered incurable: a resource, therefore, is

still left, and the vulgar will be encouraged to throw themselves into an hospital, in compliance with their prejudices, by reflecting that after all they can make the experiment which ought to have been their first choice.

I would not be thought to dictate to the legislature; but I think that all persons, especially this gentleman, should be prohibited from curing these incurable patients, by act of parliament: though I hope that he will, after this notice, restrain the first ardour of his benevolence, by reflecting that a conduct which may be mercy to one, will be cruelty to many; and that in his future advertisements this dangerous promise will not be repeated.

This island has been long famous for diseases which are not known in any other part of the world; and my predecessor, the SPECTATOR, has taken notice of a person, who in his time, among other strange maladies, undertook to cure 'long sea-voyages and campaigns.' If I cannot acquaint my readers with any new disease that is equally astonishing, I can record a method of cure, which, though it was not successful, yet deserves to be remembered for farther experiments.

The minister, the overseer, and the church-warden of a parish in Kent, after setting forth the misery of a young man who was afflicted with a rupture, proceed to address the public in the following terms:

> 'His friends applied to several gentlemen for a cure, but all proved ineffectual, and wore a truss, till we sent him to Mr. Woodward at the King's Arms, near Half-moon-street, Piccadilly.'

It appears, therefore, that several gentlemen, in the zeal of their compassion, not only applied for advice, but actually wore a truss for this unfortunate youth; who would, notwithstanding, still have

continued to languish in great misery, if they had not at last sent him to Mr. Woodward.

After this instance of generous compassion and true public spirit, it will be just to remark the conduct of persons who have filled a much more elevated station, who have been appointed guardians of the people, and whose obligation to promote their happiness was therefore more complicated and extensive.

I am told that formerly a patent could not be obtained for dispensing these infallible remedies, at a less expence than sixty pounds; and yet that, without a patent, counterfeits are imposed upon the public, by which diseases are rendered more malignant, and death precipitated. I am, however, very unwilling to believe, that the legislature ever refused to permit others to snatch sickness and decrepitude from the grave, without receiving so exorbitant a consideration.

At present a patent may be obtained for a much more reasonable sum; and it is not worth while to inquire, whether this tax upon health was ever exorbitant, as it is now too light to be felt: but our enemies, if they cannot intercept the licence to do good, still labour to render it ineffectual.

They insinuate, that tho' a patent is known to give a sanction to the medicine, and to be regarded by the vulgar as a certificate of its virtue; yet that, for the customary fee, a patent may be obtained to dispense poison: for if the nostrum itself is a secret, its qualities cannot be otherwise known than by its effects; and concerning its effects no inquiry is made.

Thus it appears that the Jesuits, who formerly did us so much mischief, are still busy in this kingdom: for who else could propagate so invidious a reproach for so destructive a purpose?

But the web of subtlety is sometimes so extremely attenuated, that it is broken by its own weight; and if these implacable enemies of our church and state had attempted less, they would have effected more: for who can believe, that those names, which should always be read with a sense of duty and obligation, were ever prostituted in public advertisements, for a paultry sum, to the purposes of wretches who defraud the poor of their money, and the sick of their life, by dispensing as remedies, drugs that are either ineffectual or pernicious, and precluding, till it is too late, more effectual assistance? To believe this, would be as ridiculous as to doubt, whether an attempt was made to cure Mr. Woodward's patient, by applying trusses to the abdomen of his friends, after it has been so often and so publicly asserted, in an advertisement, signed by persons of unquestionable veracity; persons who were probably among the number of those by whom trusses were worn, and might first think of applying to Mr. Woodward, upon perceiving that a remedy which was so troublesome to them, produced no apparent effect upon the patient. For my own part, I never hear the cavils of sophistry with patience; but when they are used to bring calamity upon my country, my indignation knows no bounds. Let us unite against the arts as well as the power of our enemies, and continue to improve all the advantages of our constitution and our climate; and we cannot fail to secure health, vigour and longevity, from which the wreath of glory and the treasures of opulence derive all their value.

N° 16. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1752.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
VIRG.

More lovely virtue, in a lovely form.

I HAVE observed in a former paper, that the relation of events is a species of writing which affords more general entertainment than any other: and to afford entertainment appears to have been often the principal if not the only design of those by whom events have been related.

It must, indeed, be confessed, that when truths are to be recorded, little is left to the choice of the writer; a few pages of the book of NATURE or of PROVIDENCE are before him; and if he transcribes with fidelity, he is not to be blamed, if in this fragment good and evil do not appear to be always distributed as reward and punishment.

But it is justly expected of the writer of fiction, who has unbounded liberty to select, to vary and to complicate, that his plan should be complete, that he should principally consider the moral tendency of his work, and that when he relates events he should teach virtue.

The relation of events becomes a moral lecture, when vicious actions produce misery, and vicious characters incur contempt; when the combat of virtue is rewarded with honour, and her sufferings terminate in felicity: but though this method of

instruction has been often recommended, yet I think some of its peculiar advantages have been still overlooked, and for that reason not always secured.

Facts are easily comprehended by every understanding: and their dependence and influence upon each other are discovered by those, who would soon be bewildered in a series of logical deductions; they fix that volatility which would break away from ratiocination; and the precept becomes more forcible and striking as it is connected with example. Precept gains only the cold approbation of reason, and compels an assent which judgment frequently yields with reluctance, even when delay is impossible; but by example the passions are roused; we approve, we emulate, and we honour or love; we detest, we despise, and we condemn, as fit objects are successively held up to the mind: the affections are, as it were, drawn out into the field: they learn their exercise in a mock fight, and are trained for the service of virtue.

Facts, as they are most perfectly and easily comprehended, and as they are impressed upon the mind by the passions, are tenaciously remembered, though the terms in which they are delivered are presently forgotten; and for this reason the instruction that results from facts, is more easily propagated: many can repeat a story, who would not have understood a declamation; and though the expression will be varied as often as it is told, yet the moral which it was intended to teach will remain the same.

But these advantages have not been always secured by those who have professed 'to make a story the vehicle of instruction,' and 'to surprize levity into knowledge by a shew of entertainment;' for instead of including instruction in the events themselves, they have made use of events only to

introduce declamation and argument. If the events excite curiosity, all the fine reflections which are said to be interspersed, are passed over; if the events do not excite curiosity, the whole is rejected together, not only with disgust and disappointment, but indignation, as having allured by a false promise, and engaged in a vain pursuit. These pieces, if they are read as a task by those for whose instruction they are intended, can produce none of the effects for which they were written; because the instruction will not be necessarily remembered with the facts; and because the story is so far from recommending the moral, that the moral is detested as interrupting the story. Nor are those who voluntarily read for instruction, less disappointed than those who seek only entertainment; for he that is eager in the pursuit of knowledge, is disgusted when he is stopped by the intervention of a trivial incident or a forced compliment, when a new personage is introduced, or a lover takes occasion to admire the sagacity of a mistress.

But many writers who have avoided this error, and interwoven precept with event, tho' they intended a moral lecture, have yet defeated their own purpose, by taking from virtue every accidental excellence, and decorating vice with the spoils.

I can think of nothing that could be alleged in defence of this perverse distribution of graces and defects, but a design to shew that virtue alone is sufficient to confer honour upon the lowest character, and that without it nothing can preserve the highest from contempt; and that those excellencies which we can acquire by our own efforts, are of more moment than those which are the gift of nature: but in this design, no writer, of whatever abilities, can succeed.

It has been often remarked, tho' not without wonder, that almost every man is more jealous of his natural than his moral qualities; and resents with more bitterness a satire upon his abilities than his practice: the fact is unquestionably true; and perhaps it will no longer appear strange, if it be considered, that natural defects are of necessity, and moral of choice; the imputation of folly if it is true, must be suffered without hope, but that of immorality may at any time be obviated by removing the cause.

But whatever be the reason, it appears by the common consent of mankind, that the want of virtue does not incur equal contempt with the want of parts; and that many vices are thought to be rather honourable than infamous, merely because they imply some natural excellence, some superiority which cannot be acquired by those who want it, but to which those who have it believe they can add all that others possess, whenever they shall think fit to make the attempt.

Florio, after having learned the Latin and Greek languages at Westminster and spent three years at the university, made the tour of Europe, and at his return obtained a place at court. Florio's imagination is sprightly, and his judgment strong: he is well acquainted with every branch of polite literature, and travel has polished the sound scholar into the fine gentleman: his person is graceful, and his manner polite; he is remarkable for the elegance of his dress; and he is thought to dance a minuet, and understand the small sword, better than any other man in the kingdom. Among the ladies Florio has made many conquests; and has challenged and killed in a duel an officer, who upbraided him with the breach of a promise of a marriage, confirmed by an oath, to a young beauty whom he kept

in great splendour as a mistress; his conversation is admired by all who can relish sterling wit and true humour; every private company brightens when he enters, and every public assembly becomes more splendid by his presence: Florio is also liberal to profusion; and is not, therefore, inquisitive about the merit of those upon whom he lavishes his bounty.

Benevolus has also had a liberal education: he learned the languages at Merchant Taylors, and went from thence to the university, where his application was greater than Florio's, but the knowledge that he acquired was less: as his apprehension is slow, and his industry indefatigable, he remembers more than he understands; he has no taste either for poetry or music; mirth never smiled at a sally of his imagination, nor did doubt ever appeal to his judgment: his person though it is not deformed, is inelegant; his dress is not slovenly, but aukwardly neat; and his manner is rather formal than rude; he is the jest of an assembly, and the aversion of ladies; but he is remarkable for the most uniform virtue and unaffected piety: he is a faithful friend, and a kind master; and so compassionate, that he will not suffer even the snails that eat his fruit to be destroyed; he lays out annually near half his income in gratuities, not to support the idle, but to encourage the industrious; yet there is rather the appearance of parsimony than profusion in his temper; and he is so timorous, that he will turn pale at the report of a musket.

Which of these two characters wouldst thou chuse for thy own? whom dost thou most honour, and to whom hast thou paid the tribute of involuntary praise? Thy heart has already answered with spontaneous fidelity in favour of Florio. Florio thou hast not considered as a scoundrel, who by perjury

and murder has deserved the pillory and the gibbet; as a wretch who has stooped to the lowest fraud for the vilest purpose; who is continually ensnaring the innocent and the weak; who conceals the ruin that he brings by a lie, and the lie by an oath; and who having once already justified a sworn falsehood at the expence of life, is ready again to lie and to kill, with the same aggravation and in the same cause.

Neither didst thou view Benevolus, as having merited the divine eulogium bestowed upon him 'who was faithful over a few things;' as employing life in the diffusion of happiness, with the joy of angels, and in imitation of GOD.

Surely, if it is true that

> 'Vice to be hated needs but to be seen,
>
> POPE.

she should not be hidden with the ornaments, and disguised in the apparel, which in the general estimation belong to virtue. On the contrary, it should be the principal labour of moral writers, especially of those who would instruct by fiction, the power of which is not less to do evil than good, to remove the bias which inclines the mind rather to prefer natural than moral endowments; and to represent vice with such circumstances of contempt and infamy, that the ideas may constantly recur together. And it should be always remembered, that the fear of immediate contempt is frequently stronger than any other motive: how many may have, even in their own opinion, incurred the guilt of blasphemy, rather than the sneer of an infidel, or the ridicule of a club? and how many have rushed not only to the brink of the grave but of hell, to avoid the scorn, with which the foolish and the profligate regard those who have refused a challenge?

Let it, therefore, be the united effort of genius and learning, to deter from guilt by the dread of shame; and let the time past suffice to have saved from contempt, those vices which contempt only can suppress.

N° 17. TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1753.

———*Scopulis surdior Icari*
Voces audit———

HOR.

———He hears no more
Than rocks, when winds and waters roar

CREECH.

PERHAPS few undertakings require attention to a greater variety of circumstances, or include more complicated labour, than that of a writer who addresses the public in a periodical paper, and invites persons of every station, capacity, disposition, and employment, to spend, in reading his lucubrations, some of those golden moments which they set apart from toil and solicitude.

He who writes to assist the student, of whatever class, has a much easier task and greater probability of success; for the attention of industry is surely more easily fixed than that of idleness: and he who teaches any science or art, by which wealth and honour may be acquired, is more likely to be heard, than he who only solicits a change of amusement, and proposes an experiment which cannot be made without danger of disappointment.

The author who hopes to please the public, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the town, without gratifying its vices, should not only be able to exhibit familiar objects in a new light, to display truths that are not generally known, and break up new veins in the mines of literature; he must have skill to select such objects as the town is willing to regard, such truths as excite its curiosity, and such knowledge as it is solicitous to acquire.

But the speculative and recluse are apt to forget that the business and the entertainment of others are not the same with their own; and are often surprised and disappointed to perceive, that what they communicate with eagerness and expectation of applause, is heard with too much indifference to be understood, and wearies those whom it was expected to delight and instruct.

Mr. George Friendly, while he was a student at Oxford, became possessed of a large estate by the death of his elder brother: instead, therefore, of going up to London for preferment, he retired to the family seat in the country; and as he had acquired the habit of study and a strong relish for literature, he continued to live nearly in the same manner as at college; he kept little company, had no pleasure in the sports of the field, and, being disappointed in his first addresses, would never marry.

His sister, the wife of a gentleman who farmed his own estate, had one son whose name was John. Mr. Friendly directed that John should be put to a reputable school in the country, and promised to take care of his fortune. When the lad was about nineteen, his uncle declared his intention to send him to the university; but first desired to see him, that he might know what proficiency he had made

in the languages. John, therefore set out on a visit to his uncle, and was received with great affection: he was found to have acquired a reasonable knowledge of Latin and Greek; and Mr. Friendly formed a very favourable opinion of his abilities, and determined to reward his diligence, and encourage him to perseverance.

One evening, therefore, he took him up into his study, and after directing him to sit down, 'Cousin John,' said he, 'I have some sentiments to communicate to you, with which I know you will be pleased; for truth, like virtue, is never perceived but with delight.' John, whose heart did not give a full assent to the truth of this proposition, found himself in circumstances which, by the mere force of habit, caused him to draw in a long breath through his nose, and at the same time with a grin of exquisite sensibility to scratch his head. 'But my observations, cousin,' said his uncle, 'have a necessary connection with a purpose that I have formed, and with which you shall also be acquainted. Draw your chair a little nearer. The passions, cousin John, as they are naturally productive of all pleasure, should by reasonable beings be also rendered subservient to a higher purpose. The love of variety which is found in every breast, as it produces much pleasure, may also produce much knowledge. One of the principal advantages that are derived from wealth, is a power to gratify and improve this passion. The rich are not confined by labour to a particular spot, where the same ideas perpetually recur; they can fill the mind, either by travel or by study, with innumerable images, of which others have no conception. But it must be considered, that the pleasure of travelling does not arise from the sight of a dirty town, or from lodging at an inn; nor from any hedge or

cottage that is passed on the road; nor from the confused objects that are half discovered in the distant prospect; nor from the series of well-built houses in a city, or the busy multitudes that swarm in the streets: but from the rapid succession of these objects to each other, and the number of ideas that are thrown in upon the mind.' Mr. Friendly here paused for John's reply; and John suddenly recollecting himself, said, 'Very true,' 'But how,' said Mr. Friendly, 'can this love of variety be directed to the acquisition of knowledge?' Here John wriggled in his seat, and again scratched his head: he was indeed something embarrassed by the question: but the old gentleman quickly put him out of his pain by answering it himself. 'Why, by a judicious choice of the variety that is to produce our entertainment. If the various doublings of a hare only, or the changes of a game at whist, have afforded the variety of the day; whatever has been the pleasure, improvement has been wanting. But if the different customs, the policy, the trade of nations, the variety of soils, the manner of culture, the disposition of individuals, or the rise or fall of a state, have been impressed upon the mind; besides the pleasure of the review, a power of creating new images is acquired. Fancy can combine the ideas which memory has treasured; and when they have been reviewed and regulated by judgment, some scheme will result, by which commerce may be extended, agriculture improved, immorality restrained, and the prosperity of the state secured: of this, cousin John, you was not wholly ignorant before.' John acquiesced with a bow; for though he had been a little bewildered, yet he understood by the tone of voice with which his uncle concluded the last sentence, that such acquiescence was expected. 'Upon this occasion,' continued Mr.

Friendly, 'I must remark, though it is something foreign to my purpose, that variety has by some philosophers been considered, as affording not only the pleasure and improvement, but even the measure of life; for of time in the abstract we have no idea, and can conceive it only by the succession of ideas to each other; thus, if we sleep without dreams, the moment in which we awake, appears immediately to succeed that in which we began to slumber.'

A thicker gloom now fell upon John, and his countenance lengthened in proportion to his uncle's lecture, the end of which he perceived was now become more remote; for these remarks with respect to John, were not impressed with the signature of truth, nor did they reflect any idea of his own; they were not

> " Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
> " That gives us back the image of our mind."
>
> POPE'S *Essay on Crit.*

with respect to John, therefore they had no characteristic of wit; and if they contained knowledge, it was knowledge which John had no wish to acquire: the old gentleman, however, proceeded thus with great deliberation:

'But though curiosity should be principally directed to useful purposes, yet it should not always be repressed or diverted, when the use is not immediate or apparent: for he who first perceived the magnetic attraction, and applied it to various experiments, probably intended nothing more than amusement; and when the polarity of the needle was discovered, it was not in the pursuit of any project to facilitate navigation. I am, therefore, now about to gratify your curiosity, cousin, with a view of London, and all the variety that it con-

tains.' Here John's countenance brightened, he rouzed himself on his seat, and looked eager with attention.

'As you have,' continued his uncle, 'applied with great diligence to your grammar learning; I doubt not but you have also read many of our best English authors, especially our immortal Shakspeare; and I am willing that, before you enter upon a course of academic study, you should see the theatre.' John was going to express his joy, when his uncle increased it, by putting into his hand a Bank note of fifty pounds. 'This,' said he, 'under the direction of a gentleman, to whom I shall recommend you, will furnish you with proper apparel, bear your expences for a couple of months, and gratify you with all the entertainments of the town.'

John could now bear some part in the conversation: he was much obliged to his uncle, and hoped he should live to make him amends, 'for,' says he, 'one of our ushers, who was just returned from London before I left school, has made me long to see it: he says there is a man there who dances upon a wire no bigger than a packthread; and that there is a collection of all the strange creatures in the world.'

John, who had uttered this with a broad grin, and expressed his delight from head to foot, was somewhat disconcerted when his uncle told him coolly, that though he would not have him leave London without seeing every thing in it that might justly raise curiosity; yet he hoped his notice was not principally attracted by objects which could convey no instruction, inspire no noble sentiment, nor move one tender passion. 'I mentioned,' says he, 'Shakspeare, that mighty genius, whose sen-

timent can never be exhausted, and in whom new beauties are discovered at every view. That you may derive yet greater delight and advantage from the representation of his pieces, I will read you some historical and critical notes that I have been making during twenty years, after having read the first edition of his works, and every commentator that has either illustrated or obscured his meaning.' The old gentleman then taking out and wiping his spectacles, opened his bureau and produced the manuscript. 'I am now,' said he, about to confer a favour upon you, which I do not yet intend for any other; for as I shall continually enlarge this work, it will not be printed till I am dead.' He then began to read, and John sat very silent, regaling himself with the anticipation of his own finery, the dexterity of the wire-dancer, and the variety of the savages that he was to visit in London. The old gentleman, who imagined that he was held motionless with attention, wonder, and delight, proceeded long in his lecture without once adverting to John for his explicit eulogium: but at the end of a favourite passage, which closed with a distich of his own poetry, he ventured to steal his eyes from the paper, and glancing them upon John, perceived that he was fast asleep with his mouth open and the Bank note in his hand.

Friendly, after having gazed upon him a few moments with the utmost astonishment and indignation, snatched away the note: and having rouzed him with a denunciation of resentment that touched those passions which Shakspeare could not touch, he thrust him out of the room and shut the door upon him: he then locked up his manuscript; and, after having walked many times backward and forward with great haste, he looked at his watch, and

perceiving it to be near one in the morning, retired to bed with as little propensity to sleep as he had now left to his nephew.

N° 18. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1753.

Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet. PHÆDRUS.

A twofold gift in this my volume lies;
It makes you merry, and it makes you wise.

AMONG the fictions which have been intended for moral purposes, I think those which are distinguished by the name of Fables deserve a particular consideration.

A story or tale, in which many different characters are conducted through a great variety of events, may include such a number and diversity of precepts, as, taken together, form almost a complete rule of life: as these events mutually depend upon each other, they will be retained in a series; and, therefore, the remembrance of one precept will almost necessarily produce the remembrance of another, and the whole moral, as it is called, however complicated, will be recollected without labour and without confusion.

In this particular, therefore, the story seems to have the advantage of the fable, which is confined to some single incident: for though a number of distinct fables may include all the topics of moral instruction, caution, and advice, which are contained in a story, yet each must be remembered by a distinct effort of the mind; and they will not re-

cur in a series, because they have no connection with each other.

The memory of them may, however, be more frequently revived by those incidents in life to which they correspond; and they will, therefore, more readily present themselves, when the lessons which they teach should be practised.

Many, perhaps the greater number of those fables which have been transmitted to us as some of the most valuable remains of the simplicity and wisdom of antiquity, were spoken upon a particular occasion; and then the occasion itself was an index to the intent of the speaker, and fixed the moral of the fable: so when the Samians were about to put to death a man who had abused a public trust, and plundered the commonwealth, the counsel of Æsop could not be overlooked or mistaken, when he told them, that 'a Fox would not suffer a swarm of flies, which had almost satiated themselves by sucking his blood, to be driven away; because a new swarm might then come, and their hunger drain him of all the blood that remained.'

Those which are intended for general use, and to general use it is perhaps easy to accommodate the rest, are of two kinds: one is addressed to the understanding, and the other to the passions.

Of the perceptive kind is that of the 'Old Man, who, to teach his sons the advantage of unanimity, first directed them to break a number of rods that were bound up together: and when they found it impossible, bade them divide the bundle, and break the rods separately, which they easily effected.' In this fable no passion is excited; the address is to the understanding, and the understanding is immediately convinced.

That of the Old Hound belongs to the other class. When the toothless veteran had seized the

stag, and was not able to hold him, he deprecates the resentment of his master, who had raised his arm for the blow, by crying out, 'Ah! do not punish the impotence of age! strike me not, because my will to please thee has survived my power! If thou art offended with what I am, remember what I have been, and forgive me.' Pity is here forcibly excited; and injurious resentment may be repressed, when an instance not equally strong recalls this to the mind.

Fables of the perceptive kind should always include the precept in the event, and the event should be related with such circumstances as render the precept sufficiently evident. As the incident should be simple, the inference should be in the highest degree natural and obvious.

Those that produce their effect upon the passions, should excite them strongly, and always connect them with their proper objects.

I do not remember to have seen any collection, in which these rules have been sufficiently observed; in far the greater number there is a deficiency of circumstance, though there is a redundancy of language; there is, therefore, something to be added, and something to be taken away. Besides that, the peculiar advantages of this method of instruction are given up, by referring the precept to a long discourse, of which the fable is no more than the text, and with which it has so little connection, that the incident may be perfectly remembered, and the laboured inference totally forgotten. A boy, who is but six years old, will remember a fable after having once heard it, and relate it in words of his own; but it would be the toil of a day to get the terms in which he heard it by heart; and, indeed, he who attempts to supply any defi-

ciency in a fable, by tacking a dissertation to the end of it, appears to me to act just as wisely, as if, instead of clothing a man whom he found naked, he should place a load upon his shoulders.

When the moral effect of fable had been thus brought to depend, not upon things, but upon words; the arrangement of these words into verse, was thought to be a happy expedient to assist the memory; for in verse words must be remembered in a regular series, or the measure and cadence will not be preserved: the measure and cadence, therefore, discover any confusion or defect, not to the understanding, but to the ear; and shew how the confusion may be regulated, and the defect supplied. The addition of rhyme was another advantage of the same kind; and this advantage was greater, as the rhime was more frequently repeated. But if the fable is perfect in its kind, this expedient is unnecessary; and much less labour is required to include an evident precept in an incident, than to measure the syllables in which it is related, and place two words of a similar sound at the end of every couplet. Besides, in all verse, however familiar and easy, the words are necessarily thrown out of the order in which they are commonly used; and, therefore, though they will be more easily recollected, the sense which they contain will not be equally perspicuous.

I would not, however, be thought to deny, that verse is at least an ornament to this species of writing; nor to extend my censure to those short stories, which, though they are called fables, are written upon a more extensive plan, and are intended for more improved understandings.

But as fables have been told by some in verse, that they might be more easily remembered; they

have been related by others in a barbarous jargon of hackneyed phrases, that they might be more easily understood.

It has been observed of children, that they are longer before they can pronounce perfect sounds, because perfect sounds are not pronounced to them; and that they repeat the gibberish of the nurse, because nothing better has been proposed to them for imitation; and how should the school-boy write English in grammatical purity, when all that he reads, except a foreign language and a literal translation, is written with all the licence of extempore expression, without propriety of idiom, or regularity of combination, and abounds with absurdities that haste only can excuse in a speaker?

The fables of Æsop, for so they are all called, are often first exhibited to youth, as examples of the manner in which their native language is written; they should therefore, be pure in the highest degree, though not pompous: and it is surely an affront to understanding to suppose, that any language would become more intelligible by being rendered less perfect.

But the fables that are addressed to the passions, besides the imperfections which they share in common with those that are addressed to the understanding, have others peculiar to themselves; sometimes the passion is not moved with sufficient force, and sometimes it is not connected with a fit object.

When the Fox decoys the poor Goat into a well, in order to leap out from his horns, and leaves him to perish with a witty remark, that 'if his wisdom had been proportioned to his beard, he would not have been so easily overreached,' the goat is not so much the object of pity as contempt; but of contempt, guileless simplicity, caught in the

snare of cunning, cannot surely be deemed a proper object. In the fox there appears a superiority which not only preserves him from scorn, but even from indignation: and indeed the general character of Reynard is by no means fit for imitation; though he is frequently the hero of the fable, and his conduct affords the precept for which it was written.

But though I have made a general division of fable into two kinds, there is yet a third, which, as it is addressed both to the understanding and the passions, is consequently more forcible and perfect.

Of this number is that of the Sick Kite, who requested of his mother to petition the Gods for his recovery, but was answered, 'Alas! to which of the Gods can I sacrifice? for which of their altars hast thou not robbed?' The precept that is here inculcated, is early piety; and the passion that is excited, is terror; the object of which is the despair of him who perceives himself to be dying, and has reason to fear that his very prayer is an abomination.

There are others, which, though they are addressed to the understanding, do yet excite a passion which condemns the precept.

When the melodious complaint of the Nightingale had directed a hungry Hawk to the thorn on which she sung, and he had seized her with his talons, she appealed from his hunger to his mercy: 'I am,' said she, 'little else than voice; and if you devour me, there will be no proportion between my loss and your gain; your hunger will be rather irritated than appeased by so small a morsel, but all my powers of enjoyment will cease for ever; attack, therefore, some larger bird.'—Here the Hawk interrupted her: 'He was not disposed,' he said, 'to controvert what she had advanced; but he was too

wise to suffer himself to be persuaded by any argument, to quit a certain for a contingent good.'

Who that reads this fable does not pity the Nightingale, and in his heart condemn the Hawk, whose cruel prudence affords the lesson?

Instruction, in the strong language of Eastern metaphor, is called, 'a light to our paths.' The fables of Pagan mythologists may, therefore, be considered as a cluster of stars of the first magnitude, which, though they shine with a distinct influence, may be taken as one constellation: but, like stars, they only break the obscurity of night; they do not diffuse round us the splendors of day: it is by the sun of righteousness alone, that we discover completely our duty and our interest, and behold that pattern of Divine Perfection which the Christian aspires to imitate, by 'forgiving injuries, and returning good for evil.'

By many of the fables which are still retained in our collections, revenge is encouraged as a principle, and inculcated as a practice. 'The Hare triumphs in the destruction of the Sparrow who had insulted him, and the Thunny, in his last agonies, rejoices at the death of the Dolphin, whose pursuit had driven him upon a rock.' These, if they will not admit of another turn, should without question be omitted; for the mischievous effect of the fable will be remembered as an example that justifies the violence of sudden resentment, and cannot be prevented by a laboured comment, which is never read but as a task, and therefore immediately forgotten.

I think many others may be greatly improved; the practice of virtue may be urged from higher motives, the sentiments may be elevated, and the precepts in general rendered more striking and comprehensive.

I shall conclude this paper with the fable of the Dog and Shadow; which, as it is commonly told, censures no quality but greediness, and only illustrates the trite proverb, 'All covet, all lose.'

'A dog, who was crossing a rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, perceived his shadow in the water, which he mistook for another dog with another piece of flesh. To this he knew he had no right; and yet he could not forbear catching at it: but instead of getting a new prize, he dropped that which he possessed into the water. He saw the smooth surface break into many waves, and the dog whom he had attempted to injure disappear: he perceived at once, his loss, his folly and his fault; and in the anguish of regret cried out, 'How righteous and how wise are the Gods! since whatever seduces to evil, though but a shadow, becomes the instrument of punishment.'

N° 19. TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1753.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi. HOR.

The monstrous tale, incredulous I hate.

THE repeated encomiums on the performances of the Animal Comedians, exhibited at Mrs. Midnight's Oratory, induced me the other evening to be present at her entertainment. I was astonished at the sagacity of the monkies; and was no less amazed at the activity of the other quadrupeds;—I should have rather said, from a view of their extraordinary elevations, bipeds.

It is a peculiar happiness to me, as an Adventurer, that I sally forth in an age, which emulates those heroic times of old, when nothing was pleasing but what was unnatural. Thousands have gaped at a wire-dancer daring to do what no one else would attempt; and thousands still gape at greater extravagancies in pantomime entertainments. Every street teems with incredibilities: and if the great mob have their little theatre in the Hay-market, the small vulgar can boast their cheaper diversions in two enormous bears, that jauntily trip it to the light tune of a Caledonian jig.

The amazing docility of these heavy animals made me at first imagine, that they had been placed under the tuition of certain artists, who by their advertisements profess to instruct 'Grown Gentlemen in the modern way of footing;' but I have been since informed, that the method of teaching them this modern way of footing was, by placing red-hot iron plates alternately under each hind leg, and in quicker or slower succession as the variations of the tune required.

That the intellectual faculties of brutes may be exerted beyond the narrow limits which we have hitherto proudly assigned to their capacities, I saw a sufficient proof in Mrs. Midnight's dogs and monkies. Man differs less from beasts in general, than these seem to approach to man in rationality. But while I applaud their exalted genius, I am in pain for the rest of their kindred, both of the Canine and Cercopithecan species. The price of monkies has been considerably raised since the appearance of Signior Ballard's Cavaliers: and I hear, that this inimitable preceptor gives lectures to the monkies of persons of quality at their own houses. Lady Bridget has destroyed three sets of china in teach-

ing her Pug to hand about the cups, and sip tea with the air of Beau Blossom; and Miss Fanny has been labouring incessantly to qualify her dear pretty creature to make one at the brag-table.

But as these animals are of foreign extraction, I must confess my concern is yet greater for my fellow-natives. English liberty should be universal as the sun; and I am jealous even for the prerogative of our dogs. Lady Bright's lap-dog, that used to repose on downy cushions, or the softer bosom of its mistress, is now worried every hour with begging on its diminutive hind-legs, and endeavouring to leap over fan-sticks: Captain's Storm's little greyhound is made to ape the fierce fellows of the cockade in a red coat and a sword; whilst Mrs. Fanciful's Chloe is swathed up in a long sack, and sinking beneath the weight of an enormous hoop. Every boarding-house romp and wanton school-boy is employed in perverting the end of the canine creation; and I wish the prevalence of Mrs. Midnight's example may not extend so far, that hounds shall be no longer broke to the field-service, but instructed only to climb up ladders, and troul wheelbarrows.

After what has been said, I shall make no apology for printing the following letter, as it was elegantly done into English at Stockholm, and transmitted to me by the publisher of the SWEDE-LANDTE MAGAZINE, an ingenious gentleman, who has done me the honour of inserting several of my lucubrations in his most comprehensive monthly undertaking.

'TO MR. ———, THE GRAND ADVENTURER IN BRITAIN.

'Most Learned Sir, *Stockholm, 23 Dec. 1752.*

'MY worthy good friend Isaac Gilderstein, book-merchant, having engaged to further this to

your excellency, I most humbly request that you would make known to your polite, &c. &c. &c. nation, that I intend shortly to come over, and to entertain you in a new and most inimitable manner.

Seeing that the Chien Savant, and other most amazing learned animals, have met with so gracious a reception in your grand city; I propose to exhibit unto your good nation a concert of vocal and instrumental music, to be performed by animals only; and afterwards to entertain you with several grand feats of activity; as also with the balance and the dance.

'My performers of instrumental music, great Sir, will consist of a select number of Italian cats, for the violin, violincello, and bass-viol; a German ass for the kettle-drum; and a complete set of Spanish hogs of different age and tone of voice for the organ concertos.

'But my vast labour was to procure harmonious voices, and to confine them to proper time and measure. I have taught some of your English mastiffs to bark in bass, and some Guinea-pigs to squeak in treble; my Cats also join in the vocal parts. I contrived divers means of deaths for Swans; but though the ancients are so full of praises on their expiring melody, I could not get a single note from them, better than the squall of a goose. However, I shall have a most charming grand chorus of frogs from the Fens of Holland: the words, profound Sir, you too well know, Aristophanes has furnished to my hand in Greek—Βρεκεκεκεξ κοαξ κοαξ—which a Leyden Professor translated for me, Brekekekex koax koax. Besides these, I shall present you with a duet in recitativo, between a Parrot and a Magpye.

'My entertainments of dancing, and the like, will consist of a company of Norway rats, who are

to move in a coranto, while my Cats fiddle to them. A fox will dance a minuet with a Goose; and a Greyhound the rigadoon with a hare. I have trained up an Elephant who will perform several tricks in what you do call the slight of hand; he will tumble with a castle on his back, and shew several balances upon the slack-rope with his trunk. Many other surprising feats will my Animals perform, too tedious to mention in this address; and, therefore, great Adventurer, I shall trouble your tired patience with the mentioning of one only. I have instructed the tamest of my Cats to open her jaws at the word of command, into which I put a bit of toasted cheese, and the least of my Mice jumps in and nibbles the bait: at that instant my Cat closes her mouth upon him: after which, to the great astonishment of all beholders, my Cat opens her jaws again, and the mouse leaps out alive upon the stage; and then they both present the good company with a jig.

'As I am determined my whole theatre shall consist of only Animal performers, I must acquaint you likewise, that I am teaching two Squirrels to sweep the stage with their tails: and, if it be allowed me to call in assistance from fishes, I shall not despair of being able, though it will require much time and practice, to make a Lobster snuff the candles with his claw.

'Other particulars, most worthy Sir, I shall beg leave to defer, till I have the extreme honour of kissing your hands in England, and am,

'Most revered and respectable patron,
With the profoundest humiliation,
Your devoted slave and servant,
A. GUSTAVUS GOOTENRUYSCHE.'

N° 20. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1753.

——*Quid violentius aure tyranni.*

JUV.

Rough truth ſoon irritates a tyrant's ear.

By which of the Indian sages of antiquity the following story was written, or whether the people of the East have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known: but it was probably related in the first person, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the Metempsychosis is an article of faith, and the visible agency of Superior Beings admitted without scruple.

Amurath, Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life: let those who presumptuously question the ways of Providence, blush in silence and be wise; let the proud be humble and obtain honour; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The Angel of death closed the eyes of the Sultan Abradin my father, and his empire descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief; I was insensible to the splendor of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and I was now per

petually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave: I prostrated myself on his tomb: sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. 'I am,' said he, 'the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abradin, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of his people; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest: resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him.' I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. 'This ring,' said he, 'shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil; that, without weighing remote consequences, thou may'st know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition; and when the circle of gold shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a transgression of the rule of right: keep my gift as a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment.' I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The Genius perceived my confusion, and turning from me with a smile of complacency immediately disappeared.

During the first moon I was so cautious and circumspect, that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to public business; my melancholy decreased as my mind was diverted to other objects; and least the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned in the field; I grew warm in the pursuit, I continued the chase, which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the Seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand; but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl away and hide himself under a sopha in a corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at first struck with surprise and regret; but surprise and regret quickly gave way to disdain. 'Shall not the Sultan Amurath,' said I, 'to whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not Amurath strike a dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the rule of right?' My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale: immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the genius Syndarac again stood before me.

'Amurath,' said he, 'thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust; a being who, like thee, has

received from the ALMIGHTY a capacity of pleasure and pain; pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power, in afflicting inferior beings; I should be justified in afflicting thee: but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the laws of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayest yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty the frowardness of disgust, lest by the laws of goodness I be compelled to afflict thee; for he that scorns reproof, must be reformed by punishment, or lost for ever.'

At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion: I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent, 'Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance, or gratify the security of speculation: confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring.'

As the chace had produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the conversation would otherwise be encumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my Visier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the subject of my raillery, the

man who alone deserved my approbation: he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my favour, by that behaviour which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success; but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment; but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention. I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified: I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: the Visier was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective: at length, disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile, 'Amurath,' said he, 'if the Sultan should know, that after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure.' The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage: I started up, and spurning him from the table was about to draw my poignard: when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a perfect white.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself, that the Genius would

no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility; servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension and sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time I filled my Seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My resentment against Alibeg, however unjust, was inflexible and terminated in the most perfect hatred: I degraded him from his office; but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death; but the pleasure and the dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would if possible seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solici-

tations were rejected, sometimes with tears and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched by seeking to bring calamity upon others; I considered my disappointment as the triumph of a slave, whom I wished but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had often shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food; and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust, and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the Seraglio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed at me astonished and terrified, and then looking upon each other stood silent: I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where she was; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since to their knowledge passed in or out of her apartment.

N° 21. TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1753.

Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma;
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

VIRG

Of mortal Justice if thou scorn the rod—
Believe and tremble, thou art judg'd of GOD.

In this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the Seraglio. But why should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? and did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and brought before me; but while I was yet

speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: 'May the Sultan Amurath, in whose wrath the angel of death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smile of Heaven! Let the wretched Alibeg perish; but let my lord remember Selima with mercy: let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight.' I heard no more, but cried out, 'Darest thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom thou hast stolen! thou whose life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up.' 'O!' said he 'let not the mighty sovereign of the East sport with the misery of the weak: if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together.'

Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his hands: and therefore dismissed him with a repetition of my command, to produce her within an hour upon pain of death.

My ring, which, during this series of events, had given perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always disregarded, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom. 'How wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible tyrant! a being, whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me by intimating that every action of my life is a crime! How long shall I groan under this intolerable oppression! This accursed ring is the badge and the instrument of my subjection and my dishonour: he who gave it, is now, perhaps, in some remote region of the air; perhaps, he rolls some pla-

net in its orbit, agitates the southern ocean with a tempest or shakes some distant region with an earthquake; but wherever he is, he has surely a more important employ than to watch my conduct. Perhaps he has contrived this Talisman, only to restrain me from the enjoyment of some good, which he wishes to withhold. I feel that my desires are controuled; and to gratify these desires is to be happy.' As I pronounced these words I drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain and indignation: immediately the air grew dark; a cloud burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent; horror thrilled in my veins, and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance there was a calm severity; and I heard him pronounce these words: 'Thou hast now, as far as it is in thy own power, thrown off humanity, and degraded thy being: thy form, therefore, shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render thy vices contagious.' He then touched me with his rod; and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not in the form of a man, but of a monster, with the fore parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in an agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the desart, impelled only by the vain desire of flying from myself. I now bellowed with rage, and now howled in despair; this moment I breathed execrations against the Genius, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a den which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept, but sleep instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The Genius still terrified me with his presence; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreshed: calamity, though it is compelled to admit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused by hunger; for hunger, like sleep, is irresistible.

I went out in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of misery, beside the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my crimes: and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mitigate nor encrease my sufferings, I was not restrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction of others, I trembled lest by some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of the hunters; and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: but at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of a rabble, who the

day before would have hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music at a distance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession; and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me: so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and langour, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by constraint, was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my submission: and, to shew as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision, and leaping

upon him, would instantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer; but starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me, and leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as the reward of my fidelity, and was, perhaps, never more happy than in the first moments of my escape; for I reflected, that as a dog my liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the Power, who had once more brought me within the circle of nature. As a brute I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven?

As soon as the first tumult of mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my Seraglio. I placed myself behind an Emir whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost

overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself, ‘ Dost thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken? Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once so lightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury, and this steady friendship, are they less than human, or are they more?’ I was not prevented by these reflections from returning the caresses that I received! and Alibeg, who just then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the Seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me, by the unanimous voice of the people: but I gained no intelligence of Selima, whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and for whom I had searched every part of the palace in vain. I became restless; every place was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree, and slept.

In the morning I beheld, with surprize, a wall of marble that seemed to reach to heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold,

'Within this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete: Nature is not oppressed by the tyranny of religion, nor is pleasure awed by the frown of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy wish, whosoever thou art; enter therefore, and be happy.'

When I read this inscription, my bosom throbbed with tumultuous expectation: but my desire to enter was repressed by the reflection, that I had lost the form, in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Desire and curiosity were notwithstanding predominant: the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it closed after me.

N° 22. SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1753.

Rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram. VIRG.

His native form at length by fate restor'd.

But my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eye sickened at the contortions of misery: disease was visible in every countenance, however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust. Rape and murdur, revelling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection; for I imagined, that I could no otherwise escape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose propensity to ill was restrained by no law, and I perceived too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness.

It was now evening, and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a house that was incircled by a mote, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for my asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and music: but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venison was thrown out, which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing since my departure from the Seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident; and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear; but in a short time, many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venison which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the house: but as I could not discover that I was the object either of malignity or kindness, I was in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was resolved; for I soon learned from the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison, which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the suspicion. As it was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and the event of my confinement, with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a sudden light shone round me; and I found myself once more in the presence of the Genius. I crawled towards him

trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope. 'Yet a few moments,' said he, 'and the Angel of Death shall teach thee, that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food; but the lust and revenge of others have given thee poison.' My blood grew chill as he spake; I discovered and abhorred my folly: but while I wished to express my contrition, I fell down in an agony: my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, rose up from the dust which had thus been restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new state of existence I entered with inexpressible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this region a sulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehension; as it seemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the recess of luxury: but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in si-

lence and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I discerned to be Selima. I was struck with amazement at this discovery; I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she continued her narrative.

'I was sitting on a sofa one evening after I had been caressed by Amurath, and my imagination kindled as I mused. Why, said I aloud, should I give up the delights of love with the splendour of royalty? Since the presumption of my father has prevented my marriage, why should I not accept the blessings that are still offered! Why is desire restrained by the dread of shame? and why is the pride of virtue offended by the softness of nature? Immediately, a thick cloud surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up and conveyed through the air with incredible rapidity. I descended, the cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an alcove, by the side of a canal that encircled a stately edifice and a spacious garden. I saw many persons pass along; but discovered in all something either dissolute or wretched, something that alarmed my fears, or excited my pity. I suddenly perceived many men with their swords drawn, contending for a woman, who was forced along irresistibly by the crowd, which moved directly towards the place in which I was sitting. I was terrified, and looked round me with eagerness, to see where I could retreat for safety. A person richly dressed perceived

my distress, and invited me into the house which the canal surrounded. Of this invitation I hastily accepted with gratitude and joy: but I soon remarked several incidents which filled me with new perplexity and apprehension. I was welcomed to a place, in which infamy and honour were equally unknown; where every wish was indulged without the violation of any law, and where the will was therefore determined only by appetite. I was presently surrounded by women, whose behaviour covered me with blushes; and though I rejected the caresses of the person into whose power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of the distinction with which he treated me: my expostulations were not heard, and my tears were treated with merriment: preparations were made for revelling and jollity; I was invited to join the dance, and upon my refusal was entertained with music. In this dreadful situation, I sighed thus to myself: How severe is that justice, which transports those who form licentious wishes, to a society in which they are indulged without restraint! Who shall deliver me from the effects of my own folly? who shall defend me against the vices of others? At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice of some invisible being, 'The friends of Virtue are 'mighty; reject not their protection, and thou art 'safe.' As I renounced the presumptuous wish which had once polluted my mind, I exulted in this intimation with an assurance of relief; and when supper was set before me, I suffered the principal lady to serve me with some venison; but the friendly voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back in my seat and turned pale: the lady inquired earnestly what had disordered me; but instead of making a reply, I threw the venison from the window, and declared that she

had intended my death. The master of the table, who perceived the lady to whom I spoke change countenance, was at once convinced, that she had indeed attempted to poison me, to preserve that interest which as a rival she feared I should subvert. He rose up in rage, and commanded the venison to be produced; a dog that was supposed to have eaten it was brought in: but before the event could be known, the tumult was become general, and my rival, after having suddenly stabbed her patron, plunged the same poignard in her own bosom.

'In the midst of this confusion I found means to escape, and wandered through the city in search of some obscure recess, where, if I received not the assistance which I hoped, death at least might secure my person from violation, and close my eyes on those scenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with disgust but with horror. By that Benevolent Power, who, as a preservative from misery, has placed in us a secret and irresistible disapprobation of vice, my feet have been directed to thee, whose virtue has participated in my distress, and whose wisdom may effect my deliverance.'

I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learned the ardour of that affection which I had abused, with sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter remorse, for having produced one wish that could stain so amiable a mind; and abhorred myself for having used the power which I derived from her tenderness, to effect her destruction. My fondness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender; desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion, to which, till now, I had been a stranger: and the

moment Love was kindled in my breast, I resumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can subsist, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and, looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly Genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant Selima recovered. 'Arise,' said Syndarac, 'and look round.' We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkled before us. 'Go,' said he, 'Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people! I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath the Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the taught of heaven; Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign with wisdom, and diffuse felicity.' I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamations: Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a Monitor who reproaches thee in secret, when thy foot deviates from the path of virtue?

Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.

N° 23. TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1753.

——— Quo fit, ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita——— HOR.

In books the various scenes of life he drew,
As votive tablets give the wreck to view.

AMONG the many Pocket Companions, New Memorandum-Books, Gentlemen and Tradesmen's Daily Assistants, and other productions of the like nature, calculated for the use of those who mix in the bustle of the world, I cannot but applaud those polite and elegant inventions, The Ladies' Memorandum-Books, as these seem chiefly adapted to the more important businesses of pleasure and amusement, I shall not take upon me to determine which is the most preferable: each of them being, if you believe the solemn asseverations of their proprietors, 'the best and most complete of its kind that has hitherto been published.'

The utility of these little books, with respect to the fair sex, is on the first view apparent; as they are divided for each day of the week into distinct columns, allotted to the several branches of engagements, expences, and occasional Memorandums. These, indeed, comprehend every thing that can either attract their regard, or take up their time: I shall therefore point out some particular advantages that will arise from a right use and regulation of them.

With regard to Engagements, it is very well

known, what embarrassments, jealousies, and quarrels, have arisen from an erroneous management in that most essential part of female transactions, the paying and receiving of visits. It has hitherto been usual to trust entirely in this point to the care of an illiterate footman, or heedless porter, who is to take account of all the raps at the door, and to enter the names of the several visitants in a regular journal. Hence it frequently happens, that the bond of amity is dissolved, and perpetual variance created between families, by the mistake or forgetfulness of a servant. Lady Formal and Mrs. Prim were once the most intimate females living: they curtsied to one another regularly at church and the playhouse, talked together wherever they met, and left their names once a month alternately at each other's house for several years; till it happened that Lady Formal's Swiss forgot to set down Mrs. Prim's last visit to her ladyship; which occasions them now to stare at one another like perfect strangers, while each considers the other as guilty of that most atrocious crime, the owing a visit. A card was sent two months beforehand to invite Mrs. Gadabout to a rout; but by the negligence of the maid it unfortunately miscarried, before the date of it was posted in the day-book, and consequently she was prevented from going. The affront was unpardonable; her absence rendered one whist-table useless; the neglect was told every where; and the innocent Mrs. Gadabout wonders at the reason why she is so seldom invited as a party in card-assemblies. These lamentable mistakes are, therefore, effectually guarded against by the use of the Memorandum-Book, which puts it in every lady's power to keep a more exact register of all her Engagements, and to state the balance of visits fairly between debtor and creditor.

And as there is certainly no virtue more amiable, or of greater emolument, than female œconomy, to which nothing contributes more than a just knowledge of expences, the Memorandum-Book has also wisely provided for this; in which, under the article of Expences, the lady may set down the particular sums laid out in masquerade tickets, subscription concerts, wax-lights for routs, drums, or hurricanes, birth-day suits, chair-hire, and the like: she may also know the true balance between her winnings, and losings, and make a due registry of her debts of honour. For want of this method many widows of distinction have imperceptibly run out the whole income of their jointures in a few months, and been forced to retire the rest of the year into country lodgings; and many married ladies have been constrained to petition the brutes their husbands for the advance of a quarter's pin-money to satisfy the importunate dunnings of a needy honourable gamester.

The blank allotted for Occasional Memorandums may be filled up from time to time with the lie of the day, topics of scandal, names and abodes of milliners, descriptions of new fashions, and a hundred other circumstances of equal importance. This will greatly relieve the memory, and furnish an inexhaustible store of matter for polite conversation.

There is another very pleasing advantage arising from the use of these books, as we are informed by one of the compilers, who acquaints us, that 'if preserved, they will enable any lady to tell what business she has transacted, and what company [she has] been in, every day, during any period of her life.' How enchanting, how rapturous, must such a review prove to those who make a figure in the polite world! to live over their days again! to recal the transporting ideas of masquerades, plays, concerts, cards, and dress! to revive lost enjoy-

ments, and in imagination to tread over again the delightful round of past pleasures!

I was led to the consideration of this subject by a visit I the other day made a polite lady, whom I found earnestly employed in writing. I would have withdrawn immediately; but she told me she was only entering some particulars in her memorandum-book, which would soon be finished, and desired me to take a chair. I expressed some curiosity to know her method; upon which she very frankly put the book into my hand, bidding me peruse it; 'for,' says she, 'I do nothing that I *need* be ashamed of.' As she was soon after called out of the room, I took the opportunity of transcribing her first week's account, which I shall faithfully present to my fair readers, as a farther illustration of the use of these books, and, if they please, as a pattern for their practice.

ENGAGEMENTS.	OCCASIONAL MEMORANDUMS.
January.	
1. Monday. To call at Deard's in the morning. To dine with my husband's uncle, the city merchant.	City politeness intolerable! Crammed with mince-pies, and fatigued with compliments of the season; Play at Pope Joan for pence; O the creatures!
2. Tuesday. In the morning with the Miss Flareits, to drive to the silk mercer's, &c. At night to go to the Genii.	A beautiful new French brocade at Silver-tongue's on Ludgate hill. Mem. To teize my husband to buy me a suit of it. Engaged the stage-box for Woodward's night.

ENGAGEMENTS.

January.

3. Wednesday. Expect Mademoiselle la Toure to try on my French head. In the evening to pay forty-three visits.

4. Thursday. My own day. At home. To have a drum major and seventeen card tables.

5. Friday. To go to the auction with Lady Nicknack. To dine at home with a parcel of my husband's city relations.

6. Saturday. Monsieur Le Frise all the morning to dress my head. At night (being Twelfth-night) at court. To dance, if I can, with the handsome Bob Brilliant.

OCCASIONAL MEMORANDUMS.

Mademoiselle the milliner tells me Lady Z's in the straw, and Captain X. is supposed to be the cause of it—Told it as a great secret at Lady F's, the countess of L's, Mrs. R's, &c. &c. &c.

Miss Sharp is a greater cheat than her mamma. Company went before five. Stupid creature Mrs. Downright! never to have read Hoyle!

Lady Nicknack finely taken in. The whole day a blank. Head-ach. Could not dress. Went to bed horrid soon;—before one. Husband drunk. Lay alone, my maid sat by me.

My left temple singed with the curling iron. Several fine French dresses at court; but Lady Homebred's, paltry English! Sir John Dapperwit whispered me, that Miss Bloom was almost as charming as myself. She must paint I am certain.

ENGAGEMENTS.

January.

7. Sunday. If I rise soon enough, St. James's Church. In the afternoon to write a defence of Hoyle to Miss Petulant at Bath, who has controverted some of his principles. Lady Brag's in the evening.

OCCASIONAL MEMORANDUMS.

Not up till two. Finished my letter at six, and sent John express with it. Bad luck at night. Never could win on Sundays. Miss Serious, who hates cards, says it is a judgment.

Among the articles under EXPENCES I found the following.

January	£.	s.	d.
1. Bought at Deard's, a bauble for a new year's gift to my little god-child - - - - - - - - - -	5	5	0
3. To Mrs. La Toure in part of her bill - - - - - - - - - -	31	10	0
To ditto for extraordinary trouble	3	12	0
5. Bought at the auction, a china lap dog - - - - - - - - - -	4	9	0
6. Monsieur le Frise, for dressing my head, &c. - - - - - - -	0	10	6
7. Lost at cards, at Lady Brag's -	47	5	0

I intend in a future paper to take notice of some other advantages to be drawn from such a use of these Memorandum-Books, as above stated; and shall at present conclude with desiring my female readers to supply themselves immediately, and to send me an account of the use they make of them.

A.

Nº 24. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1753.

Longa mora est, quantum noxæ sit ubique repertum,
Enumerare.——— OVID.

The various ills ordained to man by fate,
Where'er he turns, 'tis tedious to relate.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

You have lately remarked, that the sedentary and recluse, those who have not acquired an extensive and experimental knowledge of mankind, are frequently warmed with conceptions, which, when communicated, are received with the most frigid indifference. As I have no pretensions to this knowledge, it is probable, that the subject of my letter, though it pleased me in the fervour of my imagination, may yet appear to others trite and unimportant: to your judgment, therefore, I appeal, as the substitute of the public, and leave you to determine both for them and for me.

I have a small estate in a remote and sequestered part of the kingdom, upon which I have constantly resided. As in this place I was not seduced to entertainments that endangered either my virtue or my fortune, I indulged my inclination to books; and by reading I could always prevent solitude from becoming irksome. My library consisted chiefly of books of entertainment, but they were the best of their kind; and, therefore, though I was most delighted with dramatic writers, I had no plays

but Shakspeare's. Shakspeare was, indeed, my favourite author; and after my fancy had been busied in attempting to realize the scenes that he drew, I sometimes regretted the labour, and sometimes repined that it was ineffectual. I longed to see them represented on a theatre; and had formed romantic ideas of the force they would derive from proper action, habits, and machinery.

The death of a wealthy relation of my wife's, who has made my little boy his heir, called me this winter to London. I set out alone: and as I had been used to that reciprocation of affection and duty, which constitutes the happiness of a family; as we all met together in the evening, after having been separated by the different employments of the day, with smiles of complacency and good-humour, and mutually rejoiced in the satisfaction which each derived from the presence of the other; I found myself, after my first day's journey, in a very forlorn and comfortless situation at an inn. My evening was passed among people, with whom I had no tender connexion; and when I went to bed, I reflected, that there was not within many miles a single person, who cared whether I should be found living or dead in the morning.

The melancholy which this situation, and these reflections, however whimsical, brought upon me, increased as my home became more distant. But the moment I entered London, speculation was at an end; the innumerable objects which rushed upon my senses, left me power only to hear and see.

When I turned into the inn yard, the first thing that caught my attention was a large sheet of paper, printed in characters that differed not only in size but colour, some being red and others black. By the perusal of this pompous page, I learned that a comedy and a pantomime were to be performed at

the theatre in the evening. It was now two o'clock; and I resolved to atone for the want of enjoyments which I had left behind me, by securing what I had been used to think the highest intellectual entertainment which art could furnish: the play was not indeed a tragedy, nor Shakspeare's; but if it was not excellent, it was new to me, and therefore equally excited my curiosity. As soon as I had taken possession of a room, and safely deposited my portmanteau, I communicated my purpose to my host, who told me I could not have a better opportunity; for that both the play and entertainment were thought by the best judges to be very fine, and the principal parts were to be performed by the most celebrated actors of the age. My imagination was fired with this account; and being told that the house would be so soon full, that to secure a good place I must be there by four o'clock; I hastily swallowed my dinner, and getting into a hackney-coach, was driven to the theatre, and by the coachman conducted to the door that leads to the pit.

At this door I waited near half an hour with the utmost impatience; and the moment it was open rushed in, driven forward by the crowd that had gathered round me. Following the example of others, I paid my three shillings, and entering the pit among the first that gained admittance, seated myself as near as I could to the centre. After having gazed once or twice round me with wonder and curiosity, my mind was wholly taken up in the anticipation of my entertainment, which did not, however, much alleviate the torments of delay. At length, the stage was illuminated, the last music was played, and I beheld the curtain rise with an emotion, which, perhaps, was little inferior to that of a lover, when he is first admitted to the presence of his mistress.

But just at this moment a very tall man, by the contrivance of two ladies, who had kept a seat for him by spreading their hoops, placed himself so exactly before me, that his head intercepted great part of the stage, and I could now see the actors no lower than the knee. This incident, after all my care and solicitude to secure an advantageous situation was extremely vexatious: my attention to the play was for some time suspended, and I suffered much more than I enjoyed: but it was not long before the scenery and the dialogue wholly possessed my mind: I accommodated myself the best I could to the inconvenience of my seat, and thought of it no more. The first act, as it was little more than a prelude to the action, pleased me rather by what it promised, than by what it gave: I expected the sequel with yet more ardour, and suffered the interval with all the fretfulness of suspended curiosity. The second act gratified my imagination with a greater variety of incidents; but they were such as had a direct tendency to render appetite too strong for the curb of reason: I this moment rioted in the luxurious banquet, that was by a kind of enchantment placed before me; and the next reflected with regret and indignation upon those arts, under the influence of which I perceived my virtue to be enervated, and that I became contemptible even to myself. But this struggle did not last long: these images, which could not be seen without danger, were still multiplying before me: my resistance grew proportionably more languid; and at length I indulged every sensation without inquiring whether I was animated to the imitation of virtue, or feduced by the blandishments of vice.

In the third act I was become acquainted with the characters, which the author intended to exhibit; and discerned that, though some of them were sus-

tained with great judgment and address, yet others were mistaken: I had still some person before me, whose manner was that of a player, and who, when I had been introduced into scenes of real life by the skill of another, immediately brought me back to a croud and a theatre; I found that, upon the whole, I was not so constantly present to the events of the drama, as if I had read them silent in my study, though some circumstances might be more forcibly represented: but these critical remarks, as they lessened my pleasure, I resolved to remit. In the fourth act, therefore, I endeavoured to supply every defect of the performer by the force of my own fancy, and in some degree I succeeded: but my pleasure was now interrupted by another cause; for though my entertainment had not been equal to my expectation, yet I now began to regret that it was almost at an end, and earnestly wished that it was again to begin. In the fifth act, curiosity was no longer excited; I had discovered in what events the action would terminate, and what was to be the fate of the persons: nothing remained but the forms necessary to the conclusion of the play; the marriage of lovers, their reconciliation with offended parents, and the sudden reformation of a rake, who had, through the whole representation, been employed to produce incidents which might render his vices contagious, and to display qualities that might save them from contempt. But though the last act was thus rendered insipid, yet I was sorry when it was over: I reflected with a sigh, that the time was at hand, in which I must return to the comfortless solitude of my inn.'

But this thought, however mortifying, was transient; I pleased myself with the expectation of the pantomime, an entertainment of which I had no conception, and of which I had heard the highest

encomiums from those about me: I, therefore, once more sat down upon the rising of the curtain, with an attention to the stage which nothing could divert. I gazed at the prodigies which were every moment produced before me with astonishment; I was bewildered in the intricacies of enchantment; I saw woods, rivers, and mountains, alternately appear, and vanish; but I knew not in what cause, or to what end. The entertainment was not adapted to my understanding, but to my senses; and my senses were indeed captivated with every object of delight; in particular, the dress of the women discovered beauties which I could not behold without confusion: the wanton caresses which they received and returned, the desire that languished in their eyes, the kiss snatched with eagerness, and the embrace prolonged with reciprocal delight, filled my breast with tumultuous wishes, which, though I feared to gratify, I did not wish to suppress. Besides all these incentives to dissolute pleasure, there was the dance, which indulged the spectators with a view of almost every charm that apparel was intended to conceal; but of the pleasure of this indulgence I was deprived by the head of the tall man who sat before me, and I suffered again all the vexation which had interrupted my attention to the first act of the play. But before the last scene, my mind had been so violently agitated, and the inconveniences of so long a confinement, in a multitude, were become so sensible, I was so much oppressed with heat, and offended with the smell of the candles that were either burning in the sockets or expiring in smoke, that I grew weary of my situation; my faculties were suspended as in a dream, and I continued to sit motionless, with my eyes fixed upon the curtain, some moments after it fell. When I was roused from my reverie, I found myself almost alone; my

attachment to the place was dissolved, the company that had surrounded me were gone out, and, without reflecting whither I was to go, I wished to follow them.

When I was returned to the inn, and had locked myself into my room, I endeavoured to recover that pleasing tranquillity in which I had been used to resign myself to sleep, and which I now regretted to have once changed for tumult and dissipation: of my theatrical adventure I remembered no incident with pleasure, but that which when it happened I regarded as a misfortune, the stature of the person who sat before me, which intercepted the more gross indecencies, and defended me from their influence. This reflection immediately opened a new vein of thought; I considered the evening which I had just spent as an epitome of life, and the stage as an emblem of the world.

The youth is all ardour and expectation; he looks around with wonder and curiosity, and he is impatient for the time in which the world is to be thrown open before him. This time arrives; but he finds some unexpected obstacle to enjoyment, and in the first act of life he discovers, that his hopes are rather transferred to more distant objects, than fulfilled by those which are present. As he proceeds, the scene grows more busy, and his attachments to life increase in number and in strength: he is now seduced by temptation; and the moment its influence is suspended, and the pleasure which it promised is at an end, he abhors it as debasing his nature, disappointing his highest hopes, and betraying him to remorse and regret.

This is the crisis of life, the period upon which immortality depends. Some continue the contest, and become more than conquerors: they reflect, with gratitude to Providence, upon circumstances

which intercepted temptation by adversity, and perceive that they owe their safety to incidents which they laboured to prevent. Others abandon themselves to sensuality; and, affecting to believe all things uncertain, eagerly catch at whatever is offered by the present moment, as the whole of their portion: but at length novelty, that mighty charm, that beauty of perpetual influence, novelty is no more! every object that gave delight is become familiar; and is therefore beheld, not with desire but with disgust.

Thus life at length almost ceases to be a positive good; and men would scarce desire to live, but that they fear to die. Yet the same enjoyments which are despised, are also regretted; in time they are remembered without the circumstances that diminished their value; and the wretch who has survived them, wishes that they would return. Life, from this period, is more wearisome in proportion as it is prolonged; nothing is expected with ardour, because age has been too often cheated to trust to the promises of time, and because to-day has anticipated the enjoyment of to-morrow. The play is now over, the powers of the mind are exhausted, and intellectual pleasure and pain are almost at an end. The last stage, the stage of dotage remains, and this is the pantomime of life; the images are new only in proportion as they are extravagant, and please only because the imagination is distempered or infirm: but the sensibility of corporal misery remains; infirmities multiply; the hours of pain and imbecility pass in anguish which none can alleviate, and in fretfulness which none regard: the palsied dotard looks round with impotent solicitude: he perceives himself to be alone, he has survived his friends, and he wishes to follow them; his wish is fulfilled, he drops torpid and insensible into that

gulph which is deeper than the grave, and it closes over him for ever. From this dreadful picture I started with terror and amazement: it vanished; and I was immediately relieved by reflecting that life and the joys of life were still before me; that I should soon return to my paternal inheritance; that my evenings would no more be passed in tumult, and end in satiety; but that they would close upon scenes of domestic felicity, felicity which is pure and rational, and which is still heightened by the hope that it will be repeated to-morrow. And is not the human mind a Stranger and a Sojourner upon earth? has it not an inheritance in a Better Country that is incorruptible and undefiled? an inheritance to which all may return, who are not so foolish as, after perpetual disappointment in the search of pleasure which they never found, still to continue the pursuit till every hope is precluded, and life terminates either in the stupor of insensibility or the agonies of despair.

N° 25. TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1753.

Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga abenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

HOR.

In brazen yokes thus Venus binds
Ill-coupled forms and jarring minds,
And gaily cruel joys to see
The restless lovers disagree.

LOGIE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THERE are some subjects upon which a man is better qualified to write by having lived in the world than in a study; and many of these are of the highest importance. Of the infelicities of matrimony I have been often a spectator; and of some of them I think I have discovered the cause though I have never entered into a philosophical inquiry concerning the nature of the passions, or the power of reason. The facts from which I have derived my knowledge, I shall state with as much perspicuity as I can, and leave others to make what inferences they please.

Flippanta, a young coquet, whose love of the fashionable follies was perpetually disappointed by the severe authority of a father, threw herself into the arms of a lover of sixty-four; believing that she could with ease impose upon the fondness of dotage, that youth and beauty would render her power ab-

solute and unlimited, and that she would therefore be no longer the slave of formality and caprice. Flippanta was, however, disappointed; and in a very few weeks discovered that the œconomy of a father was now complicated with the jealousy of a husband; that he was fretful, selfish, and diseased, and expected less from her as a wife, than a nurse. Infirmities which she had never felt, she knew not how to pity: he exerted his authority, in proportion as he discovered her want of tenderness; and their misery is alleviated only by the hope of surviving each other; in which, it must be confessed, the lady has greatly the advantage.

Sophron, by his insinuating eloquence, prevailed on the mother of Modesta, to devote her as a sacrifice to learned importance. Love is beneath the dignity of grey-headed wisdom; they have therefore separate beds; while the unhappy victim repines in public, under the pomp of ornaments with which she is decorated, to flatter the pride and proclaim the triumph of her lord and master.

Senilis, to keep up the family name, married a young girl of a ruddy complexion, and a cheerful temper. He is fond of her to distraction; but at the same time so intolerably jealous, that he questions whether the boy, who has fulfilled the hope with which he married, is his own.

Urbana was contracted to Rusticus by the contrivance of their parents, that their family interests, together with their estates, might be united. She had all the passions of a thorough-bred town lady; he the indifference of a downright country 'squire; they therefore never met without mutual upbraidings, in which she was accused of extravagance, and he of brutality. At length they agreed in this one point, a separate maintenance.

Pervicax and Tetrica have during twenty years

been continually thwarting each other. As the husband is hasty, positive, and overbearing; the wife is whimsical, vain, and peevish. They can never agree whether their mutton shall be boiled or roasted; and the words ninny-hammer, noodle, and numscull, are frequently bandied to and fro betwixt them. Their very servants are encouraged in impertinence and their children protected in disobedience; because, as one chides, the other is sure always to excuse or defend.

Mercator was desirous of ennobling the blood of his posterity, and therefore married a fine lady from the court end of the town. He had been brought up in the arts of amassing money, she in contriving new methods to squander it; he had been accustomed to a settled uniform practice of business, she to an irregular restless course of pleasure. It was impossible to reconcile their different habits of life; they therefore judged it best for their mutual quiet, that each should pursue their favourite schemes without molestation. Consequently, while the good man is intent upon bargains at 'Change, she is slumbering in bed; when the family are at dinner, she is drinking her chocolate; and while he is adjusting his accompt-books, she is discharging her visiting debts. He is often reeling home from the club, when his wife is set down to a whist-table, or dressing for the ridotto; and just as the clerks are entering upon business in the compting-house, she is perhaps retiring to rest. Thus do they live as far asunder as persons in the different antipodes: while my lady is the astonishment of the grave Aldermen at their city balls; and Mercator is allowed to be a quiet, inoffensive, good-natured kind of beast, among madam's acquaintance.

Urania married a man who was deemed a wit

and a scholar, because as she valued herself upon these qualities, she was not willing they should be overlooked. Between Urania and her husband, there was a perpetual contest for superiority; they regarded each other with all the malignity of rivals; every conversation terminated in a debate, and every debate in contemptuous insult, sullenness, or rage. But if she had married a person whose chief ambition was not literary excellence, he might have admired her qualities, and she might have approved of his; there would have been a mutual deference paid to each other, and their life would not only have been peaceful but happy.

Theophila, who, for the practice of that virtue which is sublimed by religion, had been called the devotee, obviated the scruple which her own mind suggested against marrying a free-thinker for whom she could not suppress her inclination, by flattering herself that she should be able to convert him. Accordingly, she at first expostulated, then reasoned, and at length upbraided; but without producing any other effects than altercations, coldness, and aversion. As his home became irksome, and he had no steady principles of virtue, he took to drinking: and now, while he is cursing the hypocrisy of prudes over his bottle, she is weeping in her closet, regretting the folly of her presumption, and dreading the brutality of drunkenness.

The blind wonder-working boy, who reconciles contradictions, and even breaks down the mounds of party, brought a couple of fond creatures secretly together, at a time when their parents were irreconcileably divided about the names Whig and Tory. The mist of love, which before blinded their understandings, has been long dissipated; and they are perpetually ripping up the dissensions of their grand-fathers, and discussing the propriety of the

word Abdication. The wife looks upon her husband as a mean-spirited time-server; and he often rails at her, for teaching her children to lisp treason, and bringing them up with a bias to popery and arbitrary power.

Deborah was advanced from the kitchen to the parlour, by the unrestrained passion of her inconsiderate master: but she was only exalted to a more splendid servitude, and condemned to drudge all her life in the double capacity of wife and maid.

Lascivia, to secure herself a pretence for indulging a scandalous licentiousness, ran away with her father's footman. She has been forced, at the expence of a considerable annuity, and the reversion of her estate after death, to lay him under articles never to come near her while she is living.

Parcus, a city plum, from a principle of frugality, took unto himself a plain neighbour's daughter without a penny; as he thought it would be cheaper than to espouse a fine courtly lady, though with a mint of money. 'Tis true she costs him but a trifle in clothes; she has no taste for nicknacks, and kickshaws, and whim-whams; she hates company, and never touches a card; but then she is always sending hot plates of meat to one neighbour who is sick; bottles of wine to another who lies-in; and gives away every week such a load of broken victuals, bread, butter, cheese, coals, candles, and small beer, that the expences of house-keeping would almost ruin a Lord-Mayor. She is, besides, eternally teazing him to bind an uncle's son 'prentice, to set up a fifth cousin, and to fit out an old acquaintance's child to sea, or to buy clothes for another; and Parcus complains, that he is eat out of house and home, by the daily visits of his wife's poor relations.

Pray, Mr. Adventurer, do not these infelicities arise principally from an injudicious choice, rather than from the vices and follies of the parties? Will you, who are a philosopher, give us a proper lecture upon these facts, or demonstrate, *a priori*, how misery may be avoided in that state, which is generally agreed to be capable of more happiness than any other?

I am, Sir,

A. Your humble Servant,

JOHN TOWNLEY.

N° 26. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1753.

Est ardelionum quædam Romæ natio,
Gratis anhelans ———

PHÆDRUS.

Through all the town the busy triflers swarm,
Fix'd without proof, and without int'rest warm.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THE character which you have assumed, encourages me to hope, that you will not be deterred either by toil or danger, from entering the lists as the champion of distressed beauty. That the sufferers may possibly be unknown, and the scene of action is remote, are circumstances of no moment; for neither seas nor deserts are insuperable to perseverance and valour; and the hero's country is

circumscribed only by the limits of the world. Nothing more, therefore, is necessary, than to acquaint you with the wrong which you are to redress, and the offender whom you are to punish.

Two virgin princesses, the daughters of a mighty monarch, who in the pompous language of the east is stiled Lord of the whole earth, discovered, while they were yet very young, something singular in their natural temper and disposition. One of them was remarkable for cheerfulness, which was not, however, so much excited by external objects, as by scenes of pleasantry with which she was continually entertained by the strength of her own imagination: her countenance was dimpled with perpetual smiles; and her eyes, yet more expressive, seemed to sparkle with laughter. The deportment of the other was solemn, and her walk majestic: her eyes looked equally piercing, but less active; they appeared not often to change, but long to contemplate their object: she delighted equally in the pleasures of imagination, but they were of a different kind; her fancy did not form objects of ridicule, but of pity; and she would imagine herself leaning her whole weight on a shrub that projected from the brow of a precipice, till it gave way, and she started with horror at the danger, merely that she might suddenly reflect upon her safety, and enjoy the pleasure of awaking from a terrifying dream.

As these were enjoyments that promiscuous company rather interrupted than improved, both these ladies, however different in other respects, agreed in the love of solitude; and having obtained the consent of their father, they retired to a rural situation, which was healthful, pleasant, and romantic. It was the summit of a high hill, which was watered by a fine spring; from hence they had an unbounded prospect; and the air on this spot

is said to have a peculiar quality, that excites pleasing dreams, impresses new ideas upon the mind, and illuminates with intuitive knowledge. The ladies were here visited by their Sisters, and a young Prince of extraordinary beauty, who was celebrated for his skill in all science, but chiefly in music and poetry. The enjoyment of wit, literature, and harmony excluded from this select society every desire that contaminates the mind of idleness, and degrades reason by brutal sensuality: the Prince was received by the royal virgins, not as a lover but a friend; and he visited them, not as beauties but as wits.

The place of their retreat was soon known, and and their presence rendered it illustrious. Here they received the chearful homage of voluntary subjection; and from hence they diffused an influence, which not only polished but ennobled mankind. Such would long have been their felicity and glory; but the grim tyrant of a northern climate, a region of cold and darkness, at the head of a numerous band of desperate savages, suddenly invaded the country. No force was found sufficient to oppose those who had been driven forward by famine; the fury of hunger and rapine was irresistible; the Princesses fled with the utmost precipitation, and the barbarians, who regarded every thing with malignity by which they were excelled, razed the palace so completely that scarce a vestige appeared, and obliterated all traces of the royal influence wherever they were discovered.

The Princesses directed their course westward; and after having long wandered from place to place and passed through great varieties of fortune, they at last took refuge in a small island, which was governed by a prince whose consort was their half sister, being the daughter of their father, though

by another wife. The prince received them with peculiar marks of distinction, and appointed a great officer, one of the principal lords of his court, to superintend the measures that were immediately taken for their accommodation. Two sumptuous palaces were soon prepared for their residence, and their household was immediately settled: they were frequently visited by the king; the queen often declared that she considered them as being more particularly under her patronage; they quickly became extremely popular, and were scarce less happy there than upon their favourite hill. As they greatly excelled in all the arts of conversation, as their eloquence could always command the passions, and their knowledge improve the understanding, every one was solicitous to be admitted to their presence; and that they might gratify a people, among whom they had received so many favours, they resolved to have a certain number of public days, on which every one should be admitted without scruple.

But that all their conveniences and splendor might be procured, though at a great expence, yet without imposing a general tax or burthening the Public, it was contrived that the servants of the Princesses should be paid by their vails; and, that the reward of their labour might not depend wholly upon caprice, it was ordered, that those who attended the Princesses only on public days, and dld not pretend to have a right to visit by their intimacy or station, should receive a ticket, for which they should pay a certain fee to the porter.

There is in this island, a certain person, said to be descended from a race of giants that were its original inhabitants, who has such power and influence, though he has often been suspected to be mad, that the king himself treats him with great de-

ference. In the height of his phrenzy he has boasted, that his voice is the voice of GOD, and that all the sovereign princes in the world are his vicegerents. Of this person every one stands in awe; the queen is his principal favourite: and for her sake he is well affected to the king, whom he has often defended, when every other power would have been ineffectual. He has a natural son who possesses all his ill qualities, but of his virtues is wholly destitute; he assumes the name, the deportment, and the stile of his father, whose fondness has encouraged him to commit many enormities, from which he would have been otherwise deterred.

This person, of whom every body is afraid, not only because his own power is very great, but because to repress his insolence might give offence to his father, comes frequently to the palaces of the Princesses, and makes no scruple to purchase a ticket with the customary fee: but he is subject to fits of sudden and outrageous frenzy; in which he pretends, that the servants of the Princesses become his own, by receiving his fee for admittance to their presence; and he treats them with the cruel insolence of a capricious tyrant, and introduces the wildest tumult and confusion. The rest of the company are terrified and disappointed; he perceives it, and compels them to depart: nay, he has sometimes offered violence to the ladies themselves; he has, either by menaces or by bribery, gained some of their servants over to his own interest; and, to gratify an unaccountable humour, he has prevailed upon them to admit a kind of Necromancer, with whose feats he is greatly delighted, into the public room, where innumerable effects of his art are exhibited; and it is said that by the same influence one of the palaces has been made a receptacle for wild beasts; and that all the gambols of

folly have been played in a place, that was intended for the asylum of beauty and wit, and for the school not only of wisdom but of virtue.

With the author of this confusion the Adventurer is requested to engage: and if his zeal and his abilities are equal to his boast, he is expected immediately to declare himself the champion of the Princesses, by publishing his defiance to the following effect:

• 'That the Princesses alone have a right to the palaces, which have been allotted to them by the munificence of the sovereign of the island; that their servants are accountable only to them, to the sovereign, or to the lord whom he has appointed to superintend the household; that every man is at liberty to be absent, who thinks the entertainment not worthy of his attendance, or the fee for his admittance too exorbitant; but that no man has a right to disturb, to terrify, or to disappoint an assembly, which is supposed to be in the immediate presence of the sovereign, to whom they owe allegiance: and I challenge to single combat, whoever shall affirm the contrary.'

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.

Flavilla, a lady who sometimes honours me with a visit, was present when I received this letter. Flavilla, though she has all the sprightliness of a coquet, has been a great reader, and is not behind those who discovered a political satire under the Rape of a Lock, in resolving a riddle or penetrating an allegory. I put the letter into her hand, and threw myself back in my easy chair with an air of importance; 'There,' says I 'read that; and see what rank I hold in the estimation even of those, by whom my province is mistaken.'

I fixed my eyes upon her, and waited with impatience till she had read it. But how was I disappointed to hear her cry out, 'Good Sir, your province and your importance are mistaken by none but yourself. Could not your sagacity discover this letter to be an allegory?' Pray Madam, said I, will you be pleased to communicate to me, what you imagine to be the hidden meaning which that allegory envelopes? 'La,' says she, 'you are so dull to day! Why are not the Comic and the Tragic Muse the daughters of Jupiter; and did they not, with the rest of the muses, their Sisters, reside on Parnassus, a lofty hill that was watered by the Castalian spring? Were they not there visited by Apollo, the patron of all science, and in particular of poetry and music? Did they not fly westward at the approach of Barbarians, who, though they left behind the glooms of the inhospitable North, yet brought with them the 'Cimmerian darkness of ignorance,' and scarce left any traces of science in the countries through which they passed? Did not the lovely fugitives find refuge in Britain?'—But, pray, Madam, said I, shaking my right foot which hung over my left knee, will you condescend to tell me, who is the consort of the king who afforded them protection? My letter says, she was half-sister to the ladies whom you suppose to be two of the muses. 'Who,' replied Flavilla pertly, 'but Liberty: is not Liberty the perpetual consort of the Kings of Britain; and will any dispute, that Liberty is derived from Jove, the Parent of Good?' Go on, Madam, said I. 'The great officer,' said she 'is the Lord Chamberlain; the palaces are the Theatres, which by Royal authority are appropriated to the use of Tragedy and Comedy; their attendants, the Players, are, indeed, the servants of the King, and are paid by the stated fees for admit-

tance into the house. The Public is the most potent and venerable body upon earth; and the Town, its illegitimate offspring is insolent, capricious, and cruel: the Town is perpetually insulting the Players as its servants; though as servants to the Town, the law considers them as enemies to society; and it is as servants to the King only, that they are permitted to exhibit public entertainments. It is to humour the Town, that the Necromancer Harlequin has associated with tumblers and savages, to profane the place, which under proper regulation, would indeed, be the school of wisdom and virtue. Every one present at a theatrical performance is supposed to be in the Royal Presence; or at least the Players are under his more immediate protection: as every man has a right in common with others to the dramatic entertainment of the evening, when he has purchased an admittance to the house, it follows that no man has a right to monopolize or to destroy it. An empty house is by the Players deemed the most dreadful sign of popular disapprobation; and when the Public are displeased with the entertainment that is offered them, to neglect it will be the most effectual means to procure a better: and as a full, or a thin house, will indubitably express the sentiment of a majority, the complaints of a faction should be wholly disregarded.'

Flavilla, as she concluded this speech, in which she began to grow very warm, cast her eyes upon me, and expected my reply. But as I continued to gaze with great gravity at the fire, and remained silent, she gave me a smart stroke with her fan, accompanied with this interrogation: 'You sullen monster, why don't you speak? Do you hear me? publish the letter, with my exposition, in your next paper, or—' Madam, says I, bowing, it shall be

done. In obedience, therefore, to her commund, and in justice to myself, I lay the state of our controversy before the Public, and doubt not but that we shall be both satisfied with their determination.

N° 27. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1753.

Νυκτος——Αιθηρτε και Ἡμερα εξεγενοντο.

HESIOD.

From night arose the sun-shine and the day.

THE following letter was the first voluntary contribution I received; and if it had been longer, it would have been sooner communicated to my readers. It is written in the name of a Lady, to whom I am indeed under many obligations; to whom I owe great part of the knowledge which I have acquired, and under whose influence many of these lucubrations were written: her character is assumed by my correspondent with great art; but I discovered that it was not real, by the conclusion of the letter, in which I am invited to an intimacy that I have long enjoyed.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, Dec. 15, 1752.

Without detracting from the merits of your correspondent of Tuesday last*, whose pretensions to public regard are undoubtedly well founded, I beg

* Numb. XI.

leave to make your paper my channel to fame; and am persuaded the judicious reader will admit of my claim, when he is acquainted with my history; and notwithstanding my sister has artfully enough insinuated her superiority, and indeed hinted reflections capable of wounding the most innocent character, as the first story is generally well told, I shall appeal to the impartial examiner, and expect my share of honour from his decision.

I shall begin then with informing you, that I am the elder, a circumstance my sister's pride made her suppress, and in the opinion of the best judges the handsomer; this her own vanity will hardly deny, nor does she attempt to shine but in my absence. She is indeed fairer; but dark beauties are not only more agreeable, but more durable; and as she has little to recommend her but her face, the indifference and neglect she complains of is the less to be wondered at. Besides, the glare she affects in public, the fickleness of her behaviour, the pleasure she takes in discovering the secrets intrusted to her; and above all, the fraud she practises by continual promises of being always the same, are sufficient reasons, why half who know her pay her so little regard.

For my own part, ostentation is my aversion; and my pride, which makes me fond of admiration, prevents my using a mean condescension to procure it. Though I dress well, I am never gaudy; and when I appear in my blue robe, with gold spangles, and a crescent on my forehead, I have the satisfaction of seeing myself ogled even by philosophers. Some of my sex may think this a triumph of small importance, and prefer the unmeaning applauses of a coxcomb to the approbation of a man of understanding; but experience the mother of true wisdom, has long since convinced me, that real

beauty is best discerned by real judges, and the addresses of a sensible lover imply the best compliment to the understanding of his mistress.

The affability of my temper, indeed, exposes me to the visits of all parties; and my easiness of access too frequently engages me in the disagreeable company of fools and sharpers: nay more, sometimes I am the unwilling spectator of riot and intemperance; but when this happens, I generally throw in some reproof, and make the libertine, though he curses me, repent his excess: nor is it the least of my praise, that my approach strikes terror to the soul of the villain.

I might rise in the reputation I so justly demand, by recounting the many important services I have done mankind: I have conducted armies in safety, inspired politicians, rescued the distressed, and blessed the brightest eyes in Britain; I have industriously concealed the scandal my sister has propagated; and received, with a condescension scarce found in a rival, the wretch whom her follies had made weary of her service.

By this time you may be desirous of my name, and I think it no vanity to add, ambitious of my acquaintance. I formerly was a friend to the Rambler, nor will the Adventurer's intimacy with me lessen him in the opinion of his readers. For a proof of this, a great Genius of the present age courted my assistance; and in gratitude for the favours he received from me, placed my name in the title-page of the best book in the language. After this explanation, it is almost unnecessary to subscribe myself, at your service,

S. NIGHT.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It has been long my opinion, that a man's general reputation rather sinks than rises, upon his being first

distinguished by a public encomium; for one voice that echoes the praise, there are a hundred, which, to indulge the spleen that it excites, are employed in detraction. But of this perverseness and malignity I have never remarked a stronger instance, than in the effects of your recommendation of Mr. Ratsey and Mr. Woodward; two gentlemen, who almost every day, at a considerable expence, generously repeat their offers to save the poor from the miseries of an hospital, by curing them gratis, with much more ease, expedition, and safety.

Some persons, rather than admit the uncommon merit of these gentlemen, have invidiously represented your encomium as an irony; and others have even ventured to deny the facts upon which it is founded. But though every paragraph which was intended to reward ingenuity, is thus opposed or perverted; yet that, in which you have inadvertently disgraced it, is, from the same motives, received in its genuine sense, and readily admitted to be true. It is denied, that Mr. Ratsey ever removed an incurable disease, and that Mr. Woodward is more successful in the cure of ruptures than the hospital surgeons; but it is universally believed, that the youth whom you mention received no benefit from the trusses that were worn by his friends; this, however, is a fact in which you are yourself egregiously mistaken, and which you have greatly misrepresented. You tell us, indeed, that this method deserves to be remembered for farther experiments; but you insinuate, that it was among those which had been practised without success, before the patient was put under Mr. Woodward's care: on the contrary, it was directed by that great artist himself; and is one of the most useful improvements that he has made in surgery, though it is not to be depended upon alone. As an incontes-

tible proof of your mistake, and of the mischief which it has produced, I shall recite another address to the Public in the behalf of Mr. Woodward, by which it appears, that he now wears trusses for his patients himself. It is entitled, 'The humble thanks of Elizabeth Tipping, for her cure in a rupture, gratis.'

'A Gentleman,' says Mrs. Tipping, recommended me to Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, and in their * goodness gave me a truss to wear; and in wearing it, to my grief, I found more pain than ever I felt before; and I must have laboured under this great misfortune all the days of my life, had not Mr. Woodward, through charity, took me under his care: By his tender compassion towards me, in giving me his powders with drops, and wearing his new-invented bandages, my pains left me.'

It appears, therefore, that Mr. Woodward, instead of giving Mrs. Tipping a truss to wear, as the gentleman or the hospital had done; gave her only his powders with drops, and wore the truss himself. As the facts, however strange, will be attested at Mr. Russel's toy-shop in the Hay-market, and Mrs. Petro's the corner of Spring-Gardens, it must follow as an inevitable consequence, that when, by the old erroneous custom of applying trusses or bandages to the patient, their malady is increased; it may be wholly removed by medicaments, properly administered to them, and a truss judiciously applied to another. In Mrs. Tipping's case, indeed, there appears to have been something critical, because Mr. Woodward would trust none but himself with the management of the bandage, by

* It cannot certainly be known, whether by *their* is meant the gentleman or the hospital.

which he intended to effect her cure; though the truss for his Kentish patient was worn by the minister and churchwardens of the parish. There is, however, another reason for this conduct, which I am unwilling to suggest: your paper may have discouraged others from concurring in this method of cure, by insinuating that it was troublesome, and had been practised without success. If this should be true, how have you increased the labour of this beneficent Surgeon, and at the same time circumscribed his power of doing good! It is scarce possible that he should be able, by any contrivance, to wear more than ten of his bandages at one time; and how small a number is ten, compared to the multitudes that apply for his assistance?

Upon the whole, whatever was your intention, I am afraid your paper has produced but one good effect. As modesty is always the concomitant of merit, Mr. Ratsey no longer offers health to those, who have suffered others to render their diseases incurable; but leaves them to perish, for the preservation of those that survive.

I am Sir,

Your humble servant,

T. Friendly.

As it is the opinion of Mr. Friendly, that I have conferred no honour by my panegyric, I shall now attempt to effect my purpose by censure. As Physic is, perhaps, the most difficult of all the sciences, no man more honours those who excel in it than myself: if I cannot, therefore, animate them in the race, I may at least clear the way about them, and afford merit a fairer chance, by lessening the number of competitors, who may obstruct others, though they cannot run themselves.

It is frequently admitted, among persons whose

judgment is not otherwise contemptible, that a man without parts and without literature may practise Physic with success; or, in other words, that an illiterate blockhead may be a good Physician. But as this maxim appears to me to be little less formidable than a pestilence, I think I shall do considerable service to mankind if I can prevent it from spreading.

That the following argument may be more easily comprehended and remembered, I have laboured to contract it into a small compass, and to express my thoughts with the utmost plainness and perspicuity.

I. Medicines are not specific antidotes for certain diseases, which we hear distinguished by known and general names:——For,

II. Twenty persons may be ill of a fever: and this fever may be so much a different disease in each, that an application which would certainly cure one of them, would certainly kill another: so that the very efficacy of the medicine, if it is unskilfully administered, increases the danger.

III. The investigation of diseases; the discovery of their causes by their symptoms; and the adaption of the remedy, not to the disease only, with all its accidental complications, but to the habit, age, sex, and constitution of the patient; require such skill as can result only from extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and critical inquiry.

IV. This skill cannot be exerted, if the patient is not seen.

V. Gross ignorance of the propriety of language, in a man who pretends to have studied Physic, is an incontestible proof of insolence and stupidity.

VI. He, therefore, who does not see the absurdity of professing to cure incurable diseases, cannot possibly have acquired sufficient knowledge to cure any.

VII. To detect a man in deliberately writing and publishing gross nonsense, in an advertisement of his medical skill, written in his native language, is to arrest 'the foe of mankind in his walk,' and to intercept the 'arrow that flies in darkness.'

This task is at present left to the Adventurer; and this task he will continue to perform, till the Legislature shall take it out of his hands.

N° 28. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1753.

Cœlo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Lunâ, rustica Phidyle;
Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fœcunda vitis——— HOR.

If rustic Phidyle her prayer renews,
Her artless prayer when sacred hours return,
Her vines shall droop beneath no blighting dews,
Nor southern storms her yellow harvest burn.

THAT mankind have any natural propensity to ill, or that their minds are subject to the influence of any invisible and malevolent being, are notions that of late have been treated with the utmost contempt and disdain. And yet I have remarked, that men frequently neglect to practise those duties of religion, without which they believe the Divine Favour

cannot be secured, though by such neglect they do not obtain any immediate advantage.

The miserable wretches who swarm in the streets of this metropolis, covered with filth and rags, pining with cold and hunger, and rotting with diseases, will be found to have a general belief, that by going to church men please God, and obtain the pardon of their sins; and yet those who expect to be relieved by the congregation, will linger at the church door till the service is at an end. In this instance, surely, they become, in their own opinion, the servants of sin, for no other wages than death. To the rich, irreligion, as well as vice, sometimes offers immediate pleasure; and it is easy to conceive, why they should rather sink in a luxurious slumber on a bed of down, than kneel at the altar; but why does the beggar in the severity of winter, shiver at the porch, when he might take shelter in the aisle? If he was as near to any other building which he could as easily enter, he would not hesitate a moment; but rather than become a candidate for the blessing of God, he will forego the advantage of exciting the charity of the devout, by an appearance of devotion.

Of the duties and the privileges of religion, prayer is generally acknowledged to be the chief: and yet I am afraid, that there are few who will not be able to recollect some seasons, in which their unwillingness to pray has been more than in proportion to the labour and the time that it required; seasons in which they would have been less willing to repeat a prayer than any other composition; and rather than have spent five minutes in an address to God, would have devoted an equal space of time wholly to the convenience of another, without any enjoyment or advantage to themselves.

These facts, I believe, will scarce be controverted

by any; and those who cannot shew that they have adequate natural causes, must allow that they have some other. It also must be acknowledged, that if men are tempted to neglect the worship of God by any spiritual enemy, to worship God is by such an enemy known to be their interest: but because I would not rest much upon this argument in favour of religion, I shall only say, that it has more force than any that I have heard against it.

I believe, indeed, there are some who, with whatever reluctance, punctually conform to the rituals of religion, as an atonement for an allowed and perpetual neglect of virtue; who dream, that by going to church on Sunday, they balance the account of the week, and may again lie, defraud, swear, and be drunken with impunity. These wretches, although in spite of indignation they move my pity, I shall not here reprove, because their conduct does not only imply the grossest ignorance, but the most deplorable stupidity; and it is hopeless to write for those, of whom it cannot be expected that they should read.

There are others, who, believing that neither virtue nor religion alone is sufficient to secure immortality, neglect Religion as useless, because they cannot resolve to practise Virtue: so the purchase of a telescope would be a superfluous expence to a man that is blind, though all the advantages of sight cannot be obtained without it by those who can see.

Upon these slaves of sensuality, it is to be feared little effect can be produced, by an address either to their reason or their passions: for their reason is already convinced, and their passions alarmed; they live in a perpetual violation of the dictates of conscience; purposes of amendment are every moment formed and broken; they look backward with

remorse, and forward with terror; and they accumulate guilt, even while they are anticipating judgment. Nor can I press them to put on an appearance of religion for mere temporary purposes; not only because it would be an aggravation of their wickedness, but because it would conceal their true character, and might, therefore, injure society.

A man who lives apparently without religion, declares to the world, that he is without virtue, however he may otherwise conceal his vices: for when the obstacles to virtue are surmounted, the obstacles to religion are few. What should restrain him who has broken the bonds of appetite, from rising at the call of devotion? Will not he who has accomplished a work of difficulty, secure his reward at all events, when to secure it is easy? Will not he that has panted in the race stretch forth his hand to receive the prize?

It may, perhaps, be expected, that from this general censure I should except those, who believe that all religion is the contrivance of tyranny and cunning; and that every human action which has Deity for its object, is enthusiastic and absurd. But of these there are few, who do not give other evidence of their want of virtue, than their neglect of religion; and even of this few it must be acknowledged, that they have not equal motives to virtue, and therefore to say, that they have not equal virtue, is only to affirm that effects are proportionate to their causes; a proposition which, I am confident, no Philosopher will deny.

By these motives, I do not mean merely the hope and fear of future reward and punishment; but such as arise from the exercise of religious duties, both in public and private, and especially of prayer.

I know, that concerning the operation and effects

of prayer, there has been much doubtful disputation, in which innumerable metaphysical subtilties have been introduced, and the understanding has been bewildered in sophistry, and affronted with jargon: Those who have no other proofs of the fitness and advantage of prayer than are to be found among these speculations, are but little acquainted with the practice.

He who has acquired an experimental knowledge of this duty, knows that nothing so forcibly restrains from ill, as the remembrance of a recent address to Heaven for protection and assistance. After having petitioned for power to resist temptation, there is so great an incongruity in not continuing the struggle, that we blush at the thought, and persevere, lest we lose all reverence for ourselves: After fervently devoting our souls to God, we start with horror at immediate apostacy: Every act of deliberate wickedness is then complicated with hypocrisy and ingratitude: it is a mockery of the Father of Mercy; the forfeiture of that peace in which we closed our address, and a renunciation of the hope that it inspired,

For a proof of this, let every man ask himself, as in the presence of 'Him who searches the heart,' whether he has never been deterred from prayer, by his fondness for some criminal gratification, which he could not with sincerity profess to give up, and which he knew he could not afterwards repeat without greater compunction. If prayer and immorality appear to be thus incompatible, prayer should not surely be lightly rejected by those, who contend that moral virtue is the summit of human perfection; nor should it be incumbered with such circumstances, as must inevitably render it less easy and less frequent: It should be considered as the wings of the soul, and should be always ready,

when a sudden impulse prompts her to spring up to God. We should not think it always necessary to be either in a church or in our closet, to express joy, love, desire, trust, reverence, or complacency, in the fervour of a silent ejaculation. Adoration, hope, and even a petition, may be conceived in a moment; and the desire of the heart may ascend, without words, to 'Him by whom our thoughts are known afar off.' He who considers himself as perpetually in the presence of the Almighty, need not fear that gratitude or homage can ever be ill-timed, or that it is prophane thus to worship in any circumstances that are not criminal.

There is no preservative from vice, equal to this habitual and constant intercourse with God; neither does any thing equally alleviate distress, or heighten prosperity: in distress, it sustains us with hope; and in prosperity, it adds to every other enjoyment the delight of gratitude.

Let those, therefore, who have rejected religion, as they have given up incontestible advantages, try whether they cannot yet be recovered; let them review the arguments by which their judgment has been determined, and see whether they compel the assent of reason; and let those, who, upon this recollection, perceive, that, though they have professed infidelity, they do indeed believe and tremble, no longer sacrifice happiness to folly, but pursue that Wisdom 'whose ways are pleasantness and peace.'

Nº 29. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1753.

———*Damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et hæres.* JUV.

If gaming does an aged sire entice,
Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,
And shakes, in hanging sleeves, the little box and dice.
DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It is a remark of some Philosophers, that there is a malignity in human nature, which urges every man to depress him who is already sinking. The Gamester is a character, at which the artillery of the legislature has been long levelled: the practice of his profession has been rendered extremely difficult, and the instruments of it have been destroyed wherever they could be found; he has been persecuted by Justices, Constables, and Watchmen; he has languished in Newgate, and toiled in Bridewell. Under this accumulated distress, he is not the object of pity, but contempt; every mouth is open against him; he is cursed by the mechanic and the trader, derided by wits, and hooted by the mob. In defence of this injured character, which I have long borne, and of which I am not yet ashamed, permit me to appear in your paper.

In the first place, Sir, the Gamester is a Gentleman: and though he has been insulted by beggars

and cits, the polite world is still in his interest; and he has still friends at Westminster, from the grey-headed General to the beardless Senator. With the character of a gentleman, there is but one vice which is now believed to be wholly incompatible; and such is the malice of our enemies, that we have been degraded by the imputation of it, and our ruling passion is said to be Avarice.

But, can he be avaricious, who trusts his whole property to Chance? who immediately circulates what he wins, with a liberality that has been censured by others as profusion? Can Avarice be his motive to play, who, with twenty thousand pounds in the funds, sits down with a man whose whole estate he knows to be in his pocket, and to amount to no more than ten pieces? As the love of money appears incontestibly not to govern one of these persons, it cannot be proved to govern the other: The charge of Avarice is, indeed so ridiculous and absurd, that I am ashamed of an attempt to confute it.

This charge might with great justice be retorted upon Trade, which, when put in competition with Gaming, must appear to great disadvantage. Trade has besides introduced all the superfluities that have enervated and corrupted mankind. Trade has even produced opposite evils; it has pampered luxury, and wearied labour; but Gaming has done neither.

Trade, indeed, circulates property; but property might with greater advantage be circulated by Gaming. If it be asked, how the persons employed in this delightful circulation of property, are to be furnished with the necessaries of life, when trade is at an end? I answer, that the necessaries of life, in the estimation of Virtue and the Gamester, are few; a sheepskin, a hovel, and a dice-box, would

furnish the Gamester with sufficient apparel, shelter, and entertainment; and with these he would be as happy as he is now; for he has no power of acquiring happiness that is not exerted in play, and of other happiness he has indeed no conception.

If play was then universally pursued, as at once comprehending all business and all pleasure, one man might not only grow rich and another poor, but the same person might alternately pass through all the vicissitudes of fortune, while he sat upon the ground in the sun, without toiling in the manufactory, or sweating at the forge, without the perplexity of accounts, or the perils of a voyage.

If it be again asked when life is reduced to this state of primitive simplicity, what would be the advantage of wealth? I answer, the same as it is at present to those who possess more than they spend, a consciousness that they are wealthy; and those who are capable of more exalted felicity, would enjoy in the acquisition the transport of winning, without considering money to have any power, quality, or use, but as a stake.

These, indeed, are Utopian scenes; and I return, with a sigh, to vindicate my profession from other imputations, which are equally false and injurious. It has been said that we are strangers to reciprocal felicity; and that the happiness of one Gamester is produced by the misery of another, the pain of him who loses being always proportioned to the pleasure of the winner. But this is only the cavil of popular prejudice: If I am happy, what is it to me who else is miserable? Every man, whatever he may pretend, is concerned only for himself; and might, consistent with right reason, cut any other man's throat if he could escape punishment, and secure to himself any advantage by the fact. If any of your readers have still scruples, and desire

to see this doctrine farther illustrated, I refer them to the great Dr. Mandeville's Fable of the Bees.

Among other enemies, that have been encouraged to fall upon the Gamester in his distress, is Bigotry or Religion; for I consider both these terms as expressions of the same idea. Bigotry then accuses us with exercising our employment on a Sunday; but this accusation is the effect of such complicated folly, ignorance, and malice, that it could have had no other author. Not to insist that a gentleman is under no moral obligation to regard one day more than another, is he to be insulted for doing that, which has a direct tendency to destroy luxury root and branch, on a Sunday? Shall Virtue, in this enlightened age, be given up to ceremony? and Patriotism be stigmatized as Impiety? I have, on every other article, been able to keep my temper; but I can never hear the cant of Bigotry with patience.

There is, however, another charge, which I shall not obviate as an imputation of prophaneness, but of folly. It is said that we utter the most horrid oaths and imprecations; that we invocate beings whom we do not believe to exist, and denounce curses that can never be fulfilled. This has, indeed, been practised in our assemblies; but by those only who are novices in the profession: for among other advantages that arise from Gaming, is such a silent acquiescence in the will of Fortune, as would do honour to a Stoic; or, at least a calm philosophical immutability of countenance, by which all that passes in the bosom is concealed.

This acquisition, it must be confessed, requires some parts, and long practice; but there have been many illustrious examples of it among us. A Gentleman, my particular friend, who had the honour to be many years an eminent Gamester, being with-

out money, committed a robbery upon the highway, to procure another stake, that he might return to his profession: It happened unfortunately that he was taken; and though he had great interest with some persons that shall be nameless, yet he was convicted and hanged. This Gentleman's ill luck continued all the while he was in gaol; so that he was compelled to dispose of his body to the Surgeons, and lost the money to a friend who visited him in the cells, the night before execution. He appeared, however, next morning with great composure; no reflection on the past, no anticipation of the future, caused him once to change countenance during his passage to the gallows; and though he was about to receive death from a greasy scoundrel, whom he knew once to have been a butcher, yet he swore but two oaths in the cart; and was so indifferent as to what should afterwards befal him, that he bravely refused to say Amen to the Prayers.

If by your communication of these hints, the clamours of slander shall be silenced, and the true character of a Gamester shall be more generally known,—I have secrets, which may be communicated entre nous,—and the next dead set—you understand me—I am a man of honour, and you may command,

Sir, Yours, &c.

TIM. COGDIE.

N° 30. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1753.

Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citiùs solvet amor die.

HOR.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights
Whom Love with mutual bonds unites;
Unbroken by complaints or ſtrife,
And binding each to each for life.

FRANCIS.

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the Ladies, yet there are some parts of it which I hope will not be wholly useless to the Gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject, which to both is of equal importance; especially after I have admitted the public recommendation of it by my correspondent Mr. Townly.

It has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur: I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that 'the best husband is a reformed rake;' a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is

commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible proof, that with the true character of a Rake the Ladies are wholly unacquainted. 'They have,' indeed, 'heard of a wild young Gentleman, who would rake about the town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him: and had a right to many a child that did not call him father: but that in some of these frolicks he thought no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered.' But let the Adventurer be believed, these are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood:

'To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to associate with the vilest and most abandoned of human beings; it is to become familiar with blasphemy and lewdness, and frequently to sport with the most deplorable misery: To tell pretty stories to credulous girls, is to deceive the simplicity of innocence by cunning and falsehood: To be the father of a nameless progeny, is to desert those, whose tears only can implore the protection, to which of all others they have the strongest and the tenderest claim; it is more than to be a man without affection, it is to be a brute without instinct. To think no harm in some of these frolicks, is to have worn out all sensibility of the difference between right and wrong; and to have suffered for others, is to have a body contaminated with diseases, which in some degree are certainly transmitted to posterity.'

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture, will be sufficient to deter the Ladies from precluding happiness by marrying the original; and from discouraging virtue, by making vice necessary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle,

which, though not equally fatal and absurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the rake is excluded, it will be generally supposed, that superior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. 'A man of fine sense,' is indeed a character of great dignity; and the Ladies have always been advised to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to bestow 'that refined, exalted, and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of a rational being.' But I think it probable that this advice, however specious, has been often given for no other reason, than because to give it flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the Ladies universally affect to approve, and probably for a similar reason; since every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high estimation, is to demonstrate that she possesses it.

As he that would persuade, should be scrupulously careful not to offend, I will not insinuate that there are any Ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted understanding cannot be discerned, and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleasure which it can bestow. And yet, I think, there is another excellence which is much more essential to conjugal felicity, Good Nature.

I know that Good Nature has, like Socrates, been ridiculed in the habit of Folly; and that Folly has been dignified by the name of Good Nature. But by Good Nature, I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with every request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the

expence of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true Good Nature, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive, to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection than we do ourselves.

I shall, perhaps, be told, that 'a man of sense can never use a woman ill.' The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense can 'use a woman ill,' I will not inquire, but I shall endeavour to shew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Persons of keen penetration, and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily be more frequently offended than others; so, as a punishment for the offence, they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom Good Nature does not restrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus punished.

If this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late; the dread of incurring the same anguish by a like fault, will substitute for the smile of

cheerfulness, that sunshine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and anxiety. The offence will, notwithstanding, be again repeated; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse will again return; because error is involuntary, and anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deserved, becomes the subject of debate, the consequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to shew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these circumstances, what will become of 'the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of reasonable beings, and which elevated genius only can bestow?'

That this conduct is, by a man of sense, known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good Nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, Wisdom is not kind; without it, Folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, 'The quality most essential to conjugal felicity is Good Nature.' And, surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves, it is easy to perceive which sensation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected that I should give some

general rules, by which the ladies may discover the disposition of those by whom they are addressed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidst the assiduities of courtship, and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise, the Lover. Good nature, however, is not indicated by the fulsome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the Lover is affected, by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependents, and whether they approach him with a slavish timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress? Does he mention the absent with candour, and behave to those who are present with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, Good Nature is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give: Reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is instinct, in these be reason; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the sourness of the crab inhances the value of the graft, so that which

on its parent plant is Good Nature, will, on a less kindly stock be improved by virtue. No action by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent: the Sacred rule, 'Do that to others which ye would that others should do to you,' extends to every deed; and 'every word shall be brought into judgment.'

N° 31. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1753.

Invidiâ Siculi non invenere Tyranni
Majus tormentum ———

HOR.

Nor could Sicilia's tyrants ever find
A greater torment than an envious mind.

FRANCIS.

SOON after the expiration of that golden age, in which perpetual and spontaneous plenty precluded all temptation to violence and fraud, Apollo, the God of Wisdom, of Eloquence, and Music, became enamoured of one of the Nymphs who graced the train of Diana. The Nymph, whose name time has not preserved with her story, was at first inflexible; but the suit which her chastity refused, her vanity still continued to permit: and thus, though wisdom, eloquence, and music, were ineffectual; yet perseverance prevailed. The pride of virtue was imperceptibly softened; and the sense of guilt had been so often lost in the anticipation of delight, that it did not always return: to this delight their remain-

ed no obstacle but the fear of shame; and the fear of shame, as desire perpetually increased, was at last surmounted.

Apollo perceived and pursued his advantage; and the Nymph silently consented to an assignation; the place was a grotto far sequestered from the path of the traveller, and the time was midnight.

When nature no longer lavished her bounty upon idleness, and the fruits of the earth were bestowed only upon labour; when the harvest and the vintage ceased to be common, and the bounds of property were set up; many vices under human forms became inhabitants of the earth, and associated with mankind. Of some the external appearance was pleasing, and their qualities were not immediately discovered. Among these vices was Envy: Envy, indeed, was never lovely; but she was then young, nor was the malignity of her mind yet expressed in her person.

As Apollo was enamoured of the Nymph, Envy was enamoured of Apollo: she watched his descent, therefore, with all the impatience of desire; and though she knew her own passion to be hopeless, yet the discovery of his addresses to another, distracted her with jealousy: she was always busied to procure intelligence which could only increase her torment; and was perpetually contemplating the happiness which she despaired to enjoy.

It happened that the assignation of the lovers was overheard by Echo, and by Echo repeated to Envy. This intelligence roused her to a yet keener sensibility of misery: to intercept the happiness of a rival, was the first object of her wish; and the next moment she conceived a design of securing that happiness to herself. To effect both these purposes, a thousand projects had been by turns contrived, examined, and rejected; her mind was more vio-

lently agitated, in proportion as the time drew more near; and after all the toil of thinking had ended in despair, an expedient suddenly started into her mind, which she perceived at once to be simple and easy; she wondered how it had been before overlooked, and resolved immediately to put it in execution.

It was within one hour of midnight, when the Nymph took her way to the grotto. She was now pale with remorse, and now flushed with shame; she hesitated; her bosom again beat with anticipated delight; she trembled, and went forward. Envy perceived her at a distance; and cast round her a thick cloud, which scarce the beams of Phœbus himself could have dissipated. The Nymph looked round for the grotto, but suddenly perceived herself to be involved in impenetrable darkness; she could discover neither the sky above her, nor the ground on which she stood: she stopt short, terrified and astonished; desire was chilled in her veins, and she shuddered at the temerity of her purpose.

In this dreadful moment she had no hope of deliverance, but from the power whose laws she had been about to violate; and she, therefore, addressed this prayer to Diana: 'Chaste queen of irreproachable delight! who, though my mind had renounced thy influence, hast yet by this omen preserved me from corporal dishonour; O! guide me in safety through the terrors of this guilty night: let me once more be permitted to pursue the chace at thy side; and to mingle with the happy virgins, whom Cheerfulness, the daughter of Innocence, assembles at thy bower!' As she uttered this prayer, she hastily turned about; and the moment she made an effort to go back, her prayer was granted; the gloom that surrounded her was dissipated; and she again perceived the mild radiance of her queen

tremble upon the foliage of the trees, and chequer the path before her with a silver light. She now sprang forward, impelled by that joy which her deliverance had inspired; her speed was no longer restrained by the timidity of guilt; the solitary way was repassed in a moment; and her desire to return had been so ardent that she could scarce believe it to be accomplished.

In the mean time, Envy had entered the grotto, and was expecting Apollo: she heard him approach with a tumult of passions, in which pain was predominant; and she received him in silence and confusion, which otherwise she would have found it difficult to feign.

When the momentary transport which she had thus obtained, was at an end, she perceived that it had been too dearly purchased with safety: she reflected upon her situation with terror; and wished, too late, that the Nymph, whose pleasure she had intercepted, had received it in her stead, as it would have been more than counterbalanced by a small proportion of her pain: her pain was not, however, produced by regretting the loss of innocence, but by anticipating the punishment of guilt.

Apollo, who knew not how wretched and malignant a being he had clasped to his bosom, whispered a thousand tender sentiments, and urged her to reply. Envy was still silent; but knowing that she could not in these circumstances continue long undetected, she suddenly collected all her forces, and sprung from him, hoping to have escaped unknown in the darkness of the night: but just as she reached the entrance of the grotto, he again caught her in his arms. Envy shrieked in the anguish of despair; and the God himself started back with astonishment: he would not, however, quit his hold of the fugitive; and Diana, that she might not lose an op-

portunity to punish incontinence, darted her rays directly upon the place. Apollo discovered the features of Envy, and turned from her with abhorrence. After a moment's recollection, looking again sternly upon her, 'Loathed and detested as thou art,' said he, 'I cannot destroy thee, for thou art immortal as the felicity of heaven: and I wish not to destroy thee, for immortality is thy curse. But may my arms again embrace thee, and may thy bosom be again pressed to mine, if thy power thus to profane the delights of love end not this moment for ever: henceforth thy face shall be deformed with the characteristics of want and age, and snakes instead of hair shall be the covering of thy head; thy breasts shall be lengthened to thy waist, and thy skin shall be suffused with gall.' While he was yet speaking, the freshness of youth faded from her cheeks; her eyes sunk inward; her tresses, that flowed in loose ringlets upon her shoulders, were suddenly contracted; and wreathing themselves in various contortions, a brood of serpents hissed round her head; her flesh became flaccid, her skin appeared shrivelled and yellow, and her whole form expressed at once malignity and wretchedness.

Thus changed, she fled from the presence of Apollo: but she carried with her not a memorial of her crime only, but of that pleasure which her punishment had rendered it impossible to repeat. A child, which she regarded as at once her glory and her shame, was at length born, and afterwards known among mankind by the name of Cunning.

In Cunning, the qualities both of the father and the mother, as far as they are compatible, are united. As the progeny of Envy, he regards whatever is amiable and good with malignity; the end that he proposes, therefore, is always the gratification

of vice: but he inherits so much of his father's wisdom, that he frequently pursues that end by the most effectual means.

All, therefore, whom Wisdom would disdain to counsel, apply to Cunning. But of the votaries to Cunning, even those who succeed are disappointed: they do, indeed, frequently obtain the immediate object of their wish, but they are still restless and unsatisfied; as the statesman, after he has gratified his ambition, still sighs in vain for felicity.

N° 32. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1753.

Mundæ—parvo sub lare Pauperum
Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,
Sollicitam explicuēre frontem.

HOR.

To frugal treats and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly,
Where health-preserving plainness dwells,
Far from the carpet's gaudy dye.
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.

FRANCIS.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was

feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. 'Son of affliction,' said Omar, 'who art thou, and what is thy distress?' 'My name,' replied the stranger, 'is Hassan, and I am a native of this city; the Angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver.' 'To deliver thee,' said Omar, 'belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain.' Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years, since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the Prophet as the Prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as

was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name. ' Hassan,' said he, ' I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.' These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: ' Hassan,' said he, ' forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.' I answered, ' Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.' ' Hassan' he replied, ' I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in

thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.' He then rose up, and, commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence: and reserved only a matrass, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the mo-

ment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. 'Hassan,' said he, 'what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thy own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.' I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, 'Let my Lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy: but why should it be thought that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?'

When I had finished this speech Almalic stood some moments in suspence, and I continued prostrate before him. 'Hassan,' said he, 'I perceive, not with indignation but regret that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouze them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, least thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.' I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment

in an extasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the Caravansera, in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; and I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath; such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Aububeker, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy: he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had

not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca: but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasures of neither can return. Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, 'My son,' said he, 'more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububeker take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

'Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things: put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy content

also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven,'

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual: and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

N° 33. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1753.

——*Latet anguis in herba.* VIRG.

Within the grass conceal'd a serpent lies.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

As the view of public undertakings should be the public good, no foible that is prejudicial to society can be too trifling to be animadverted upon. I shall, therefore, without any farther apology, lay before you one of the greatest impediments to the pleasure of conversation: an artful manner of conveying keen reproaches and harsh satires, under the disguise of discoursing on general subjects, which seem quite foreign to any thing that may concern the company. Thus, instead of endeavouring to entertain each other with cheerful good-humour,

most conversations are carried on, as Hudibras says,

'With words, far bitterer than wormwood,
'That would in Job or Grizzel stir mood.'

It is an old and a just observation, that no situation can well be less entertaining, than that of a third person to lovers: yet while decency is preserved, which is generally the case before marriage, and by sensible well-bred people afterwards; even in this situation, the mind that is stored with any images of its own, may amuse itself; and the heart that is fraught with any good-nature may find some satisfaction in considering the pleasure which the fond lovers enjoy in the company of each other. But from the uneasiness of being a third person to Quarrellers, there is no relief: your own thoughts are broke in upon by the jarring discord of your companions; and they will neither contribute to your entertainment, nor even suffer you to retain the tranquillity of your own bosom.

Amongst the vulgar, where the men vent their passions by swearing, and the women by scolding or crying, their quarrels are generally soon made up, nor does any anger remain after reconciliation. But in higher life, where such efforts are restrained by good-breeding, and where people have learned to disguise, not to subdue their passions, an inveterate rancour often lies corroding in the breast, and generally produces all the effects of inexorable malice.

People consider not, that by family repartees and oblique reflections on each other, the very inmost secrets of their lives are disclosed to their common acquaintance; and that they oftentimes inconsiderately lay open to their worst enemies, faults and imperfections in themselves and their

relations, which they would take pains to conceal from their dearest friends.

To give you a full idea of what I mean, I send you a history of my life and adventures for one day; and I wish I could say it was the only one, in which I have been witness to such disagreeable scenes as are here represented.

In the morning I breakfasted with two young ladies. Miss Harriet, the elder sister, was about the age of nineteen, and Miss Fanny, the youngest, not quite seventeen. Their parents are able amply to provide for them; and have spared no cost in masters of every kind, in order to give them all fashionable female accomplishments. Ever since they have quitted the nursery, they have been indulged in seeing their own company in Miss Harriet's dressing-room, which is finished and adorned with great elegance of taste and profusion of expence. They are both possessed of no small share of beauty, with so much quickness of apprehension and ready wit, as might, if rightly applied, render them extremely entertaining. Not one real misfortune can they yet have met with, to sour their tempers or suppress their vivacity: yet I could plainly see, that they were very far from being happy, and that their unhappiness arose from their continual bickerings with each other. After breakfast, Miss Fanny took up a volume of Shakspeare's plays that lay in the window, and out of the Midsummer Night's Dream, read the following part of a speech which Helena makes to her friend Hermia, in the third act;

> ' Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid!
> Have you contriv'd, have you with these contrived
> To bait me with this foul derision?
> Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
> The sisters vows, the hours that we have spent,
> When we have chid the hasty-footed time
> For parting us; O! and is all forgot!'

Then laying down the book with the tears half starting from her eyes, she looked earnestly at her sister, and in a tone more theatrical than I wish to hear off the stage, cried out, 'Oh! wretched Helena, unhappy maid! I wonder not that in your circumstances you imagined that every word was intended as an insult; since no doubt you had often experienced such inhuman treatment.' Miss Harriet with some warmth answered, 'You should remember, Sister, that Helena was a foolish weak girl, fond of a man that despised her; and it was kind of any body to endeavour to cure her of such a mean-spirited passion.'

Fanny. 'Tis always cruel, Sister, to insult the wretched.

Harriet. Those that are miserable by their own folly, Miss Fanny, will call every thing insult and reproach, that tends not to soothe and encourage them in a silly passion.

Fanny. If love is a silly passion, Miss Harriet, I know some mighty *wise* people that have felt its power.

Harriet. I don't say love is a silly passion, where it is properly placed: but I know, Madam, that a headstrong young girl will always be angry with every one that advises her for her own good.

Fanny. And I know, also, Madam—

As soon as the affectionate name of Sister was dropped, and the ceremony of Miss supplied its place, I even then began to fear, lest ceremony would also undergo the same fate, and that passion at last would introduce open rudeness: but the word Madam doubly retorted, no sooner reached my ears, than trembling for the event, I interrupted the dialogue by taking my leave; and I doubt not but any one from this sketch may easily be able to paint in what manner these young ladies pass most of their hours together.

From hence I went to visit three cousins, who, although they had moderate independent fortunes, yet had for some years lived together as one family. They were women of an obscure and low education, but commonly reputed good-natured. I took it for granted, therefore, that I should meet with some harmony amongst them: but by their conversation I soon found, that they continued under the same roof, for no other reason, but because each fancied herself obliged to it she knew not why, and could not tell how to extricate herself from imaginary chains.

Whatever conversation I began with a design of amusing them, was interrupted by their all talking at once upon the subject which seemed uppermost in their minds; and proving to a demonstration, that one person could live by herself much cheaper than with a companion; and each separately declared, that She could live for a mere trifle, was it not for expensive connexions. Then running through every branch of house-keeping, each inveighed strongly against some article, which either she did not like, or from ill health could not enjoy, and which she knew also to be agreeable to her companions. This discourse was too vulgar as well as disagreeable to be long endured; I therefore hastened off as fast as possible, and went to dinner, where the family consisted of an old gentleman and lady, their two daughters, and two young gentlemen, who, I soon found, were the intended lovers of the young ladies. By intended lovers, I mean they were young gentlemen, whose fortunes and characters were agreeable to the parents; and the design of this interview was for the young people to see whether they were agreeable to each other. I now expected the highest scene of cheerfulness and good-humour; for on such occasions both gentlemen and ladies generally dress themselves in their best looks

and their best humour, as certainly as in their best and most becoming clothes. The two gentlemen I soon perceived had made a separate choice; but, unfortunately, the two ladies were both bent on the conquest of the same man; to compass which, their features and persons, through affectation, were thrown into a thousand distortions. From an envious fear of each other's success, lowring suspicion sat upon their brows; and their eyes, which were naturally piercing, darted forth such malignant glances at each other, that they lost all their beauty, and, from being turned so many ways at once, looked as if they squinted. Their whole discourse consisted of sharp reflections against coquetry; each insinuating in pretty intelligible terms, that the other was a finished coquet: and indeed they spared not, in an indirect manner, to accuse each other of every ill quality in human nature. How this recommended them to their lovers, I know not; but it made their company, partly through compassion, and partly through indignation, so unpleasant to me, that as soon as I could, consistent with civility, I took my leave, and closed this *agreeable* day with a married couple, the motive of whose coming together was said to be love, for no other could well be assigned for it. They had beeu married some years, but had no children; which I soon found was no small grief to the husband, by his talking in raptures of every prattling child he had met with abroad; to which the wife always answered, that she was sick of hearing of nothing but the monkey tricks of a parcel of senseless brats. As they were both people of tolerable understanding, and were said to be very fond of reading, I endeavoured to turn the discourse into another channel, which was pretty easily done, and they with great readiness entered into a conversa-

tion on plays and books of amusement. But here again not a single character could be mentioned, without causing a warm dispute between the husband and wife: she most outrageously inveighed against every example of a kind and obliging wife, whose behaviour, she said, was the effect of a paltry meanness of spirit; while he burst out in raptures on the happiness of every libertine, who was not bound by the uneasy fetters of matrimony. Both had some poetical passage ready to repeat in support of their decisions; and their eyes were alternately cast towards me, as claiming my approbation.

Could I possibly want to be farther informed of their private history? Or can I claim to myself any peculiar penetration, for saying that Mr. B—— is grown sick of his wife, and is a man of pleasure and intrigue; and that she leads him a weary life from suspicion of his amours, being resolved not to incur that censure of mean-spiritedness, which she cast on every character that exemplified any degree of patience and acquiescence towards a husband? Nay, without the least spark of divination, I will venture to foretel, that Mr. B——, driven from his own house by the petulance and clamours of his wife, will spend most of his time with some favourite courtezan, whose interest it is to engage him by cheerfulness and good-humour: and that Mrs. B——, piqued at the neglect of her charms, may possibly revenge the inconstancy of her husband, by sacrificing her own virtue and honour.

If, Sir, you can prevail with people not to expose themselves in this manner, and can persuade them, that Good-humour would be a more agreeable entertainment to their guests, than the most costly provisions; you will certainly do an effential

piece of service to society, and you may command all the assistance in the power of

*** Your most obedient, &c.

MYRTILLA.

N° 34. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1753.

Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas. JUV.

Such fate pursues the votaries of praise.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, *Fleet-Prison, Feb. 24.*

To a benevolent disposition, every state of life will afford some opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and splendour are enabled to dispel the cloud of adversity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increase the felicity of all around them; their example will animate virtue, and retard the progress of vice. And even indigence and obscurity, though without power to confer happiness, may at least prevent misery, and apprize those who are blinded by their passions that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

Pleased, therefore, with the thought of recovering others from that folly which has embittered my own days, I have presumed to address the Adventurer from the dreary mansions of wretchedness and despair, of which the gates are so wonderfully constructed, as to fly open for the reception of

strangers, though they are impervious as a rock of adamant to such as are within them:

Facilis descensus Averni;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But to return and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies. DRYDEN.

Suffer me to acquaint you, Sir, that I have glittered at the ball, and sparkled in the circle; that I have had the happiness to be the unknown favourite of an unknown lady at the masquerade, have been the delight of tables of the first fashion, and the envy of my brother beaux; and to descend a little lower, it is, I believe, still remembered, that Messrs. Velours and d'Espagne stand indebted for a great part of their present influence at Guildhall, to the elegance of my shape, and the graceful freedom of my carriage.

——*Sed quæ præclara, et prospera tanti,*
Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum! JUV.

See the wild purchase of the bold and vain,
Where every bliss is bought with equal pain!

As I entered into the world very young, with an elegant person and a large estate, it was not long before I disentangled myself from the shackles of religion; for I was determined to the pursuit of pleasure, which according to my notions consisted in the unrestrained and unlimited gratification of every passion and every appetite; and as this could not be obtained under the frowns of a perpetual dictator, I considered religion as my enemy; and

proceeding to treat her with contempt and derision, was not a little delighted, that the unfashionableness of her appearance, and the unanimated uniformity of her motions, afforded frequent opportunities for the sallies of my imagination.

Conceiving now that I was sufficiently qualified to laugh away scruples, I imparted my remarks to those among my female favourites, whose virtue I intended to attack; for I was well assured, that pride would be able to make but a weak defence, when religion was subverted; nor was my success below my expectation: the love of pleasure is too strongly implanted in the female breast, to suffer them scrupulously to examine the validity of arguments designed to weaken restraint; all are easily led to believe, that whatever thwarts their inclination must be wrong: little more, therefore, was required, than by the addition of some circumstances, and the exaggeration of others, to make merriment supply the place of demonstration; nor was I so senseless as to offer arguments to such as could not attend to them, and with whom a repartee or catch would more effectually answer the same purpose. This being effected, there remained only 'the dread of the world:' but Roxana soared too high, to think the opinion of others worthy her notice; Lætitia seemed to think of it only to declare, 'that if all her hairs were worlds,' she should reckon them 'well lost for love;' and Pastorella fondly conceived, that she could dwell for ever by the side of a bubbling fountain, content with her swain and fleecy care; without considering that stillness and solitude can afford satisfaction only to innocence.

It is not the desire of new acquisitions, but the glory of conquests, that fires the soldier's breast; as indeed the town is seldom worth much, when it

has suffered the devastations of a siege; so that though I did not openly declare the effects of my own prowess, which is forbidden by the laws of honour, it cannot be supposed that I was very solicitous to bury my reputation, or to hinder accidental discoveries. To have gained one victory, is an inducement to hazard a second engagement: and though the success of the general should be a reason for increasing the strength of the fortification, it becomes, with many, a pretence for an immediate surrender, under the notion that no power is able to withstand so formidable an adversary; while others brave the danger, and think it mean to surrender, and dastardly to fly. Melissa, indeed, knew better; and though she could not boast the apathy, steadiness, and inflexibility of a Cato, wanted not the more prudent virtue of Scipio, and gained the victory by declining the contest.

You must not, however, imagine, that I was, during this state of abandoned libertinism, so fully convinced of the fitness of my own conduct, as to be free from uneasiness. I knew very well, that I might justly be deemed the pest of society, and that such proceedings must terminate in the destruction of my health and fortune; but to admit thoughts of this kind was to live upon the rack: I fled, therefore, to the regions of mirth and jollity, as they are called, and endeavoured with Burgundy, and a continual rotation of company, to free myself from the pangs of reflection. From these orgies we frequently sallied forth in quest of adventures, to the no small terror and consternation of all the sober stragglers that came in our way; and though we never injured, like our illustrious progenitors, the Mohocks, either life or limbs; yet we have in the midst of Covent-Garden buried a taylor, who had been troublesome to some

of our fine gentlemen, beneath a heap of cabbage-leaves and stalks, with this conceit,

Satia te caule quem semper cupisti.

Glut yourself with cabbage, of which you have always been greedy.

There can be no reason for mentioning the common exploits of breaking windows and bruising the watch; unless it be to tell you of the device of producing before the justice broken lanthorns, which have been paid for a hundred times: or their appearance with patches on their heads, under pretence of being cut by the sword that was never drawn: nor need I say any thing of the more formidable attack of sturdy chairmen, armed with poles; by a slight stroke of which the pride of Ned Revel's face was at once laid flat, and that effected in an instant, which its most mortal foe had for years essayed in vain. I shall pass over the accidents that attend attempts to scale windows, and endeavours to dislodge signs from their hooks: there are many 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' besides those in the 'imminent deadly breach;' but the rake's life, though it be equally hazardous with that of the soldier, is neither accompanied with present honour nor with pleasing retrospect: such is, and such ought to be the difference, between the enemy and the preserver of his country.

Amidst such giddy and thoughtless extravagance, it will not seem strange, that I was often the dupe of coarse flattery. When Mons. L'Allonge assured me that I thrust quart over arm better than any man in England, what could I less than present him with a sword that cost me thirty pieces? I was bound for a hundred pounds for Tom Trippet, because he had declared that he would dance a minuet

with any man in the three kingdoms except myself. But I often parted with money against my inclination, either because I wanted the resolution to refuse, or dreaded the appellation of a niggardly fellow; and I may be truly said to have squandered my estate, without honour, without friends, and without pleasure. The last may, perhaps, appear strange to men unacquainted with the masquerade of life: I deceived others, and I endeavoured to deceive myself: and have worn the face of pleasantry and gaiety, while my heart suffered the most exquisite torture.

By the instigation and encouragement of my friends, I became at length ambitious of a seat in parliament; and accordingly set out for the town of Wallop in the west, where my arrival was welcomed by a thousand throats, and I was in three days sure of a majority: but after drinking out one hundred and fifty hogsheads of wine, and bribing two-thirds of the corporation twice over, I had the mortification to find, that the borough had been before sold to Mr. Courtly.

In a life of this kind, my fortune, though considerable, was presently dissipated; and as the attraction grows more strong the nearer any body approaches the earth, when once a man begins to sink into poverty, he falls with velocity always increasing; every supply is purchased at a higher and higher price, and every office of kindness obtained with greater and greater difficulty. Having now acquainted you with my state of elevation, I shall, if you encourage the continuance of my correspondence, shew you by what steps I descended from a first floor in Pall-Mall to my present habitation.

I am, Sir,

T Your humble Servant,

MISARGYRUS.

N° 35. TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1753.

——— *Celebrare domestica facta.*

HOR.

We find fit subjects for our verse at home.

ROSCOM.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

ONE of the improvements of life in which the present age has excelled all that have gone before, is the quick circulation of intelligence, the faithful and easy communication of events past and future, by the multitude of newspapers which have been contrived to amuse or inform us. But as these performances, whether daily or weekly, are commonly the productions of industrious indigence, unacquainted with the higher classes of mankind, my contemporaries have left to me the province of relating what immediately passes in the fashionable world. I shall, therefore, give up to my brother journalists the dreams of politicians, the disputes of empires, and the fluctuations of commerce; and apply myself intirely to that more important business which claims every one's attention that has the happiness of living within the circle of politeness. I have accordingly formed the plan of a new paper calculated solely for high life, in which will be contained a periodical account of the rise, progress, and declension of fashions; and a faithful recital of every remarkable occurrence among persons of figure and distinction. The usefulness and entertainment of such a paper, are too evident to need

any observation; and, to give you a comprehensive view of my design, and make it universally known, I have sent you the following specimen.

THE BEAU-MONDE;

OR,

THE GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S POLITE INTELLIGENCER.

Yesterday arrived a Mail from Bath.

We hear that a certain great Lady, having complained to a certain great Lord, that the world was so ill-natured as to say her retreat into the country was in order to lie-in, and that she had even been delivered of Twins, 'Madam,' said my Lord, 'I make it a rule never to believe above Half of what the world says.'

Advices from Hyde Park bring accounts of a bloody battle fought the 3d instant, N. S. between Captain Dreadnought and Lieutenant Fury, in which both were honourably run through the body.

Letters from New-Market assure us, that the horse are actually in motion, and exercise every day; whence it is conjectured, that they will take the field, and enter upon action some time in April. A list of the forces is already drawn up by the first aid-de-camp, the Honourable Reginald Heber, Esq.

An express arrived yesterday from France, when the privy-council met in Tavistock-street for the dispatch of fashions. The British manufacturers had leave to withdraw their petitions, and the fan makers address was ordered to lie upon the table.

Orders were issued from Lady Chamberlain's office, for all Peeresses, &c. not to wear any caps

in full dress, and to make use of grey powder. The men to wear wire wigs, or their own hair frizzeled up to the top, without hats. The muffs to expire the first of May next.

On Tuesday last a pair of white-heel'd shoes made its appearance in the Park, and the next day was accompanied by a pair of silver clock'd stockings.

According to the latest observations the hoops are found to have increased $\frac{2}{10}$ of an inch in diameter, and the hats to have decreased $\frac{2}{5}$ in the brim.

At the last Masquerade it was computed that there were near eighteen hundred people, men, women, and children. The most remarkable were three naked ladies representing the Graces, two dancing bears, and a bombazeen devil. Lady Bubble-Bet lost seven hundred guineas, and my Lord Stake is said to have won fifteen hundred. The company departed in good order at break of day.

Both Playhouses perform, as usual, every night to crowded audiences. Lady Frolick, chusing to mob it in the gallery the first night of the new play, lost her pink shade, half her petenlair, and one shoe in getting in. Mrs. Vale and Lady Stickford may be heard and seen every night at one or the other house.

A petition signed by seventy-two routs, thirty-five drums, fifteen drum-majors and eleven hurricanes, is prepared against the bill for laying an additional duty on the Ace of Spades. And we hear that, in consequence of the New Stile, a bill is to be brought in for altering the diurnal calculation of time. It is proposed, that the morning be put back twelve hours, and is not to commence till twelve at noon; noon and night to be annihilated, and the evening not to end till day-break. This is agreeable to the practice of all the fashionable

world; and the company of Stationers will have orders to prepare a new almanack, upon the occasion, in order to bind up with future court-calendars.

By private letters from Bath we are informed, that a vast concourse of people are coming in daily, but they have little or no company. Miss Susan Sly, who lately went thither for the recovery of her health, is safely brought to bed of a son and no heir, to the great grief of that noble family.

We hear that a treaty of marriage is on foot, and will speedily be consummated between Patrick Mac Lackland, Esq. and Miss Polly Pert, a lady of great merit and beauty——in her pocket.

Last Monday died at her Ladyship's house in Grosvenor-Square, Miss Cloe, only lap-dog of the Countess of Fiddle Faddle.

On Sunday last a terrible fire broke out at Lady Brag's, occasioned by the following accident; Mrs. Overall the housekeeper, having lost three rubbers at whist running, without holding a swabber, (notwithstanding she had changed chairs, furzed the cards, and ordered Jemmy the foot-boy to sit cross-legged for good luck) grew out of all patience; and taking up the devil's books, as she called them, flung them into the fire, and the flames spread to the steward's room; but by the timely assistance of Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Chambermaid, and Mrs. Lady's own Woman, they were prevented from doing any considerable damage.

A BILL OF MARRIAGES, BURIALS, DISEASES, AND CASUALTIES FOR THE LAST WEEK.

Married, in Church	2
at May Fair	11
at the Fleet	27
Buried, in the Country	142

DISEASES.

Abortion	2
Aged	0
Broken heart, by husbands	34
Child-bed, in private	5
Consumption, of the pocket	73
Colds, caught at places of diversion	500
Excessive gaming	92
Bad livers	1000
Mortification	8
Overflowing of the gall	52
Rash	7
Small Pox, loss of beauty by it	23
Spleen	13
Surfeit	18
Still-born	3
Stifled, after birth	19
Tympanies, alias drums	7
Vapours	18

CASUALTIES.

Teeth, loss of	34
Stabbed, in the reputation	12
Horn mad	95
Bit by a mad lap-dog	1
Turned off a ladder	2
Killed, in duels	7
Found dead, drunk	31
Kicked and pulled by the ears	1

High Mall at St. James's Park, twenty-five minutes after Two.

Faro-bank Stock 360l. 1-half. Hazard ditto 270l. 3-8ths. Ditto Tallies 50l. to 400l. 1-4th. Sinking Fund, no price. Brag circulation, uncertain. Opera Subscription, no price. Assembly ditto 52l. 10s.

Concert ditto, 1st Subscription, no price. Ditto, 2d Subscription ditto. Ditto New, 1st Subscription 2l. 12s. 6d. to 3l. 3s. Ditto 2d Subscription 10. 6d. to 4l. 4s. Irish lottery, Books shut. Benefit Tickets 2s. to 3s. to 5s. to 50l. Debts of Honour transferable at White's, no price.

Thus, Sir, I have explained the method that I intend to follow, and imparted some of the materials of which my paper will consist: and as I doubt not of its universal circulation among persons of quality, I shall, in imitation of other papers, give admittance to all those advertisements which are more immediately connected with my scheme; such as of plays and pantomimes, masquerades, ridottos, assemblies, oratorios, concerts, the animal comedians, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Ruckholt-house, Kendal-house, &c. &c. &c. Auctions of china, knick-knacks, and cockle-shells; Pinchbeck's repository; parrots, puppies, and monkies, lost, stolen, or strayed.—Also for wives, husbands, and mistresses; masquerade habits, and masks—tooth-powders, lip-salves, and beautifying lotions—Mrs. Giles's fine compound at a Guinea an ounce—the ladies court sticking plaister—and the new invented powder for shaving. Then among the articles of books, Duke's Art of Dancing, for the instruction of Grown Gentlemen—The Ladies Memorandum Book—Historical List of Horse Races—Calculation for laying the odds at any Game—Hoyle on the Sciences—New Novels, and other fashionable Books of Entertainment.

I am, Sir,

A Your very humble Servant,

J. TATTLE.

Nº 36. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1753.

——————— *Aspera*
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! HOR.

How often shall th' unpractis'd youth
Of alter'd gods and injur'd truth,
With tears, alas! complain!
How soon behold with wond'ring eyes
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise,
And scowl along the main!
While by his easy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind. FRANCIS.

THE Ladies, to whom I lately addressed some thoughts upon the choice of a husband, I shall to-day consider as married; and as I am very far from thinking that they may now sit down in negligent security, and remit at once their assiduity and circumspection, I shall warn them of some opinions of which this conduct is the consequence, detect some errors by which the general intention of good-nature may be disappointed, and endeavour to put them upon their guard against some propensities by which it may be overborne.

It is now necessary to remind them, that the passion which is supposed to animate the lover, the passion which is represented by flames and darts, which swells the bosom with perpetual rapture, and neither changes its object nor loses its ardour, exists only in poetry and romance. The real passion which wit and folly have thus concurred to disguise, is subject to disgust and satiety, is excited by novelty, and frequently extinguished by possession.

It is also equally true, that a refined and abstracted friendship between persons of different sexes, a union of souls to which the corporal passion is merely accidental, is only to be found in the writings of those enthusiasts, who have addressed the world from a cave or a college, and perhaps denied the force of desires which they could not subdue; or in the professions of insidious hypocrites, who have endeavoured thus to gain a confidence, which they intended only to abuse. But there is an esteem which is meliorated by love, and a love that is elevated by esteem; a kind of mixed affection, peculiar to mankind as beings compounded of instinct and reason, or, in other words, of body and mind. This is that species of affection, upon which the supreme or peculiar happiness of marriage depends, and which can scarce be preserved without a constant attention and perpetual efforts.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious; esteem without love is languid and cold. I am afraid that many men, whose wives have possessed their esteem, have yet lavished their fortune and their fondness upon a mistress; and that the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, because it was not dignified and supported by esteem.

Though good-nature does indeed participate the pains and the pleasures of others, and may, therefore, be considered as a constant and forcible mo-

tive to communicate happiness and alleviate misery; yet it is at best but the imperfect excellence of imperfect beings, whose immediate gratifications are often selfish, and such as folly or vice render incompatible with the true happiness of the individual, and of each other.

As there is not perhaps, upon earth, any couple, whose natural dispositions and relish of life are so perfectly similar, as that their wills constantly coincide; so it must sometimes happen that the immediate pleasure of indulging opposite inclinations, will be greater than a participation of that pleasure, which would arise to the other if this indulgence should be forborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate esteem, it should always be considered as a means of happiness, and rather as an advantage than a loss; especially if it be true, that the indulgence itself, in these circumstances, never gives the pleasure that it promises.

Lady Charlotte Sprightly, the wife of a young Baronet, was dressing for an assembly a few nights ago, when Sir Harry came in. 'My dear Charlotte,' says he, 'I am sorry that you are going out to-night; for my cousin George is just arrived from the East-Indies: I have invited him to sup; and as he has never seen you, I promised him your company.' 'Nay, dear Sir Harry' replied the lady, 'do not ask me to stay at home to-night; you know I am fond of dancing, and now my fancy is set upon going, I am sure you will not disappoint me.' Sir Harry, who was truly good-natured, would not urge her to stay; for to stay with apparent reluctance, would not have gratified his wish. She perceived that he was secretly displeased; however, away she went. But as she had not less good-nature than Sir Harry, she suffered so much pain by reflecting on the pain she had given him, that she

often wished herself at home. Thus she offended the delicacy of his affection, by preferring a dance to the quiet of his mind; and forfeited part of the esteem, which was due to that very good-nature by which she lost the enjoyment of the night.

In this instance, the pain inflicted upon the husband, was accidental to the private gratification proposed by the wife. But there is a passion very different both from malice and rage, to the gratification of which the pain of another is sometimes essentially necessary. This passion, which, though its effects are often directly opposite to good-nature, is yet perhaps predominant in every breast, and indulged at whatever risque, is vanity.

To a gratification of vanity, at the expence of reciprocal esteem, the wife is certainly under much stronger temptation than the husband: and I warn the ladies against it, not only with more zeal, but with greater hope of success; because those only who have superior natural abilities, or have received uncommon advantages from education, have it in their power.

Successfully to rally a wife, confers no honour upon a husband; the attempt is regarded rather as an insult than a contest; it is exulting in a masculine strength, to which she makes no pretensions, and brandishing weapons she is not supposed to have skill to wield.

For the same reasons, to confute or to ridicule a husband with an apparent superiority of knowledge or of wit, affords all the parade of triumph to a wife; it is to be strong where weakness is no reproach, and to conquer when it would not have been dishonourable to fly. But these circumstances, which increase the force of the temptation, will be found to afford proportionate motives to resist it: whatever adds to the glory of the victor, adds equally to

the dishonour of the vanquished; and that which can exalt a wife only by degrading a husband, will appear upon the whole not to be worth the acquisition, even though it could be made without changing fondness to resentment, or provoking jealousy by an implication of contempt. If the ladies do not perceive the force of this argument, I earnestly request that they would for once trust implicitly to my judgment; a request which, however extraordinary, is not unreasonable; because in this instance the very vanity which hides truth from them, must necessarily discover it to me.

But if good-nature is sufficiently vigorous to secure the esteem of reason, it may yet be too negligent to gratify the delicacy of love: it must, therefore, not only be steady, but watchful and assiduous; beauty must suffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it contributed to win; whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with yet greater diligence be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum; and there is a delicacy in every mind, which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid giving an offence which it has often received.

I shall conclude this paper, as I did my last, on the same subject, with a general remark. As they who possess less than they expected cannot be happy, to expatiate in chimerical prospects of felicity is to insure the anguish of disappointment, and to lose the power of enjoying whatever may be possessed. Let not youth, therefore, imagine, that with all the advantages of nature and education, marriage will be a constant reciprocation of delight, over which externals will have little influence, and

which time will rather change than destroy. There is no perpetual source of delight but Hope: so imperfect is the utmost temporal happiness, that to possess it all, is to lose it. We enjoy that which is before us; but when nothing more is possible, all that is attained is insipid. Such is the condition of this life: but let us not, therefore, think it of no value; for to be placed in this life, is to be a candidate for a better.

Nº 37. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1753.

Calumniari si quis autem voluerit,
Quod arbores loquantur, non tantum feræ;
Fictis jocari nos meminerit fabulis. PHÆD.

Let those whom folly prompts to sneer,
Be told we sport with fable here;
Be told, that brutes can morals teach,
And trees like foundest casuists preach.

THOUGH it be generally allowed, that to communicate happiness is the characteristic of virtue, yet this happiness is seldom considered as extending beyond our own species; and no man is thought to become vicious, by sacrificing the life of an animal to the pleasure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain that by this act more happiness is destroyed than produced; except it be supposed, that happiness should be estimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but this is a supposition, which perhaps can-

not easily be supported. Reason, from which alone man derives his superiority, should, in the present question, be considered only as Sensibility: a blow produces more pain to a man, than to a brute; because to a man it is aggravated by a sense of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces only corporal pain, which in a short time ceases for ever. But it may be justly asserted that the same degree of pain in both subjects, is in the same degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted, without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary positions, that man should abstain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is sacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of those animals which die to furnish his table, would never have lived; instead of increasing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to destroy them to prevent a famine.

There is great difference between killing for food and for sport. To take pleasure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous; and every practice which, if not criminal in itself, yet wears out the sympathizing sensibility of a tender mind, must render human nature proportionably less fit for society. In my pursuit of this train of thought, I considered the inequality with which happiness appears to be distributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree exposed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervor of my imagination, I began to think it possible that they might participate in a future retribution; especially as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to sensibility, than to thought: and he, who will not venture to deny that brutes have sensibility, should not hastily pronounce, that

they have only a material existence. While my mind was thus busied, the evening stole imperceptibly away; and at length morning succeeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell asleep in my chair.

Though the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was still busy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which after many windings, terminated in a place which she told me was the elysium of birds and beasts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reason and speech: this prodigy, however, did not raise astonishment, but curiosity. I was impatient to learn what were the topics of discourse in such an assembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpose I approached a Horse and an Ass, who seemed to be engaged in serious conversation; but I approached with great caution and humility: for I now considered them as in a state superior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation, which naturally rise at the sight of a tyrant who is divested of his power. My caution was, however, unnecessary, for they seemed wholly to disregard me, and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

'If I had perished,' said the Ass, 'when I was dismissed from the earth, I think I should have been a loser by my existence: for during my whole life, there was scarce an interval of an hour, in which I did not suffer the accumulated misery of blows, hunger, and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was stolen by a Gipsey, who placed two children upon my back in a pair of panniers, before I had perfectly acquired the habit of carrying my own weight with steadiness and dexterity. By hard fare and ill

treatment, I quickly became blind; and when the family, to which I belonged, went into their winter quarters in Norwood, I was staked as a bet against a couple of geese, which had been found by a fellow who came by, driving before him two of my brethren, whom he had overloaded with bags of sand: a halfpenny was thrown up; and, to the inexpressible increase of my calamity, the dealer in sand was the winner.

'When I came to town I was harnessed with my two wretched associates to a cart, in which my new master had piled up his commodity till it would hold no more. The load was so disproportionate to our strength, that it was with the utmost difficulty and labour dragged very slowly over the rugged pavement of the streets, in which every stone was an almost insuperable obstacle to our progress. One morning very early, as we were toiling up Snow-hill with repeated efforts of strength, that was stimulated even to agony, by the incessant strokes of a whip, which had already laid our loins bare even to the bone; it happened, that being placed in the shafts, and the weight pressing hard upon me, I fell down. Our driver regarded my misfortune, not with pity but rage: and the moment he turned about, he threw a stick with such violence at my head, that it forced out my eye, and passing through the socket into the brain, I was instantly dismissed from that misery, the comparison of which with my present state constitutes great part of its felicity. But you, surely, if I may judge by your stature, and the elegance of your make, was among the favourites of mankind; you was placed in a higher and happier station; you was not the slave of indigence, but the pride of greatness; your labour was sport, and your reward was triumph, ease, plenty and attendance.'

'It is true,' replied the Steed, 'I was a favourite; but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice and barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch, who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums; but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet I still lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasures, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to one thousand pounds. The proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world, for double the sum: my master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him, that he would the next day produce a gelding that should beat her: but what was my astonishment and indignation, when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for this match upon the spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service!

'As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound: the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge: I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life.'

When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, and blushed that I was a Man. But my reflections were interrupted by the notes of a Blackbird, who was singing the story of his own fate with a melody that irresistibly compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being, I was not treated with equal contempt; he perceived that I listened with curiosity, and, interrupting his song, 'Stranger,' says he, 'though I am, as thou seest, in the fields of elysium, yet my happiness is not complete; my mate is still exposed to the miseries of mortality, and I am still vulnerable in her. O! stranger, to bribe thy friendship, if peradventure it may reach my love, I will gratify the curiosity with which thy looks inquire after me. I fell by the unprovoked enmity of man, in that season when the dictates of nature are love. But let not my censure be universal; for as the elegy which I sing, was written by a human being, every human being is not destitute of compassion, nor deaf to the language in which our joys and fears are expressed.' He then, after a sweet though short prelude, made the grove again echo with his song.

The sun had chac'd the winters' snow,
And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;
The melting streams began to flow,
And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

'O! fairest of the feather'd train,
For whom I sing, for whom I burn;
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

'See, see, the winter's storms are flown,
And Zephyrs gently fan the air!
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

'The Raven plumes his jetty wing,
To please his croaking paramour;
The Larks responsive love-tales sing,
And tell their passions as they soar.

'But trust me, love, the Raven's wing
Is not to be compar'd with mine;
Nor can the Lark so sweetly sing
As I, who strength with sweetness join.

'With thee I'll prove the sweets of love,
With thee divide the cares of life;
No fonder husband in the grove,
Nor none than thee a happier wife.

'I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,
Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
There will we sit and sip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry border play.

'I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the school-boy's eye:
For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
And on thy downy pinions lie.

'To get thee food I'll range the fields,
And cull the best of ev'ry kind;
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
Or love's assiduous care can find.

'And when my lovely mate would stray,
To taste the summer's sweets at large,
At home I'll wait the live-long day,
And tend at home our infant charge.

'When prompted by a mother's care
Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
With thee the task I'll fondly share,
Or cheer thy labours with my song.'

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
With tender pity heard his strain;
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
And hasten'd to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And nestled closely to her side,
The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song—
'Arise! behold the new-born day!
The Lark his mattin peal has rung;
Arise, my love, and come away!'

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the verdant riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

But O! my muse with pain relates
  The mournful sequel of my tale:
Sent by an order of the Fates,
  A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, ' My dear,
  Haste, haste away; from danger fly!
Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
O! spare my love, and let me die.'

At him the gunner took his aim;
  The aim he took was much too true;
O! had he chose some other game,
  Or shot as he had us'd to do!*

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
  While I with tears your fate rehearse:
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
  And save the lover in my verse.

The emotions which this song produced in my bosom awaked me; and I immediately recollected, that, while I slept, my imagination had repeated ' an elegy occasioned by shooting a Blackbird on Valentine's day,' which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taste, literature, and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which most strongly inculcates compassion to inferior natures, by the example of its Divine Author, who gave the most stupendous proof of his compassion for ours.

* Never having killed any thing before or since.

N° 38. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1753.

Ευ γαρ δη ὁ αποφηναμενος, τι θεοις ὁμοιον εχοιμεν,
'ευεργεσιαν, ειπε και αληθειαν.'

PYTHAG. ap. LONGIN.

Pythagoras being asked in what man could resemble the Divinity, justly anſwered, 'in beneficence and truth.'

In the Persian chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the Heigyra, it is thus written.

Of the Letter of Cosrou the Iman.

It pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply! 'May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city, glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity: let me give up my soul to meditation: let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives, in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty.' Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

'Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not, whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth;

my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days and years and ages are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom then must the Faithful be governed? by those only who have no fear of judgment? by those only, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or, who, indeed, are the Faithful? Are the busy multitudes that croud the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may he who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom.'

Mirza departed; and on the third day having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. 'My Lord,' said he, 'I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman, who now stands before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign.' The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush: and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words:

'To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty Lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king, when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee.

'Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty, and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I therefore buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country: my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill, I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influence of the Prophet, and expecting illuminations from above. One morning

after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed stedfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox, whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life; but thou hast as yet done it only in part: thou art still every day busied in the search of food; thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food; when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity, but devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object: this impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insen-

sibility. But I was suddenly rouzed by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: 'Cosrou, I am the Angel who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the Fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? Arise, let the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest but action. If thou dost good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

'At these words I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet; I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received; as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning; so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is prophane, which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment: here thou canst little

more than pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the Eagle. Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce the principle, but mayst enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation or charity; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewel. May the smile of Him who resides in the Heaven of Heavens, be upon thee! and against thy name in the volume of His will, may happiness be written!'

The King, whose doubts like those of Mirza were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, 'that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Mankind!'

N° 39. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1753.

—Οδυσεος φυλλοισι καλυψατο, τω δ' αρ Αθηνη
Ύπνον επ' ομμασι χευ, ἱνα μιν παυσειε ταχιστα
Δυσπονεος καματοιο. HOM.

Pallas pour'd sweet slumbers on his soul;
And balmy dreams, the gift of ſoft repose,
Calm'd all his pains, and baniſh'd all his woes.
POPE.

If every day did not produce fresh instances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loss, why so liberal and impartial a benefactor as Sleep, should meet with so few historians or panegyrists. Writers are so totally absorbed by the business of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whose officious hand so seasonably suspends the burthen of life: and without whose interposition, man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labour, however rewarded, or the struggle with opposition, however successful.

Night, though she divides to many the longest part of life, and to almost all the most innocent and happy, is yet unthankfully neglected, except by those who pervert her gifts.

The astronomers, indeed, expect her with impatience, and felicitate themselves upon her arrival; Fontenelle has not failed to celebrate her praises; and to chide the sun for hiding from his view the worlds, which he imagines to appear in every constellation. Nor have the poets been always deficient in her praises: Milton has observed of the

Night, that it is 'the pleasant time, the cool, the silent.'

These men may, indeed, well be expected to pay particular homage to Night; since they are indebted to her, not only for cessation of pain, but increase of pleasure; not only for slumber, but for knowledge. But the greater part of her avowed votaries are the sons of luxury; who appropriate to festivity the hours designed for rest; who consider the reign of pleasure as commencing, when day begins to withdraw her busy multitudes, and ceases to dissipate attention by intrusive and unwelcome variety; who begin to awake to joy when the rest of the world sinks into insensibility; and revel in the soft affluence of flattering and artificial lights, which 'more shadowy set off the face of things.'

Without touching upon the fatal consequences of a custom, which, as Ramazzini observes, will be for ever condemned, and for ever retained; it may be observed, that however Sleep may be put off from time to time, yet the demand is of so importunate a nature, as not to remain long unsatisfied: and if, as some have done, we consider it as the tax of life, we cannot but observe it as a tax that must be paid, unless we could cease to be men; for Alexander declared, that nothing convinced him that he was not a Divinity, but his not being able to live without Sleep.

To live without Sleep in our present fluctuating state, however desirable it might seem to the lady in Clelia, can surely be the wish only of the young or the ignorant; to every one else, a perpetual vigil will appear to be a state of wretchedness, second only to that of the miserable beings, whom Swift has in his travels so elegantly described, as 'supremely cursed with immortality.'

Sleep is necessary to the happy, to prevent sa-

tiety, and to endear life by a short absence; and to the miserable, to relieve them by intervals of quiet. Life is to most, such as could not be endured without frequent intermission of existence: Homer, therefore, has thought it an office worthy of the goddess of wisdom, to lay Ulysses asleep when landed on Phæacia.

It is related of Barretier, whose early advances in literature scarce any human mind has equalled, that he spent twelve hours of the four-and-twenty in Sleep: yet this appears, from the bad state of his health, and the shortness of his life, to have been too small a respite for a mind so vigorously and intensely employed: it is to be regretted, therefore, that he did not exercise his mind less, and his body more; since by this means, it is highly probable, that though he would not then have astonished with the blaze of a comet, he would yet have shone with the permanent radiance of a fixed star.

Nor should it be objected, that there have been many men who daily spent fifteen or sixteen hours in study: for by some of whom this is reported, it has never been done; others have done it for a short time only; and of the rest it appears, that they employed their minds in such operations as required neither celerity nor strength, in the low drudgery of collating copies, comparing authorities, digesting dictionaries, or accumulating compilations.

Men of study and imagination are frequently upbraided by the industrious and plodding sons of care, with passing too great a part of their life in a state of inaction. But these defiers of Sleep seem not to remember, that though it must be granted them that they are crawling about before the break of day, it can seldom be said that they are perfectly awake; they exhaust no spirits, and

require no repairs; but lie torpid as a toad in marble, or at least are known to live only by an inert and sluggish loco-motive faculty, and may be said, like a wounded snake, to 'drag their slow length along.'

Man has been long known among philosophers, by the appellation of the microcosm, or epitome of the world: the resemblance between the great and little world might, by a rational observer, be detailed to many particulars; and to many more by a fanciful speculatist. I know not in which of these two classes I shall be ranged for observing, that as the total quantity of light and darkness allotted in the course of the year to every region of the earth is the same, though distributed at various times and in different portions; so, perhaps, to each individual of the human species, nature has ordained the same quantity of wakefulness and sleep; though divided by some into a total quiescence and vigorous exertion of their faculties, and blended by others in a kind of twilight of existence, in a state between dreaming and reasoning, in which they either think without action, or act without thought.

The poets are generally well affected to Sleep: as men who think with vigour, they require respite from thought; and gladly resign themselves to that gentle power, who not only bestows rest, but frequently leads them to happier regions, where patrons are always kind, and audiences are always candid, where they are feasted in the bowers of imagination, and crowned with flowers divested of their prickles, and laurels of unfading verdure.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide surveys of the wilds of life, who see the innumerable terrors and distresses that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and

discern with unhappy perspicuity, calamities yet latent in their causes, are glad to close their eyes upon the gloomy prospect, and lose in a short insensibility the remembrance of others miseries and their own. The hero has no higher hope, than that, after having routed legions after legions, and added kingdom to kingdom, he shall retire to milder happiness, and close his days in social festivity. The wit or the sage can expect no greater happiness, than that, after having harassed his reason in deep researches, and fatigued his fancy in boundless excursions, he shall sink at night in the tranquillity of Sleep.

The poets, among all those that enjoy the blessings of Sleep, have been least ashamed to acknowledge their benefactor. How much Statius considered the evils of life as assuaged and softened by the balm of slumber, we may discover by that pathetic invocation, which he poured out in his waking nights: and that Cowley, among the other felicities of his darling solitude, did not forget to number the privilege of sleeping without disturbance, we may learn from the rank that he assigns among the gifts of nature to the poppy, 'which is scattered,' says he, 'over the fields of corn, that all the needs of man may be easily satisfied, and that bread and sleep may be found together.'

Si quis invisum Cereri benignæ
Me putat germen, vehementer errat;
Illa me in partem recipit libenter
Fertilis agri.

Meque frumentumque simul per omnes
Consulens mundo Dea spargit oras;
Crescite, O! dixit, duo magna sustentacula vitæ.

Carpe, mortalis, mea dona lætus,
Carpe, nec plantas alias require,
Sed satur panis, satur et soporis,
Cætera sperne.

He wildly errs who thinks I yield
Precedence in the well-cloth'd field,
Tho' mix'd with wheat I grow:
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
And to adorn the teeming earth,
She bade the Poppy blow.

Nor vainly gay the sight to please,
But blest with power mankind to ease,
The Goddess saw me rise:
'Thrive with the life-supporting grain,'
She cry'd, 'the solace of the swain,
The cordial of his eyes.

'Seize, happy mortal, seize the good;
My hand supplies thy sleep and food,
And makes thee truly blest:
With plenteous meals enjoy the day,
In slumbers pass the night away,
And leave to fate the rest.' C. B.

Sleep, therefore, as the chief of all earthly blessings, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance; the refreshing rest, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honest labour, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury; it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquillity.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death; 'so like it,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'that I dare not trust it without my prayers;' their re-

semblance is, indeed, apparent and striking; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty: and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by Virtue.

T.

N° 40. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1753.

Solvite tantis animum monstris,
Solvite, Superi; rectam in melius
Vertite mentem. SEN.

O! save, ye Gods omnipotent and kind,
From such abhorr'd chimeras save the mind!
In truth's strait path no hideous monster's roar;
To truth's strait path the wand'ring mind restore.

I WENT a few days ago to visit a friend, whose understanding is so much disordered by an injudicious application to study, that he has been some time confined in a madhouse. His imagination was always remarkably vigorous, and his judgment far from contemptible: but having resolved to admit no proposition which he could not demonstrate to be true, and to proceed in no inquiry till he had perfectly levelled the path before him; his progress was presently stopped, and his mind continued fixed upon problems which no human abilities can solve, till its object became confused, and he mistook for realities the illusions of fancy.

The unequal distribution of good and evil, the sufferings of virtue, and the enjoyments of vice, had long busied and perplexed his understanding: he could not discover, why a being to whom all

things are possible, should leave moral agents exposed to accidental happiness and misery; why a child often languishes under diseases which are derived from a parent, and a parent suffers yet keener anguish by the rebellious ingratitude of a child; why the tenderest affection is often abused by the neglect of indifference, or the insults of brutality; and why vice has external advantages put into her power, which virtue is compelled to renounce.

He considered these phænomena as blemishes in the moral system, and could not suppress romantic wishes to see them removed. These wishes he now believes to be in some degree accomplished; for he conceives himself transported to another planet, peopled with beings like himself, and governed by such laws as human pride has often dictated to Divine Wisdom for the government of the earth; he fancies too, that he is attended by a being of a superior order, who has been commanded to take charge of him during his excursion; and he says the name of this being is Azail. But notwithstanding these extravagancies, he will sometimes reason with great subtilty; and perfectly comprehends the force of any argument that is brought against him, though the next moment he will be wandering in the mazes of phrenzy, or busied to accomplish some trifling or ridiculous purpose.

When I entered his room, he was sitting in a contemplative posture, with his eyes fixed upon the ground: he just glanced them upon me, but as I perceived that his imagination was busy, I was not willing to interrupt it by the intrusion of foreign ideas; I therefore seated myself near him, without speaking a word; and after he had continued in his reverie near a quarter of an hour, he rose up, and seemed by his gestures to take leave of some invisible guest, whom with great ceremony he attend-

ed at the door. When he returned, he addressed me with his usual familiarity; and, without expressing any curiosity to know how I had followed him into a region so remote and difficult of access, he began to acquaint me with all that had passed in his imagination.

'Azail,' said he, 'has just promised, that he will to-morrow remove me from this solitary retirement to the metropolis; where the advantages that arise from a perfect coincidence of the natural and the moral world, will be more apparent and striking: he tells me, that you have been abroad with him this morning, and have made some discoveries which you are to communicate to me. Come, I know that you find this world very different from that which you left; there, all is confusion and deformity; good and evil seem to be distributed, not by design, but by chance: and religion is not founded on reason, but faith: here, all is order, harmony, and beauty: vice itself is only a deep shadow that gives strength and elegance to other figures in the moral picture: happiness does, indeed, in some degree depend upon externals; but even external advantages are the appendages of virtue: every man spontaneously believes the rectitude which he sees, and rejoices that a blind assent to propositions which contradict his experience is not exacted.'

To this address I was at a loss how to reply; but some time was happily allowed me for recollection by my friend, who having now exhausted his ideas, lighted a pipe of tobacco, and resigned himself again to meditation. In this interval I determined to accommodate myself to his conceptions, and try what could be effected by decorating some arguments with the machinery of his fancy.

'If Azail,' said I, 'has referred you to me, I will readily gratify your curiosity. but for my own part

I am more and more disgusted with this place, and I shall rejoice when I return to our own world. We have, I confess, been abroad this morning: but though the weather, as you see, is fine, and the country pleasant, yet I have great reason to be dissatisfied with my walk. This, as you have remarked, is a retired part of the country: my discoveries, therefore, with respect to the people, have been few: and till to-day, I have seen no object that has much excited my curiosity, or could much contribute to my information: but just as we had crossed the third field from the house, I discovered a man lying near the path, who seemed to be perishing with disease and want; as we approached, he looked up at us with an aspect that expressed the utmost distress, but no expectation of relief: the silent complaint which yet scarce implied a petition, melted my heart with pity; I ran to him, and gently raising him from the ground, inquired how I could be employed to assist him: the man gazed at me with astonishment; and while he was making an effort to speak, Azail suddenly forced me from him.' Suppress thy pity, said he, 'for it is impious: and forbear attempts of relief, for they are vain: hast thou forgot, that happiness and misery are here exactly proportioned to virtue and vice; and, therefore, that to alleviate the misery, or increase the happiness, is to destroy the equipoise of the balance, and to counterwork the designs of Heaven?

'I felt the force of this reproof; and turning my eyes from an object which I could not behold without anguish, I soon discovered another person standing at some distance, and looking towards us: his features were fixed in the dead calm of indifference, and expressed neither pleasure nor pain: I, therefore, inquired of Azail, to what moral class

he belonged; what were his virtues, passions, enjoyments, and expectations.'

The man, said Azail, who is the subject of thy inquiry, has not deserved, and, therefore, does not suffer positive pain, either of body or mind: he possesses ease and health, and enjoys the temperate gratification of his natural appetites; this temperance is his virtue, and this enjoyment its reward. He is destitute of whatever is distinguished upon earth by the name of Kind Affections or Social Virtue: the kind affections would render his happiness dependent upon others; and the exercise of social virtue presupposes the happiness of others to be dependent upon him. Every individual is here a kind of separate system: among these there can be neither pity nor relief, neither bounty nor gratitude. To clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to comfort the afflicted, can be duties to those only, who are placed where the account of Providence with Vice and Virtue is kept open, and the mite of human benevolence may be accepted for either; as the balance is deferred till hereafter, and will at last be stated with the utmost precision and impartiality. If these beings are intended for a future state, it is not requisite they should know it; the Deity would be justified, if they should lose existence and life together. Hope and fear are not necessary to adjust the scale of distributive justice, or to deter them from obtaining private gratifications at the expence of others: for over the happiness of others they have no power: their expectations, therefore, are bounded by the grave; and any calamity that would afford a probable proof of their existence beyond it, would be regarded as the most fortunate event that could befal them. In that of which others complain, they would re-

joice; and adore as bounty, that which upon earth has been censured as injustice. 'When Azail had vouchsafed me this information, I earnestly requested that I might no longer continue where my virtues had no object, where there was no happiness worthy my complacency, nor any misery that I was permitted to relieve.'

All this while my friend seemed to listen with great attention, and I was encouraged to proceed. 'I could not forbear observing to Azail,' said I, 'as we returned, that he had exhibited, in a very strong light, the great advantages, which are derived from that very constitution of the natural and moral world, which, being generally considered as defective, some have concealed with a view to justify Providence, and others have displayed as an argument that all things were produced by chance.' —'But, Sir,' said my friend, hastily interrupting me, 'it is not merely the unequal distribution, but the existence of evil, that the Stoics denied and the Epicureans admitted, for the purposes which you suppose; and I can discover, without the assistance of Azail, that if moral evil had been excluded, the social affections would have been exercised only in the participation of happiness; pity would have been well exchanged for complacency, and the alleviation of evil for the mutual communication of good.' I now conceived hopes that I had engaged him in a train of thought, which would by degrees lead him out of all his difficulties; I applauded myself upon the success of my project, and believed I had nothing to do, but to obviate the objection he had started, and to recapitulate my other arguments, of which he had tacitly acknowledged the force. 'My dear friend,' said I, 'you talk of the exclusion of moral evil; but does not the exclusion of moral evil from a society of

human beings placed in a state of probation, appear to be as impossible as to give a circle the properties of a square? and could man, supposing him to have continued impeccable, have lived upon earth, in perpetual security from pain? would he not have been still liable to be crushed by a fall, or wounded by a blow? and is it not easy to shew that these evils, which unavoidably became probable the moment our world and its first inhabitants were produced, are apparently overruled by the Wise Creator, and that from these he is perpetually educing good?

'The same act by which man forfeited his original immortality, produced eventually a proof, that it should be restored in a future state; with such circumstances, as more forcibly restrained vice by fear, and encouraged virtue by hope. Man, therefore, was urged by stronger motives to rectitude of life, and a further deviation to ill became more difficult than the first; a new field was opened for the exercise of that virtue, which exercise only can improve. When distress came among us, the relief of distress was exalted into piety:' What ye did to the sick, and the prisoner, says the Author of our religion, ye did to me. But the sufferings of virtue do not only exercise virtue in others; they are an earnest of everlasting felicity: and hope, without any temporary enjoyment, is of more worth than all temporary enjoyments without hope. The present system is, indeed, evidently in a state of progression; in this view, it will appear to be a work worthy of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness; for no one can complain that an ear of corn rots in the ground, who knows that it cannot otherwise spring up, and produce first the blade, then the ear, and afterwards an increase, by which alone it becomes useful.'

I now paused in expectation of his reply, with the utmost confidence of success; but while I was in fancy congratulating him on the recovery of his understanding, and receiving the thanks of his friends, to the utter confusion of my hope he burst into a violent fit of laughter. At first I was not less astonished than disappointed; but I soon discovered, that while I was labouring at my argument, which wholly engrossed my attention, he had found means mischievously to shake the lighted tobacco from his pipe into my coat pocket, which having set fire to my handkerchief, was now finding its way through the lining.

This was so learned, rational, and ingenious a confutation of all I had said, that I could not but retract my error: and as a friend to truth and free inquiry, I recommend the same method of reply to those ingenious gentlemen, who have discovered, that ridicule is the test of truth; and I am confident, that if they manage it with dexterity, it will always enable them perfectly to disconcert an antagonist who triumphs in the strength of his argument, and would otherwise bring contempt upon those who teach Providence to govern the world.

Nº 41. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1753.

——— *Si mutabile pectus*
Est tibi, consiliis, non curribus, utere nostris,
Dum potes, et solidis etiamnum sedibus adstas;
Dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes.

OVID.

——— Th' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot but my counsel take;
While yet securely on the earth you stand;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.

ADDISON.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, Fleet, March 24.

I NOW send you the sequel of my story; which had not been so long delayed, if I could have brought myself to imagine, that any real impatience was felt for the fate of Misargyrus; who has travelled no unbeaten track to misery, and consequently can present the reader only with such incidents as occur in daily life.

You have seen me, Sir, in the zenith of my glory; not dispensing the kindly warmth of an all-cheering sun, but, like another Phaeton, scorching and blasting every thing round me. I shall proceed, therefore, to finish my career, and pass as rapidly as possible through the remaining vicissitudes of my life.

When I first began to be in want of money, I made no doubt of an immediate supply. The news-

papers were perpetually offering directions to men, who seemed to have no other business than to gather heaps of gold for those who place their supreme felicity in scattering it. I posted away, therefore, to one of these advertisers, who by his proposals seemed to deal in thousands; and was not a little chagrined to find, that this general benefactor would have nothing to do with any larger sum than thirty pounds, nor would venture that without a joint note from myself and a reputable housekeeper, or for a longer time than three months.

It was not yet so bad with me, as that I needed to solicit surety for thirty pounds: yet partly from the greediness that extravagance always produces, and partly from a desire of seeing the humour of a petty usurer, a character of which I had hitherto lived in ignorance, I condescended to listen to his terms. He proceeded to inform me of my great felicity in not falling into the hands of an extortioner; and assured me, that I should find him extremely moderate in his demands: he was not, indeed, certain, that he could furnish me with the whole sum, for people were at this particular time extremely pressing and importunate for money; yet as I had the appearance of a gentleman, he would try what he could do, and give me his answer in three days.

At the expiration of the time, I called upon him again; and was again informed of the great demand for money, and that 'money was money now;' he then advised me to be punctual in my payment, as that might induce him to befriend me hereafter; and delivered me the money, deducting at the rate of five and thirty per cent. with another panegyric upon his own moderation.

I will not tire you with the various practices of usurious oppression; but cannot omit my transaction with Squeeze on Tower-hill, who finding me a

young man of considerable expectations, employed an agent to persuade me to borrow five hundred pounds, to be refunded by an annual payment of twenty per cent. during the joint lives of his daughter Nancy Squeeze and myself. The negociator came prepared to inforce his proposal with all his heart; but finding that I caught his offer with the eagerness of necessity, he grew cold and languid: 'he had mentioned it out of kindness; he would try to serve me: Mr. Squeeze was an honest man, but extremely cautious.' In three days he came to tell me, that his endeavours had been ineffectual, Mr. Squeeze having no good opinion of my life: but that there was one expedient remaining; Mrs. Squeeze could influence her husband, and her good-will might be gained by a compliment. I waited that afternoon on Mrs. Squeeze, and poured out before her the flatteries which usually gain access to rank and beauty: I did not then know, that there are places in which the only compliment is a bribe. Having yet credit with a jeweller, I afterwards procured a ring of thirty guineas, which I humbly presented, and was soon admitted to a treaty with Mr. Squeeze. He appeared peevish and backward, and my old friend whispered me, that he would never make a dry bargain: I, therefore, invited him to a tavern. Nine times we met on the affair; nine times I paid four pounds for the supper and claret; and nine guineas I gave the agent for good offices. I then obtained the money, paying ten per cent. advance; and at the tenth meeting gave another supper, and disbursed fifteen pounds for the writings.

Others, who stiled themselves brokers, would only trust their money upon goods: that I might, therefore, try every art of expensive folly, I took a house and furnished it. I amused myself with despoiling my moveables of their glossy appearance,

for fear of alarming the lender with suspicions; and in this I succeeded so well, that he favoured me with one hundred and sixty pounds upon that which was rated at seven hundred. I then found that I was to maintain a guardian about me, to prevent the goods from being broken or removed. This was, indeed, an unexpected tax: but it was too late to recede: and I comforted myself, that I might prevent a creditor, of whom I had some apprehensions, from seizing, by having a prior execution always in the house.

By such means I had so embarrassed myself, that my whole attention was engaged in contriving excuses, and raising small sums to quiet such as words would no longer mollify. It cost me eighty pounds in presents to Mr. Leech the attorney, for his forbearance of one hundred, which he solicited me to take when I had no need. I was perpetually harassed with importunate demands, and insulted by wretches, who a few months before, would not have dared to raise their eyes from the dust before me. I lived in continual terror, frighted by every noise at the door, and terrified at the approach of every step quicker than common. I never retired to rest, without feeling the justness of the Spanish proverb, 'Let him who sleeps too much borrow the pillow of a debtor;' my solicitude and vexation kept me long waking; and when I had closed my eyes, I was pursued and insulted by visionary bailiffs.

When I reflected upon the meanness of the shifts I had reduced myself to, I could not but curse the folly and extravagance that had overwhelmed me in a sea of troubles, from which it was highly improbable that I should ever emerge. I had some time lived in hopes of an estate, at the death of my uncle; but he disappointed me by marrying his housekeeper; and, catching an opportunity soon

after of quarrelling with me, for settling twenty pounds a year upon a girl whom I had seduced, told me that he would take care to prevent his fortune from being squandered upon prostitutes.

Nothing now remained but the chance of extricating myself by marriage; a scheme which, I flattered myself, nothing but my present distress would have made me think on with patience. I determined, therefore, to look out for a tender novice, with a large fortune at her own disposal; and accordingly fixed my eyes upon Miss Biddy Simper. I had now paid her six or seven visits; and so fully convinced her of my being a gentleman and a rake, that I made no doubt that both her person and fortune would be soon mine.

At this critical time, Miss Gripe called upon me, in a chariot bought with my money, and loaded with trinkets that I had in my days of affluence lavished on her. Those days were now over; and there was little hope that they would ever return. She was not able to withstand the temptation of ten pounds that Talon the bailiff offered her, but brought him into my apartment disguised in a livery; and taking my sword to the window, under pretence of admiring the workmanship, beckoned him to seize me.

Delay would have been expensive without use, as the debt was too considerable for payment or bail: I, therefore, suffered myself to be immediately conducted to jail.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus & ultrices posuêre cubilia curæ:
Pallentesque habitant morbi, tristisque senectus,
Et metus, et malesuada fames, et turpis egestas. VIRG.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares, and fullen forrows dwell;
And pale diseases, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage. DRYDEN.

Confinement of any kind is dreadful; a prison is sometimes able to shock those, who endure it in a good cause: let your imagination, therefore, acquaint you, with what I have not words to express, and conceive, if possible, the horrors of imprisonment attended with reproach and ignominy, of involuntary association with the refuse of mankind, with wretches who were before too abandoned for society, but being now freed from shame or fear, are hourly improving their vices by consorting with :h other.

Chere are, however, a few, whom like myself imsonment has rather mortified than hardened: h these only I converse; and of these you may haps hereafter receive some account from

Your humble Servant,

MISARGYRUS.

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME.

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ster-Row, London.